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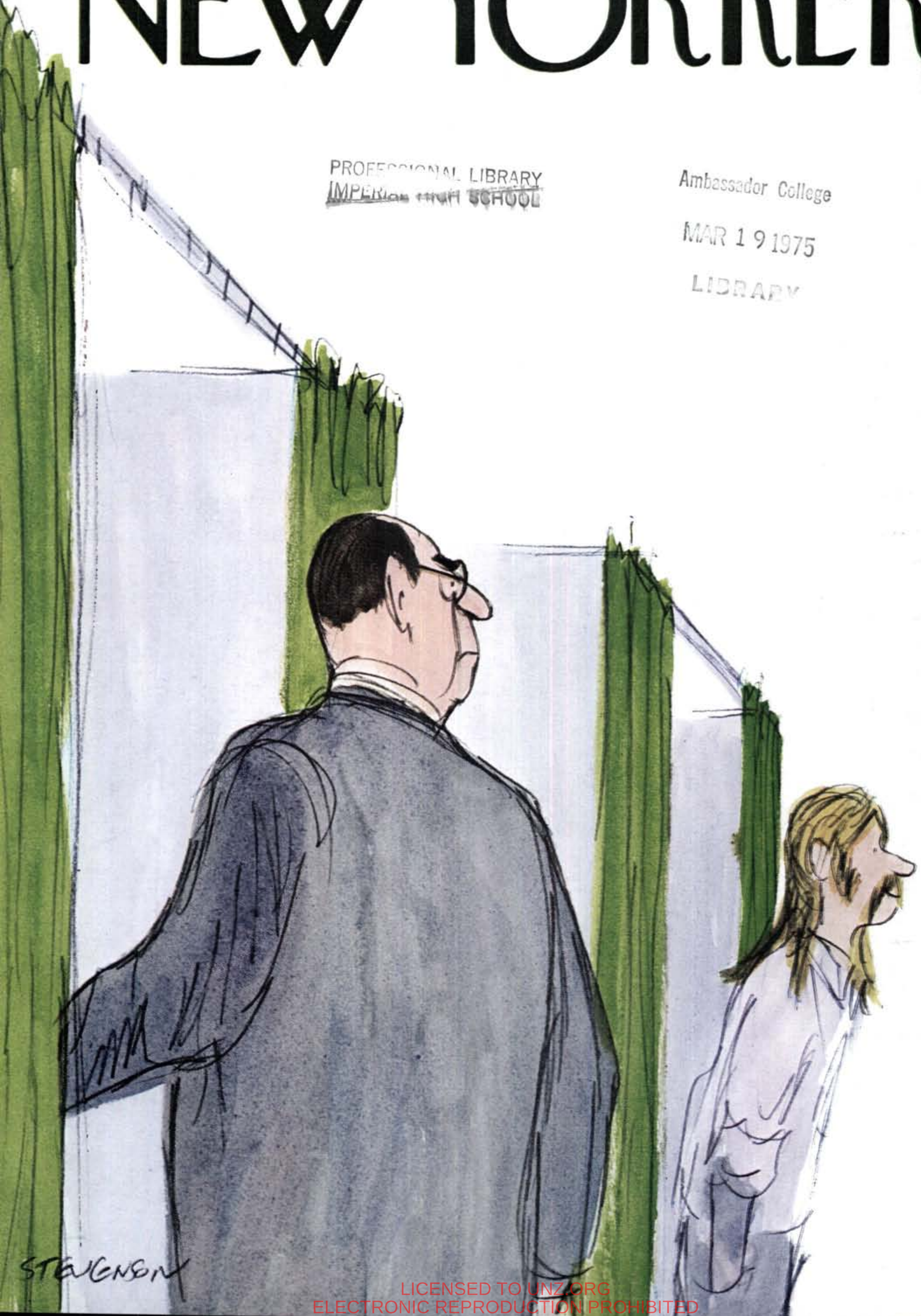

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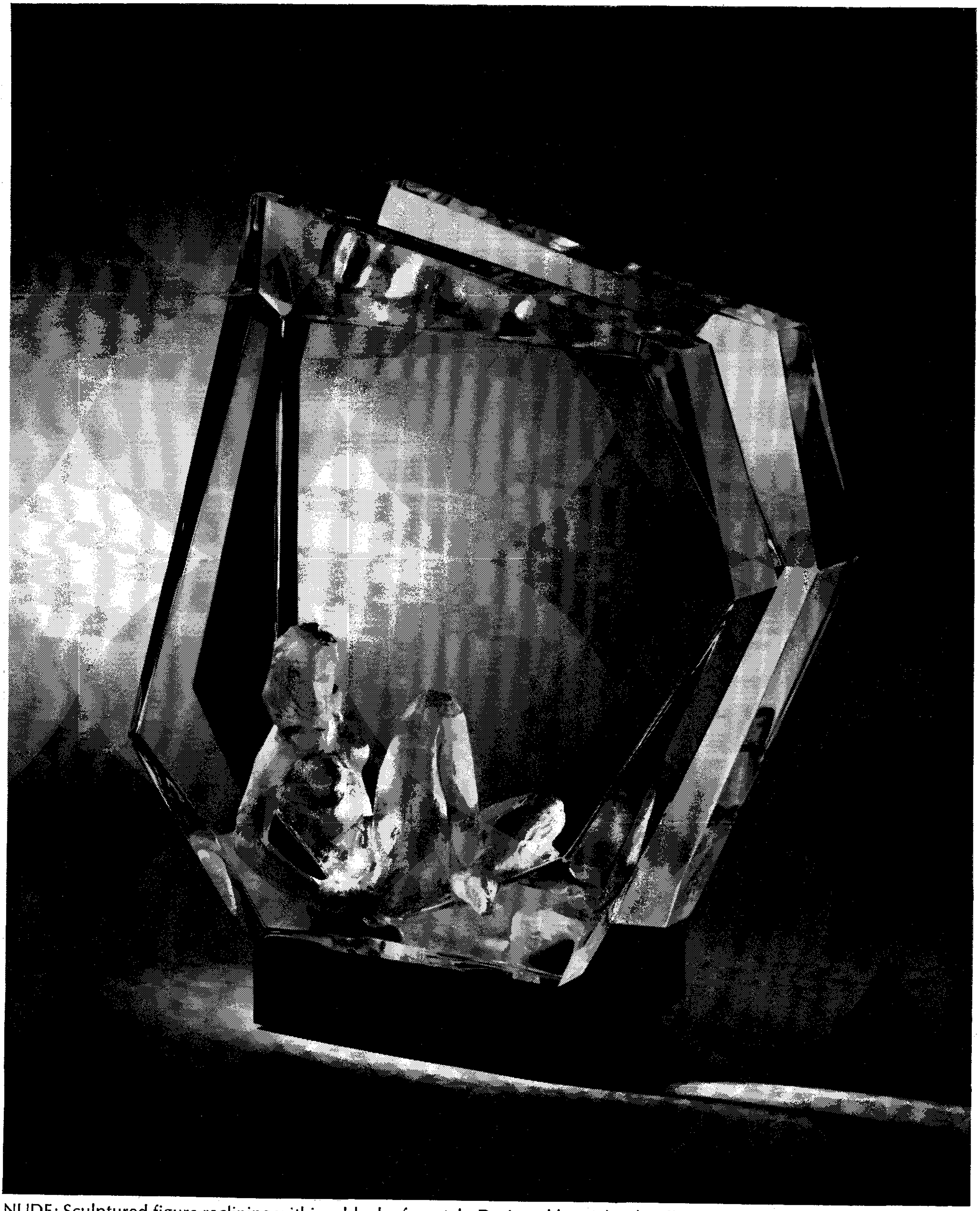

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—A play by Simon Gray, imported from London, with Alan Bates in the title role. Directed by James Hammerstein. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Kid—A play by Robert Coover. Opens Thursday, Nov. 2, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 2. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Lady Day—A musical based on the life of Billie Holiday, with a dynamic jazz score by Archie Shepp, and a book by Aishah Rahman that is sometimes rich and at other times inadequate. Cecelia Norfleet, in the title role, is a charming actress and singer, but she is not Miss Holiday, and we are never allowed to forget it. Roger Robinson, as the bitter, ironic M.C. of the show, is absolutely wonderful. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5.)

The Lincoln Mask—Fred Gwynne and Eva Marie Saint in a play by V. J. Longhi. Gene Frankel directed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lysistrata—Melina Mercouri in Aristophanes' play, adapted and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Mourning Becomes Electra—The O'Neill play, with Colleen Dewhurst, Pamela Payton-Wright, Donald Davis, Stephen McHattie, and Alan Mixon. Theodore Mann is the director. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, Nov. 2-7 (nightly, except Sunday, at 7:30; matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3). Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 8, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 31. (The new Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—The New York Shakespeare Festival's production, with Barnard Hughes, Sam Waterston, Douglass Watson, and Kathleen Widdoes. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Previews through Saturday matinée, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 11, at 7. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Mr. Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 39
"A SCENT OF ROSES" . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 44
"BALLADE OF SAYINGS" (POEM) . . . *W. S. Merwin* 46
"THE ISLAND" . . . *Arturo Vivante* 49
"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES" (POEM) . . . *Mark Strand* 54
PROFILES (JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER 3RD) . . . *Geoffrey T. Hellman* 56
THE THEATRE . . . *Brendan Gill* 105
OFF BROADWAY . . . *Edith Oliver* 105
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . *Janet Malcolm* 110
THE ART WORLD . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 121
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (WORLD TRADE CENTER FOUNDATION) . . . *Edith Iglauer* 130
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Pauline Kael* 152
THE SPORTING SCENE (TENNIS) . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 159
FOOTBALL . . . *J. W. L.* 173
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . *Andrew Porter* 175
THE RACE TRACK . . . *Audax Minor* 182
A REPORTER AT LARGE (PARIS PEACE TALKS) . . . *Robert Shaplen* 184
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) . . . 195

COVER: *James Stevenson*

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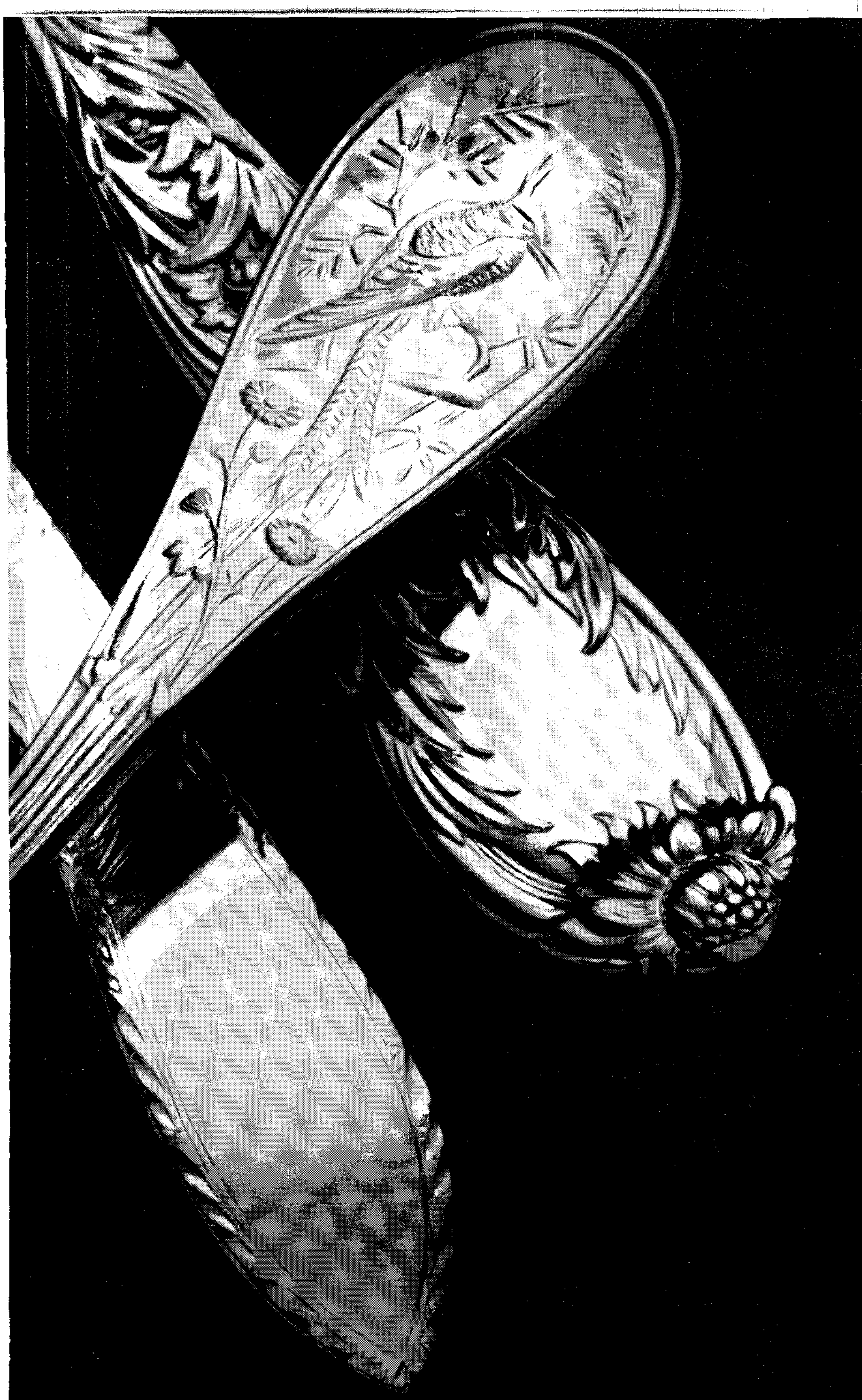

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 8, except Thursday, Nov. 2; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Right You Are If You Think You Are—The Pirandello play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

What If It Had Turned Up Heads—A play by J. E. Gaines. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas Growing Up—Included in Mr. Williams' one-man show are scenes from "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" and "A Prospect of the Sea." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 2, and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,206 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is

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over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Election Day at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruth Maitland (who has replaced Ruby Keeler), Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 7, Jordan Christopher *will replace Mr. Murray. (Music Box,* 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Reflections," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Moves," "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Moves," "After Eden," "Valentine," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2: "Reflections," "Konservatoriet," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Square Dance," "Valentine," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2: "Konservatoriet," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7:30: "Interplay," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Chabriesque," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Kettentanz," "After Eden," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Square Dance," "Valentine," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Square Dance," "Valentine," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of a three-week engagement of "Nijinsky—Clown of God." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—Final performances of a six-week fall series of appearances by eighteen troupes and a couple of solo artists. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 2, and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS PROJECT** and **ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE**.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 1, and Friday, Nov. 3, at 7:30, and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30: **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY** and **ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE**.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 6, Thursday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, all at 7:30; and Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2: **GLORIA NEWMAN DANCE THEATRE** and **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM**.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 7-8, and Friday, Nov. 10, all at 7:30; and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30: **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY** and **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM.** (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—Wednesday, Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Joy of Man's Desiring," "Moss Garden," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Some of the Reactions of Some of the People Some of the Time Upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Whirligogs," "Moss Garden," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Joy of Man's Desiring."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2: "Some of the Reactions of Some of the People Some of the Time Upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah," "The Time Before the Time After," "Whirligogs," and "Joy of Man's Desiring." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Ballet-Théâtre Contemporain—A French company, with James Urbain, Martine Parmain, and Muriel Belmondo, in its first appearance here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, *57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)*—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Shawn Phillips, who is capable of writing phrases like "non-dimensional plane of joy sublime," will remain through Monday, Nov. 6. Valerie Simpson, a singer with *soul (she and Nick Ashford wrote* "Ain't No Mountain High Enough"), will come in on Wednesday, Nov. 8. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Rita da Costa will sing with the Harold Mabern trio on Wednesday, Nov. 1. Pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio Thursdays through Sundays, Nov. 2-5 and 9-12. Pianist Kenny Barron will be in charge of a trio Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 6-8. Music *from nine-thirty to three. A jam session* is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson and bassist Jimmy Garrison will perform in a modern manner through Saturday, Nov. 4. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy entertains. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Small-group jazz from ten until four Wednesdays through Saturdays. The menu is soulful.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant is at the Steinway most nights, assisted by bassist Wilbur Little. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Randy Burns and the Sky Dog Band, a folk-country-rock group, will appear through Saturday, Nov. 4. An outfit known as St. Elmo's Fire opens Tuesday, Nov. 7. The mikes are switched on at about nine.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Rock groups play every night but Wednesday, when a twenty-nine-piece band named Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. Dancing.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. The same evenings, from five-thirty to eight, Tad Bruce does an earlier stint at the piano. Sundays, from four until late, vibist Warren Chiasson and others do some jamming. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Gene Bertoncini is on guitar while Linc Milliman handles a bass. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is presenting two jazz groups a night. Through Saturday, Nov. 4, a quintet led by tenor saxophonists Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will alternate with singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. Starting Monday, Nov. 6, Earl Hines, piano master, will lead a trio that is abetted by the singing of Marva Josie; and Buddy Tate, tenor-sax specialist, will direct a sextet. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Jimmy McPartland, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the musical emphasis is on vocalists. Through Sunday, Nov. 5, Maria Muldaur, a veteran of the old Kweskin Jug Band, will share the stage with folk singer Adam Miller. Singers Jack Schactman and David Pomeranz will arrive Tuesday, Nov. 7. On Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Six electrified musicians known as Steely Dan will be here Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 1-2, and Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 5-7. Loudon Wainwright III, a singer with much insight and wit, will perform Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3-4. A group called Black Kangaroo will play Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 2-5. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from nine until one, Barbara Carroll displays her very melodic, highly developed jazz-piano technique. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Formerly farther east, this bar-and-restaurant has moved to the West Village, where it looks entirely at home. Bassist Raphael Grinage is heading a threesome that turns out some swinging mainstream jazz. A comprehensive soul-food menu. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Irene Reid is singing with a trio six nights a week. On Wednesday, Nov. 1, and Thursday, Nov. 9, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman will also be on hand. On other evenings, an accomplished piano man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine and goes on to play between sets by the other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. Music from about nine. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The valley of the jolly jazz giants. The Modern Jazz Quartet, which is about as Parnassian as a jazz combo can get, will play through Sunday, Nov. 5. Charles Lloyd, a multi-instrument man, will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 7. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Don Pullen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

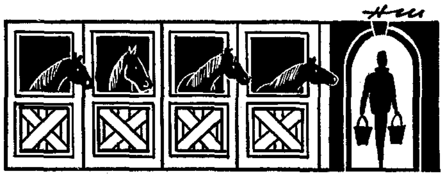
Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from four-thirty to eight-thirty. People may dance to the jazz. At other times, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a spangly floor show. Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Nine to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new revue, is up for inspection at nine and eleven, every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—"Catch a Rising Star" is the name of the revue in the ROYAL BOX. Shows are at nine and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays and Mondays. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio.

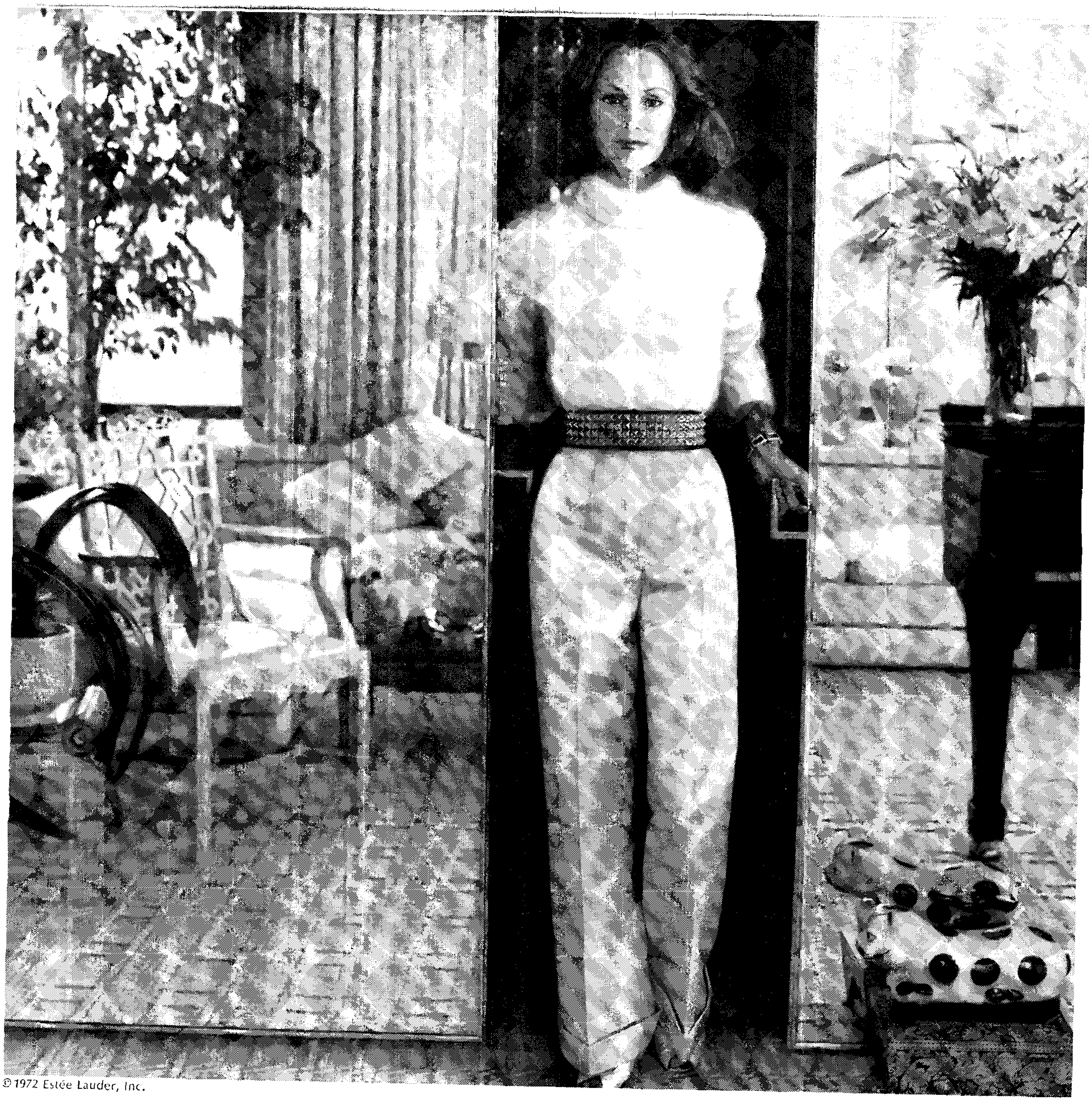
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, the wholly Spanish, wholly feminine, wholly enriching Nati Mistral does a recital of songs, while Los Muchachos de San Juan deal in both song and dance. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the FLAMENCO ROOM, there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Neatness and dispatch are the ingredients of Bobby Darin's songfests. Singer Bobby Rydell and comic Pat Cooper will replace him on Wednesday, Nov. 8. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In LA FORÊT, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, Mark Monte presides over his dance orchestra during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven. Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Through Monday, Nov. 6, Herb Winner will be in the CAFÉ with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad will be on duty Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 7-11.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The PERSIAN ROOM is providing a spate of new singers and musicians this season. Mickey & Larry & the Exciters are the current show. Their schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the GREEN TULIP is patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the PALM COURT, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—No reasonable offer of love is ever refused by the arias of Felicia Sanders, who



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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departs in a blaze of glory on Saturday, Nov. 4. On Monday, Nov. 6, the podium will be preëmpted by a revue, headed by comedians Bernie Allen and Steve Rossi. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—During dinner and supper, the **MAISONETTE** is filled with the promissory notes (harbingers of romance, *crescendo*, and downright jazz) issued by the piano of Erroll Garner. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. The menu is Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnny Mathis, his voice the sound of woodwinds on the night air, is in the **EMPIRE ROOM** during dinner and supper. Dancing to Charles Turecamo's band and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, nine-forty-five until one-forty-five, every night but Sunday and Monday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DUNCAN'S**, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gas-light flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN**, in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): This bit of Colonial Americana has gone Gaelic, with Paddy Noonan and Noel Kingston singing ballads Mondays through Thursdays from seven to midnight, and the Evergreens doing some rousing Irish melodies (as well as a few exceedingly familiar American ones) Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one. The dinners are Hibernian, too. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Beau Bergersen, a composer of note, does his own works and those of his compeers every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to nine and ten to one. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance*, George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Roberta Allen—Hanging sculptures made of vinyl tubing; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Gallery at 210, 210 Fifth Ave., at 26th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Will Barnet—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty-eight prints covering forty years in the career of this New York artist; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Margit Beck—Mathematically composed landscapes as seen from the air; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Berlind—Magnified heads and spruce trees; through Nov. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Paintings by this American landscapist, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney; through Nov. 25. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Ronald Bladen—Black plywood models for outdoor sculptures, plus related drawings; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard—New drawings that include portraits and Pop images; through Nov. 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Herman Braun—Versions of Ingres' "Le Bain Turque;" through Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Thirty-eight paintings done between 1924 and 1958 by this renowned inventor of the mobile; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea Cascella—Interlocking curved forms in marble and granite; through Nov. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Christensen—Loosely formed abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christo—Documents, drawings, and photographs relating to his Valley Curtain in Rifle, Colorado; through Nov. 16. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ron Cooper—Compositions in light and glass, also drawings by about ten well-known younger sculptors; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Don David—Drawings, most of them in pencil and wash, which combine natural and geometric forms; through Nov. 22. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—New paintings and the bronze sculptures of the past few years; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Paintings from the fifties and sixties; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Denes / Susan Lewis Williams—Self-styled "investigations" of art. / Plastic sculptures, some employing air or newspapers. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays. Through Nov. 15.)

Edwin Dickinson—Canvases and drawings by this dean of American figure painters; through Nov. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rackstraw Downes—Landscapes of Maine and New York; through Thursday, Nov. 9. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings of cows done in 1954; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Duran—Transparent abstract forms; through Nov. 16. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Fasanella—A "primitive" of New York City streets presents detailed paintings of interiors of his reform school, outdoor views, baseball diamonds, and other visual facts; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Maud Gatewood—Abstracted landscapes with backgrounds in low relief; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Paintings that make use of cutouts of painted canvas by this veteran New

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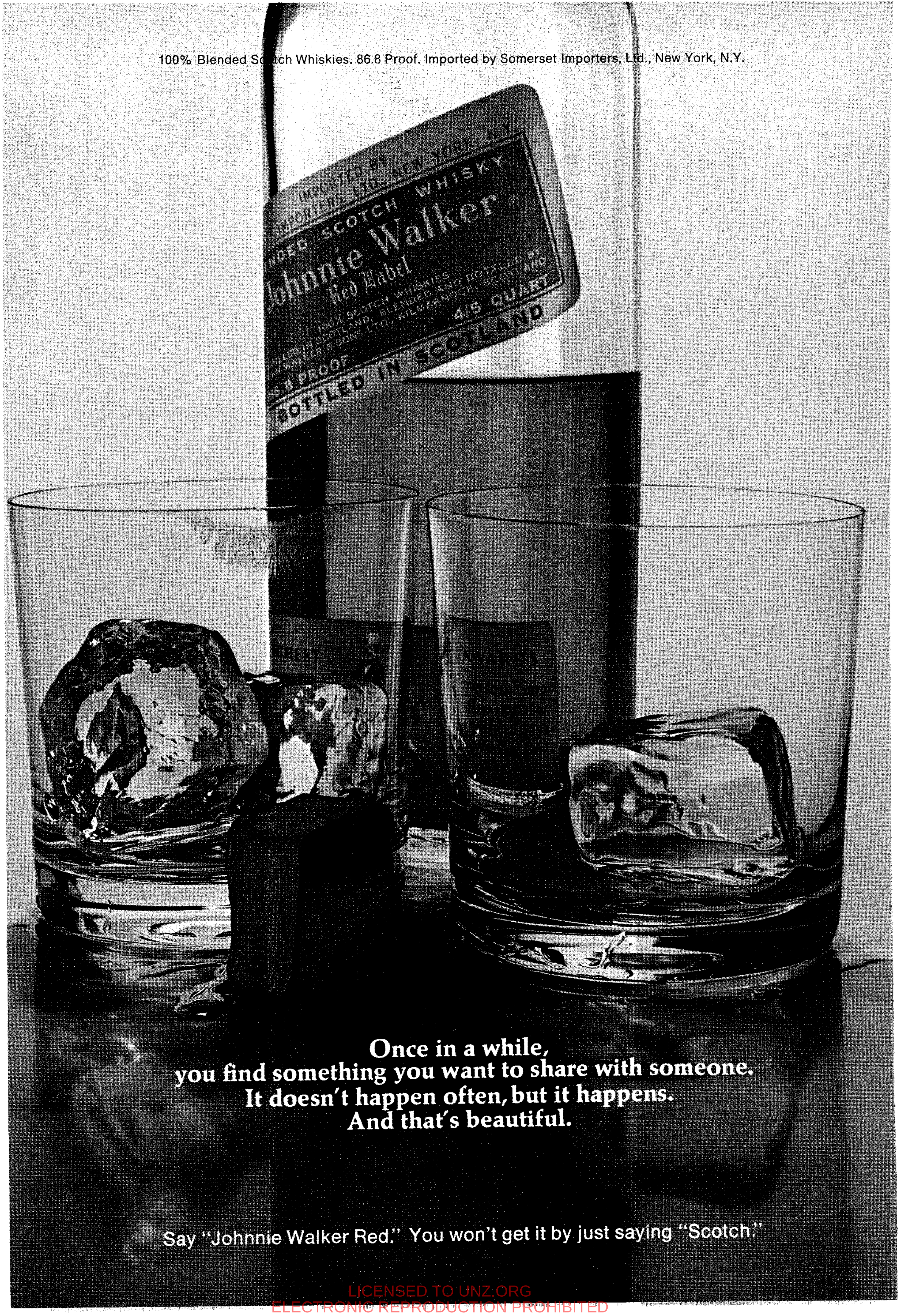
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York artist; through Nov. 17. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Dorothea Greenbaum—Seventy sculptures and reliefs of heads, figures, and animals in various mediums, such as bronze, stone, and hammered lead; through Nov. 18. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gropius (1883-1969)—Scale models, color slides, and more than two hundred photographic panels representing some of the Bauhaus founder's projects, including the Bauhaus building itself, the Graduate Center of Harvard University, and the Pan Am Building; through Nov. 15. (International Affairs Building, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 118th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays, 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Ira Joel Haber—Primitive structures against background photographs of landscapes set in Plexiglas boxes, also charred miniature houses; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hartell—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Herbert—Six two-panel Expressionist figure paintings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—About twenty works on paper in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum; through Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Jansons—Lyrical abstract paintings suggestive of panels; through Thursday, Nov. 9. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn—New paintings and sculptures by this member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Betty Klavun—Large abstract sculptures, plus models, in metal, paper, and wood; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fritz Koenig—Metal sculptures, many with the motif of the sphere; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriel Kohn—Sculptures in laminated wood by this artist who resides in Los Angeles and is well known in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stanton MacDonald-Wright—Paintings, woodblock prints, and lithographs produced during the past eight years by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Dec. 1. (Suzuki Graphics, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Heinz Mack—Multimedia constructions, some motorized; starting Thursday, Nov. 2. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Fifty-eight paintings and pastels emphasizing particular developments in his career over the past fifty years, in a show that is running concurrently with the one at the Guggenheim Museum; through Nov. 18. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings; through Tuesday, Nov. 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Complex "box" sculptures in black wood, also paper collages; through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Painted geometric forms within shaped canvas backgrounds; through Nov. 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano / Irwin Touster—Geometric sculptures in bronze, steel, and concrete. / Figures, interiors, and landscapes done in monotype. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays. Through Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Waldo Peirce (1884-1970)—A memorial exhibition consisting of paintings done during the last twenty years of the artist's life; through Nov. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Gouaches and watercolors on the theme of the prize ring, also a few oil paintings of religious subjects with a stained-glass effect; through Saturday Nov. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

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William David Ridenhour—Lyrical abstractions on paper mounted on canvas; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shay Rieger—Fourteen bronze animal and bird outdoor sculptures; through Nov. 18. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings with American Indian subjects by a leading Indian artist; through Nov. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shalom of Safed—Biblical paintings by a widely circulated Israeli primitive; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings concerned with a doubled image; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Shields—Patterns of beads on unstretched canvas; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Sonfist—A landscape composed of photographs and natural elements by this "process" artist; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer—Portraits of fellow-artists and New York street scenes by the veteran social realist; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Niles Spencer (1893-1952)—Drawings covering the development of this Precisionist painter, plus works from the artist's collection by, for instance, Davis, Kuhn, and Kuniyoshi; through Nov. 25. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Stone—Freestanding geometric sculptures in plastic; through Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Drawings and prints by this Chicago-born sculptor who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Teiji Takai—Paintings composed of forms based on birds and butterflies; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract landscape and figure paintings in brilliant colors; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Harold Tovish—Lithographic studies of the human head and abstract lithographs, also ink drawings releated to the artist's sculptures; through Nov. 18. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vivienne Wechter—Expressionist paintings incorporating poems by the artist; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Yrisarry / Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN ART**, 133 Wooster St.: Works in various mediums by contemporary American Indians; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Representative drawings, with a tendency toward fantasy, by eight Austrian contemporaries; through Nov. 17. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Recent acquisitions of works by Avery, Cornell, Dali, Ernst, Feininger, Klee, Schiele, and others; through Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by about thirty members of The American Abstract Artists, among them Bolotowsky, Pearson, Rabkin, and Alice Adams; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A hundred etchings, lithographs, banners, posters, and political cartoons related to Presidential election campaigns; through Tuesday, Nov. 7. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by Léger, Masson, and Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SPANISH INSTITUTE**, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St.: Replicas of the prehistoric Spanish cave paintings and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings, constructions, and collages by Francis Celentano, Jacqueline Freedman, and Arlene Sklar-Weinstein; starting Saturday, Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings of the twenties and thirties by Rockwell Kent, Gaston Lachaise, Peggy Bacon, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Dec. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Nov. 26. A complement to this exhibit is the one at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. A complementary exhibit is at the Acquavella Gallery, 18 E. 79th St. . . . ¶ Works by younger artists from Amsterdam, Paris, and Düsseldorf; through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings of the American West by Albert Bierstadt, a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist; through Sunday, Nov. 5. A complementary show is at the Lewison Gallery, 30 E. 60th St. . . . ¶ "Frederick Law Olmsted's New York," a show focussing on the New York creations of the landscape architect who designed Central Park. With slide projections, original plans, maps, and sketches. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Naïve drawings of fantasies based on travels by Joseph Yoakum, an Indian who became an artist at the age of seventy-six; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings by prominent nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Sunday, Nov. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Never Say Die," an exhibit devoted to the subject of five threatened North American species: the alligator, the peregrine falcon, the timber wolf, the Atlantic salmon, and the black-footed ferret. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A major exhibi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of ninety-eight Siamese bronze and stone sculptures and gold bas-reliefs representing a thousand years of Siamese art, all being shown in the United States for the first time; through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Over a hundred small paintings, sculptures, and graphics with a Constructivist tendency, by Gabo, Calder, Bolotovsky, Max Bill, and others; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and watercolors by Boris Penson, a twenty-six-year-old Soviet Jewish artist now serving a ten-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union; through Nov. 26. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Election Day, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library and Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Seventeen drawings by the poet E. E. Cummings (1894-1962), of nudes, circus performers, friends, and Paris street scenes; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Over two hundred and fifty toy automobiles and accessories revealing the development in the design of the automobile as seen in its toy counterpart; through Nov. 19. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifty-ninth annual exhibit by the Allied Artists of America, comprising paintings and sculptures by members and nonmembers; through Nov. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Edmond Karlsrud; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with

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Lilian Sukis, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Alfredo Kraus, and Mario Sereni; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Loretta Di Franco, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 6: "La Bohème," with Anna Moffo, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 7: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Richard Tucker, Matteo Manuguerra, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Lilian Sukis, and Judith Blegen; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Loretta Di Franco, Enrico Di-Giuseppe, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, John Macurdy, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Carol Neblett, Spiro Malas, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Doris Jung, Sylvia Anderson, Peter Lagger, and Kenneth Riegel; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Carlos Montane, Richard Fredricks, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Chris Nance. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Carol Neblett, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Johanna Meier, Susanne Marsee, Patricia Wise, Peter Lagger, and Thomas Jamerson; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Nancy Shade, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Herman Malamood, Edward Pierson, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Carmen," with Sylvia Anderson, Faye Robinson, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Bianca Sauler, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30 (all with Alexis Weissenberg, piano). . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, and Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30, both with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8, with Mr. Lowenthal.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Gyorgy Pauk, violin, and David Weiss, oboe. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8, with Stanley Ritchie, violin; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and others. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and the Musica Aeterna Chorus.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Bach Aria Group—Walter Susskind directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

RECITALS

Gerald Ranck—Harpsichord, in two benefit recitals presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Wednesday, Nov. 1, and Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Peter Basquin—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Paco de Lucia—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Christopher Parkening—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8, the last in a series of recitals, this one with the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8, no assisting artists. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in a program of Mozart songs and Schubert lieder. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Michel Beroff—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Sándor Kónya—Tenor, with the Rheinischer Saengerbund Chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Felix Galimir and Ronald Copes, violin; Nobuko Imai and Kim Kashkashian, viola; Miklos Perenyi, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2:15.)

Jean and Kenneth Wentworth—A cycle of Mozart's works for one piano, four hands. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7:30.)

Adam Harasiewicz and Tadeusz Kerner—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Eugene Indjic—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Samuel Lipman—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Chamber music. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

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CAROL ROSENBERGER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, LESLIE PARNAS, AND PETER SERKIN—Violin, cello, and piano, in the second in a series of three concerts presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Gary Graffman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR ELIZABETH—An Elizabethan masque presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of twenty-seven includes singers, dancers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JIM DAWSON AND HAPPY & ARTIE TRAUM—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8.

JAMES TAYLOR AND THE SECTION—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3-4, at midnight.

HOLLIES—With Raspberries. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

LESLIE WEST, JACK BRUCE, AND CORKY LAING—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Nov. 6, at midnight.

CAT STEVENS—Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 7-8, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.

CLANCY BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.

PROCOL HARUM—With Steeleye Span and Tir Na Nog. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

RY COODER AND DAVID BROMBERG—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.

BUDDY MILES—With Bloodrock and Rory Gallagher. (Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: Knicks vs. Golden State.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 4:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Brooklyn College, at Gaelic Park, at 1. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 11:** Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Upsala, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Pittsburgh, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Washington Redskins. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Denver Broncos. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Vancouver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 1:35: Rangers vs. California.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 4.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Dec. 16. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 7; the Great American, Wednesday, Nov. 8; and the Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 18. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 11.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 4-5, at 4.... ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Nov. 11, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Election Day at 2:30.)... MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show, "Red Giants and White Dwarfs," explores the phenomena of the stars and scientific milestones spanning the centuries. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Day the Earth Stood Still," with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal, Saturday, Nov. 4, at 3.... ¶ "Harlem Globetrotters," Saturday, Nov. 11, at 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Election Day from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 7; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the NEW SCHOOL: David Young and Derek Walcott reading from their own poetry. (66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8.)... POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A.: Bernard Malamud reading a selection of his new stories, Monday, Nov. 6, at 8.... ¶ Richard Eberhart and Judith Johnson Sherwin reading from their own poetry, Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 2, at 2: Worcester porcelains, from the estate of Lillian Cadman and from other sources.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 2: Old-master paintings, from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from the estate of Helen G. Bonfils and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 10 and 2: African and Oceanic works of art, from various collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 2: Art Nouveau, including Webb, Tiffany, and Galle glass; from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 4.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 1 at 5:30: "Sunny Side Up" (1929), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 5:30: "Ruby Gentry" (1952), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: "Lightning Strikes Twice" (1951), directed by King Vidor, with Ruth Roman and Richard Todd.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 2: "Duel in the Sun" (1947), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 5:30 and Nov. 4 at noon: "Erotikon" (1920), a Swedish film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; no English titles.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 3: "Ruby Gentry" (1952).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 5:30: "Duel in the Sun" (1947).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 12:30 and 3: "High and Dizzy" (1920), directed by Hal Roach, with Harold Lloyd; and "Ella Cinders" (1926), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Colleen Moore.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 5:30 and Nov. 6 at 2: "Peg o' My Heart" (1922), directed by King Vidor, with Laurette Taylor; Spanish titles only.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 5:30: "Solomon and Sheba" (1959), directed by King Vidor, with Yul Brynner and Gina Lollobrigida.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 2: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 5:30: "Solomon and Sheba" (1959).... ¶ Nov. 8 at 5:30: "Sunrise" (1927).... ¶ Nov. 9 at 5:30: "J'Accuse" (1938), in French, directed by Abel Gance.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "La Roue" (1923), a French film, directed by Abel Gance; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Through Nov. 2: "The Gun Runner" (1958), with Audie Murphy and Eddie Albert.... ¶ Nov. 3-4: "Hound Dog Man" (1959), with Fabian and Carol Lynley.... ¶ Nov. 5 and 8: "Edge of Eternity" (1959), with Cornel Wilde and Victoria Shaw.... ¶ Nov. 9-10: "Hell Is for Heroes" (1962), with Steve McQueen and Bobby Darin. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Vigo, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Warhol, and others. Nov. 1-3 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 4 at 6 and 8; Nov. 5 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 7-8 at 6 and 8; and Nov. 9 at 6.... WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 5: "Red Squad," directed by Howard Blatt, Steve Fishler, Francis Freedland, and Joe Sucher; and "Robert Wall: Ex-F.B.I. Agent," directed by Saul Landau. Showings at noon (except Tuesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings).... ¶ Starting Nov. 6: "U-Turn," directed by Dave Vadehra. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 14, 16, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Dec. 2, 5, 9, and 12.... NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nov. 15, 17, 19, 22, and 29, and Dec. 1, 3, 8, 10, and 15.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 9.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, NOV. 25: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton.... SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Nov. 12.... ¶ Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, Dec. 3.... YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 26.... ¶ Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, Dec. 10.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Nov. 12, 15, 19, and 26, and Dec. 3, 6, and 10. Raider games on Nov. 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 29, and 30, and Dec. 2, 3, 11, and 13.... NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Nov. 14, 18, 21, and 28, and Dec. 2, 5, 9, and 12.

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 12.)

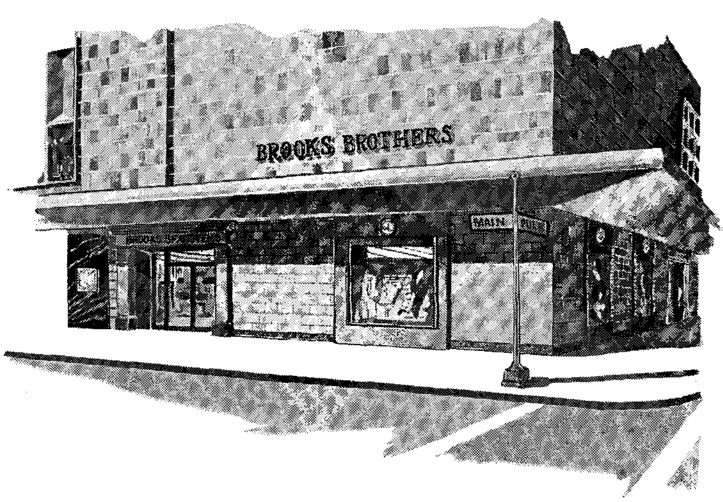
Racing—At Liberty Bell, Philadelphia: Nov. 20-Feb. 3.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 21.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12....¶ Alexander Slobodyanik, piano, Nov. 12....¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 15 and Dec. 8....¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 19....¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, Nov. 26....¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 29 and Dec. 1....¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 3....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 4....¶ Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 6....¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 10.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 19. ...¶ Hungarian State Symphony, Nov. 21-22. ...¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Nov. 27....¶ Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano, Nov. 28....¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Dec. 3.... ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 5....¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 6 and 9....¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Dec. 7....¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 8.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 12, 14, 24, and 26, and Dec. 3 and 5....¶ National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada, Nov. 15....¶ New and Newer Music, Nov. 26....¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 28....¶ Jess Thomas, tenor, Dec. 9.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 18-19....¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Dec. 9.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Charles Treger, violin, Nov. 21 and Dec. 5....¶ Earl Wild, piano, Nov. 28.... ¶ Philharmonic Baroque Ensemble, Dec. 4. ... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): André Watts, piano, Nov. 25....¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Dec. 2....¶ Kyung Wha Chung, violin, Dec. 3.

Ballet and Dance Programs—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 14-Feb. 18....¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.... ¶ Dukla Ukrainian Dance Company, at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 24-26....¶ Batsheva Dance Company of Israel, at the City Center, Dec. 5-17.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Dear Oscar," a musical based on the life of Oscar Wilde, with book and lyrics by Caryl Gabrielle Young, and music by Addy O. Fieger. Richard Kneeland will portray the title role. ...¶ A comedy by Paul Zindel, "The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild," starring Maureen Stapleton....¶ Howard Keel and Danielle Darrieux in "Ambassador," a musical version of Henry James's novel "The Ambassadors." Don Gohman turned out the music, Hal Hackady the lyrics, and Don Ettlinger and Anna Marie Barlow the book....¶ A musical, "Via Galactica," has a score by Galt MacDermot, lyrics by Christopher Gore, a book by Mr. Gore and Judith Ross, and a cast headed by Raul Julia and Keene Curtis.... ¶ "Comedy," a musical in the manner of the commedia-dell'arte "The Great Magician." Lawrence Carra is responsible for the book; the music and lyrics are the work of Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss; and the cast includes George S. Irving and Joseph Bova....¶ Arthur Miller has written a play, "The Creation of the World and Other Business," in which Zoe Caldwell, George Grizzard, Bob Dishy, Stephen Elliott, and Barry Primus will appear....¶ In "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," a play by James Prideaux, Julie Harris will play the widowed Mary Todd Lincoln....¶ The New Phoenix Repertory Theatre will present a two-play limited engagement of Molière's "Don Juan" (adapted by Stephen Porter) and O'Neill's "The Great God Brown," with John McMartin, Paul Hecht, and Katherine Helmond.

Other Dates—Thanksgiving Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Nov. 15....¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 17-19....¶ Moscow Circus, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 21-Jan. 1.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 23.



HOUSTON—A NEW SETTING FOR THE FAMOUS GOLDEN FLEECE

In early November, Brooks Brothers will open a handsome store on two floors of the Capital National Bank Building at Main and Polk Streets in Houston, Texas.

In a setting that will be familiar to those who have visited us in other Brooks Brothers stores across the country...we will have the pleasure of welcoming old friends in the Houston area...as well as serving the many new friends whom we anticipate meeting.

We will feature, of course, our exclusive clothing and furnishings—both our famous Own Make and "346"...as well as complete stocks from our University and Boys' Departments. Throughout, we will offer the merchandise and service that have earned the Brooks reputation through 154 years.

We believe the men of Houston will like the individuality and distinctiveness of Brooks Brothers ...while we, for our part, are proud to become active members of this fine community.

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Don't ruin her cooking with your carving.

She does her job.

And you proceed to indelicately massacre it.

It's time you learned a new skill. Carving. And it's only proper that we should be the ones to teach it to you.

Our carving knives and our steak knives (think of them as little carving knives) are perhaps the best in the world. In fact, since 1895 Carvel Hall has been one of the leading names in fine cutlery.

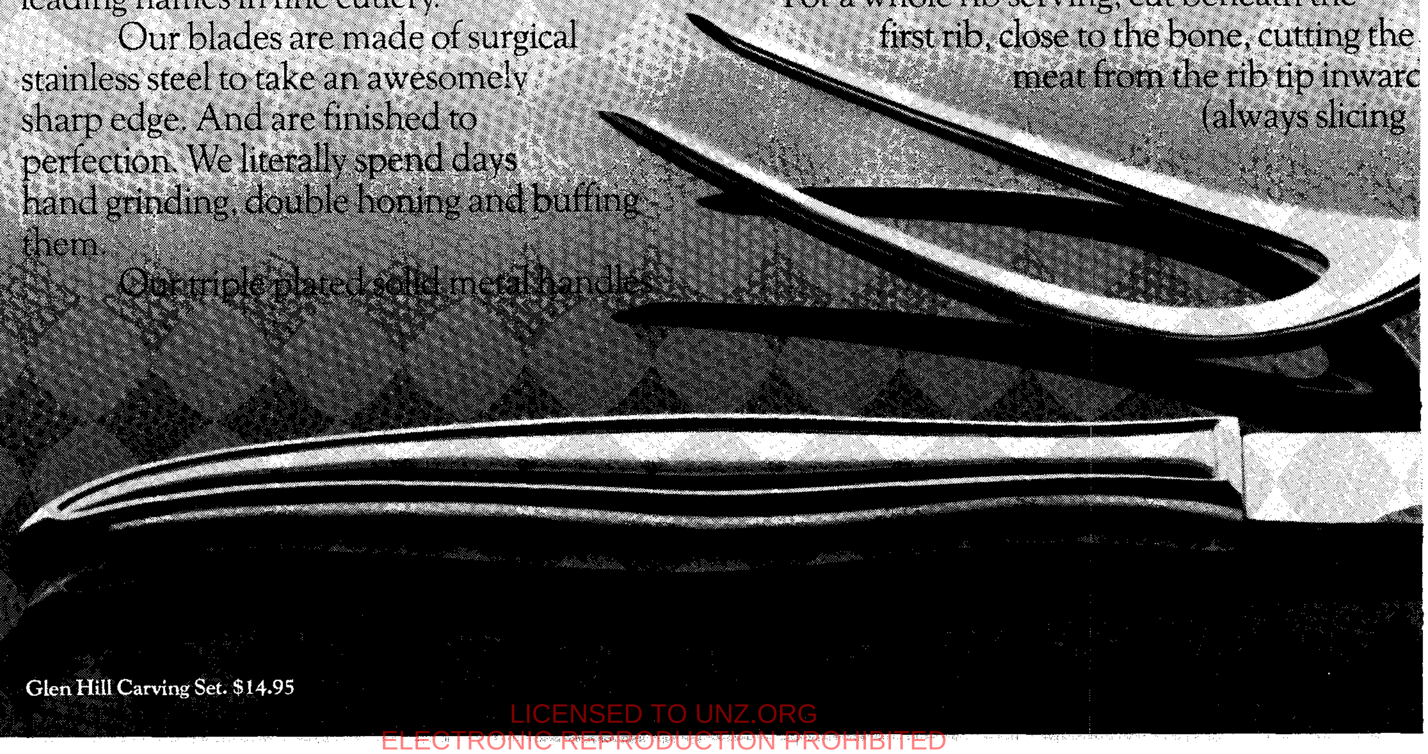
Our blades are made of surgical stainless steel to take an awesomely sharp edge. And are finished to perfection. We literally spend days hand grinding, double honing and buffing them.

Our triple plated solid metal handles are, quite simply, designed to look like works of art.

And now that you know a little about our knives, we would like to teach you a little about what to do with them.

A standing rib roast can get you a standing ovation.

First, arrange the meat on a platter with the largest end down to form a solid base. For a whole rib serving, cut beneath the first rib, close to the bone, cutting the meat from the rib tip inward (always slicing



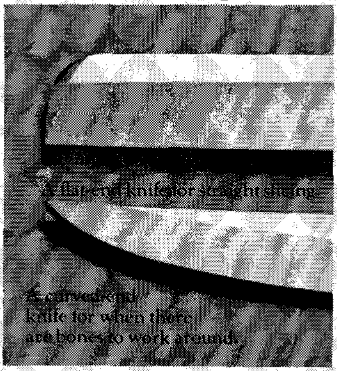
Glen Hill Carving Set. $14.95

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gainst the grain).

Then continue slicing across the roast ntil you come to the second rib. With the tip f the knife cut along the rib bone to loosen he meat from the bone.

Repeat until nothing is left to repeat vith.



A flat-end knife for straight slicing.

A curved-end knife for when there are bones to work around.

A well-carved porterhouse steak an bring you fame.

Steaks appear asy to carve. And if ou know what you're loing, they are.

To begin, unlike roasts, always carve vith the grain. Start at the top of the bone and ut down and around it. Remove it (stop here nd let everyone fight for it). Cut off the tail nd. Then, slice across the fillet section and en across the larger loin section. Trim off e fat. Then it's time to stop performing and art eating.

Turkey. It's too important not to carve it right.

You don't want to be responsible for ining the big meal, do you?

So start by arranging the turkey on a latter with the drumsticks pointing to your ght. Cut down between the thigh and the ody.

Push the leg away from the body with e fork, and with the tip of the knife, sever e leg from the body at the joint.

Cut the leg in two at the second joint. Slice the drumstick downward into neat pieces of dark meat. Also slice the thigh section. Next remove the wing. Then cut through the base of the breast horizontally. Carve down the breast on an angle in thin slices until you reach the wide part of the breast. Then carve from the front and back ends alternately so the slices are not too large.

Spoon the stuffing from the cavity (no sneaking a taste allowed) onto the serving platter.

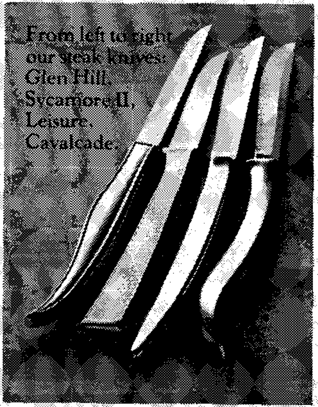
Carve the second side in the same way as the first.

Congratulations.

You have just graduated from a shredder, a slasher, a ruiner of good turkey to a carver.

Seafood. Chicken. Lamb. Ham. Pork. Veal: All in a book.

To help you carve all the above we have arranged with Simon and Schuster to make available at a special price "The Art of Carving," by the editors of House & Garden, with an introduction by James A. Beard.



From left to right our steak knives: Glen Hill, Sycamore II, Leisure, Cavalcade.

Its regular price is $3.95. But if you enclose a check or money order for $2.75 to Carvel Hall, Crisfield, Maryland 21817, we'll send the book to you.

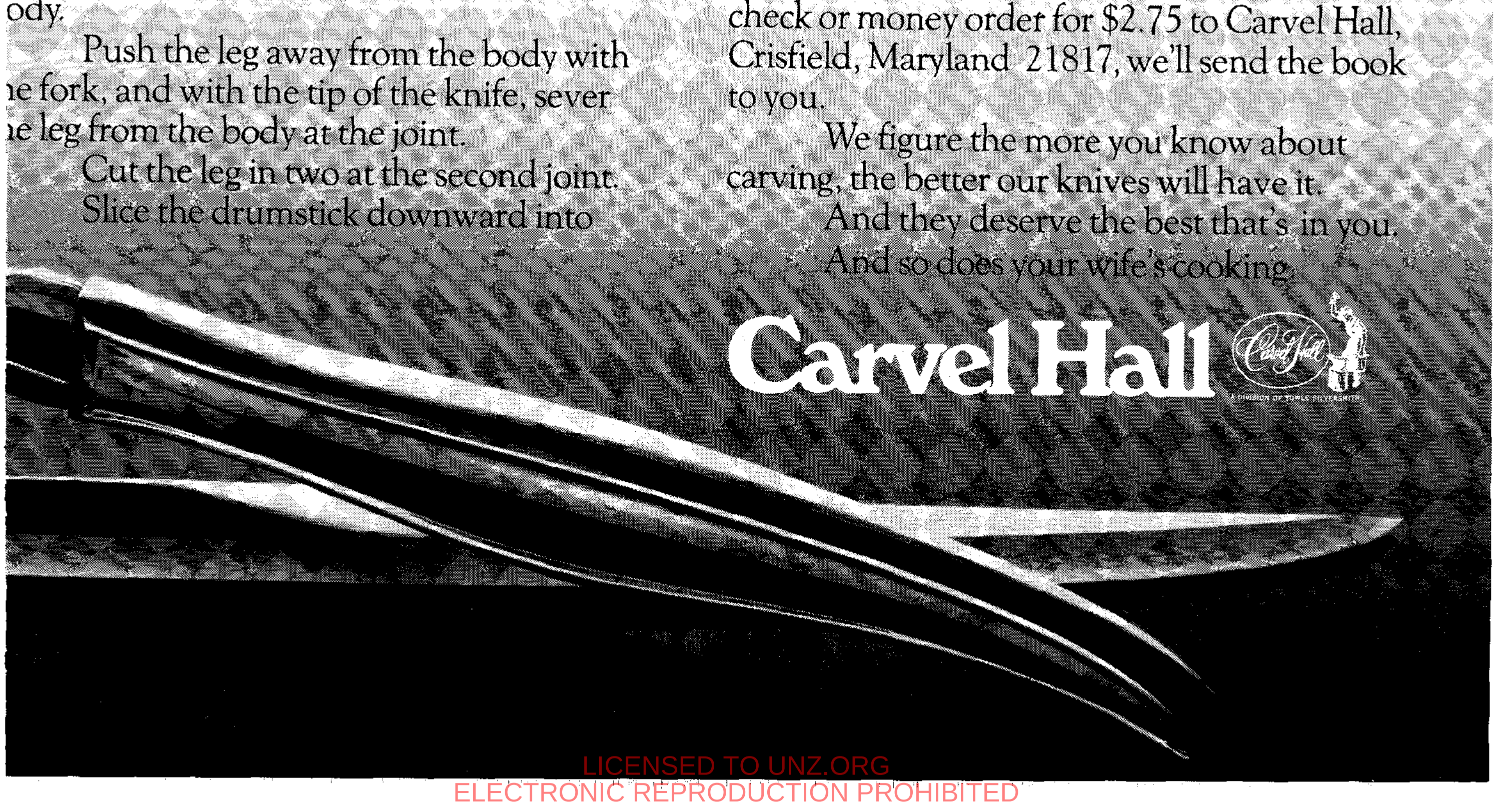
We figure the more you know about carving, the better our knives will have it.

And they deserve the best that's in you.

And so does your wife's cooking.

Carvel Hall

A DIVISION OF TOWLE SILVERSMITHS



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 2: "The French Connection" and "The Hospital."
Nov. 3-7: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Nov. 8: "L'Amour Fou."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 7: "Evergreen" and "Sailing Along."
From Nov. 8: "Tonight and Every Night" and "Ladies of the Chorus."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 7: "Marjoe," "Bedazzled," and "Diary of a Mad Housewife."
From Nov. 8: "King of Hearts," "Women in Love," and "Charlie Bubbles."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 7: "Frenzy" and "Catch-22."
From Nov. 8: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Nov. 1: "Sundays and Cybèle" and "The L-Shaped Room."
Nov. 2: "The Americanization of Emily" and "Any Number Can Win."
From Nov. 3: "Caesar and Cleopatra."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 2: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Nov. 3: "The Valachi Papers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 1.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Red Mantle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Two English Girls."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bad Company."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 7: "The Assassination of Trotsky."
From Nov. 8: "Savage Messiah."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 8: "Funny Girl."
From Nov. 9: "Black Girl."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Farewell Uncle Tom."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Play It As It Lays."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 2: "The Man in the White Suit" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
Nov. 3-4: "The Red Shoes" and "Queen of Spades."
Nov. 5-6: "The Little Kidnappers" and "Whistle Down the Wind."
Nov. 7: "In Which We Serve" and "Fire Over England."
Nov. 8-9: "Dead of Night" and "Laughter in Paradise."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trouble Man."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Escape to the Sun."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"You'll Like My Mother."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 2: "Superfly."
From Nov. 3: "The Valachi Papers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 7: "Butterflies Are Free" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
From Nov. 8: "The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 8: "Funny Girl."
From Nov. 9: "Black Girl."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Farewell Uncle Tom."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Heat."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 2: "Stolen Kisses" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Quad Cinemas, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 7: "Dumbo," "The Legend of Lobo," "The Candidate," "Cabaret," and "What's Up, Doc?"
From Nov. 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 1: "Dark Eyes of London" and "The Clairvoyant."
Nov. 2: "The Browning Version" and "The Rocking Horse Winner."
Nov. 3-6: "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Major Barbara."
Nov. 7-8: "F.P.1" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
Nov. 9: "Oh! Mr. Porter" and "Bulldog Jack."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 7: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Nov. 8: "Where Does It Hurt?" and "I Want What I Want."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Nov. 8: "When the Legends Die."
From Nov. 9: "1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fellini's Roma."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Heat."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 7: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Nov. 8: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Chaplin Comedies.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The French Connection" and "The Hospital."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 1: "Uncle Vanya."
From Nov. 2: "The Twelve Chairs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 7: "Marjoe" and "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
From Nov. 8: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and "Lady and the Tramp."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 7: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Nov. 8: "Butterflies Are Free" and "Gumshoe."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 2: "Where Does It Hurt?"
From Nov. 3: "Hammersmith Is Out."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 7: "Cobra Woman" and "Duck Soup."
From Nov. 8: "Destination Moon" and "Under Capricorn."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 7: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "Fools."
From Nov. 8: "The War Between Men and Women" and "Prime Cut."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 2: "The Bride Wore Black" and "La Prisonnière."
Nov. 3-5: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."
Nov. 6-7: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Hour of the Wolf."
Nov. 8-9: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"You'll Like My Mother."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The French Connection" and "The Hospital."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 7: "Marjoe" and "Millhouse: A White Comedy."
From Nov. 8: "Murmur of the Heart" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Americanization of Emily (1964)—With James Garner, Melvyn Douglas, James Coburn, Joyce Grenfell, and Julie Andrews, who could play a virago in a whorehouse and make her look like a kitchen apron straight out of the washing machine. Paddy Chayevsky wrote the screenplay, a botched comedy about the, er, futility of war; the botching is considerably aided by the director, Arthur Hiller. (Murray Hill; Nov. 2.)

L'Amour Fou—With Bulle Ogier and Jean-Pierre Kalfon, directed by Jacques Rivette. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 8.)

Any Number Can Win (1963)—Directed by Henri Verneuil, with Jean Gabin as a grand master in crime and Alain Delon as his good-looking aide-de-camp. A casino in Cannes is to be robbed of a cool billion francs. Plainly, the job cannot be done; plainly, it will be, for an air-conditioning duct leads over the casino roof to the top of the elevator shaft, and . . . Recommended to everyone who doesn't spend his time at a Verneuil film wishing the man were Hitchcock. In French. (Murray Hill; Nov. 2.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—With Richard Burton as Trotsky and Alain Delon as the assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Coronet; through Nov. 7.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Baronet.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

Black Girl—Based on J. E. Franklin's Off Broadway play, directed by Ossie Davis. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 9.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanica story with something finely detailed and lyric

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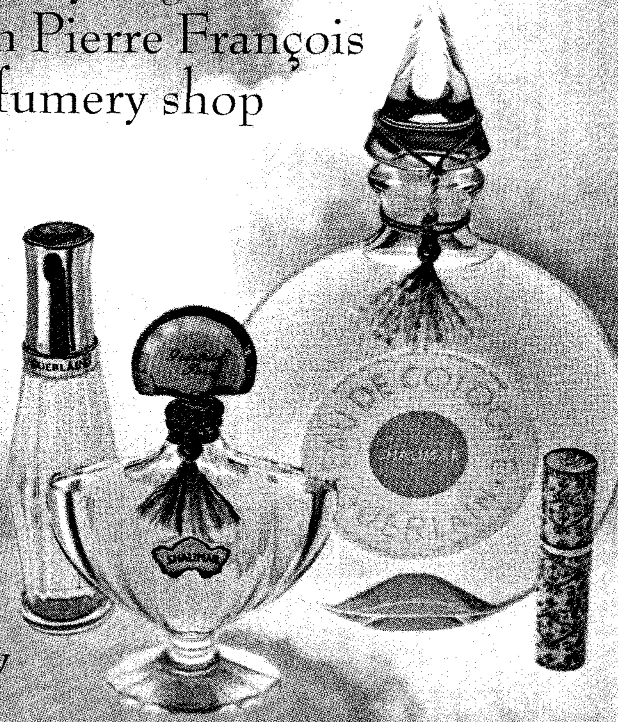

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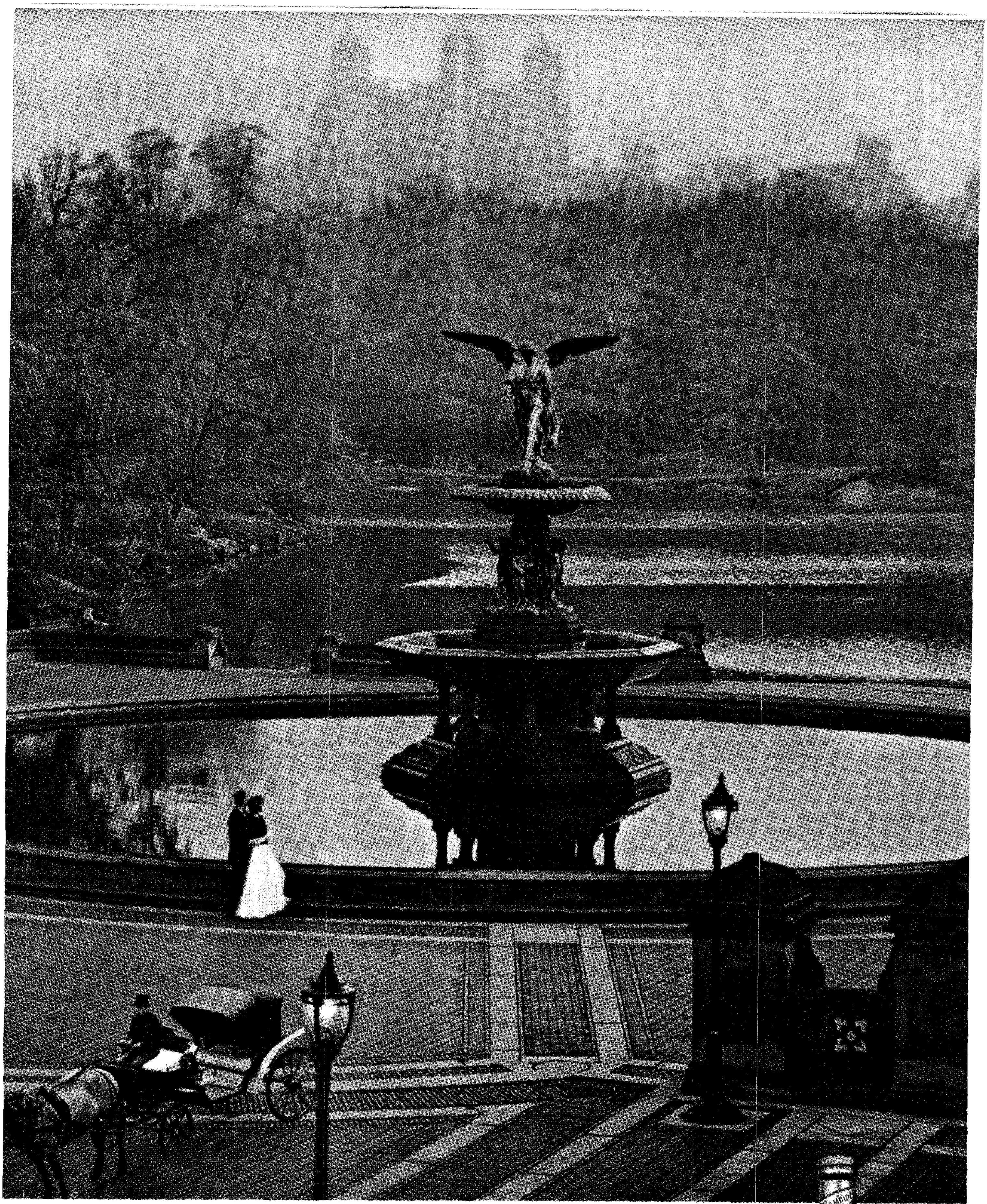

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about love. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 2.)

The Browning Version (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor. In this version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not give Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Elgin; Nov. 2.)

ulldog Jack (1935)—Good-humored Bulldog Drummond sleuthing adventure: modest and debonair. Made in England, with Ralph Richardson, Fay Wray, and Jack Hulbert. Directed by Walter Forde. (Elgin; Nov. 9.)

utterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (86th St. East; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting Nov. 8.)

abaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinemas; through Nov. 7.)

he Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Quad Cinemas; through Nov. 7.)

aesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar, Claude Rains displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 3.)

atch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 7.)

haplin Comedies—All mementos (1918) from the silent past: "Shoulder Arms" and "The Pilgrim," both first-rate, and "A Dog's Life." (Lincoln Art.)

harlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

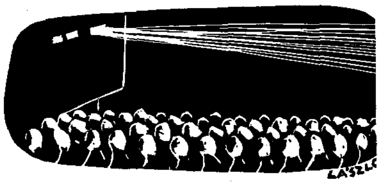
hloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

he Clairvoyant (1935)—Also known as "The Evil Mind." With Claude Rains and Fay Wray, directed by Maurice Elvey. (Elgin; Nov. 1.)

obra Woman (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as twins; Jon Hall, as thick as ever; and the cherished line "Gif me the cobra jools!" Robert Siodmak and George Waggner directed this heavenly absurdity. (New Yorker; through Nov. 7.)

ark Eyes of London (1939)—Bela Lugosi, one of the busiest men of the thirties, hopped across the Atlantic to star in this adaptation of an Edgar Wallace novel. It's so-so horror stuff, with pudgy-faced Hugh Williams and Greta Gynt. Walter Summers directed. (Elgin; Nov. 1.)

Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a



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sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond s and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hug Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a ionable neurologist. ("Either this man is or my watch has stopped.") He shuffle with the picture. The cast includes Mar Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge be glimpsed among the kids in the "All (Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam V directed. (Art; Nov. 3-7.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized omnibus ie about the supernatural, with several cl episodes. The most celebrated: Michael grave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist mented by his dummy (directed by C canti); Googie Withers and Ralph Micha the story of a mirror that reflects a crin an earlier century (directed by Robert mer). Redgrave's overpowering perf ance—a small work of art—lifts the n above the elegant, sophisticated enter ment it aspired to be. (72nd St. Playh Nov. 8-9.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—wr by James Dickey from his own best-se novel, and directed by John Boorman—a four early-middle-aged men who go canc in Georgia in search of the vanishing cou side and of their own lost athleticism. crass way, the film embalms every male that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, R Cox play in the movie, which is beauti photographed in almost monochromatic c (Loews Tower East.)

Destination Moon (1950)—George Pal duced this relatively inexpensive rocket to the moon; the set designs are ingen and the movie has a realistic look (w made it a big hit). But the acting and th rection (by Irving Pichel) are earthbo The actors have names, but they're t anonymous. (New Yorker; starting Nov.

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A ri young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), wh an alarming pedant about food, wine, ambitious entertaining, is married to a h driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, l ever. Directed and written by Frank Eleanor Perry, respectively. (St. M Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—A comedy by Luis Buñuel, featuring Delp Seyrig, Stéphane Audran, Fernando Rey, Julien Bertheau. In French. (Little Carne

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, mastermindec Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Haw a kook hooker. For the first twenty min it's impossible to know what's going on; a that, there are so many camera setups such noisy, overextended chases that whole thing becomes hectic and exhaus Brutality and tension are a poor substi for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten overdirected by Richard Brooks. (R.I 23rd St. Cinema, Playboy, and Bea through Nov. 7.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in t greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce al war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar I nedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentime screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and H Ruby, who also did the songs. Directe Leo McCarey. (New Yorker; through N 7.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney toon. Small children react with terror w Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated f him. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinemas; thro Nov. 7.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed ture epic on the mid-nineteenth-cent Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton. No evening performances on Wednesday, Nov. 1.)

Escape to the Sun—With Laurence Harvey and Lila Kedrova, directed by Menahem Golan. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, adorable Jessie Matthews, with her rabbitty smile, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Musical-comedy lovers used to dream of a pairing of the two, but, except for Ginger, he was stuck dragging girls like Joan Leslie through their paces, while Jessie Matthews stayed in England and had to carry her movies by solos, or comic turns with Sonnie Hale. Here (with Sonnie Hale) she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy than American musicals of the same period. Victor Saville directed; the songs are by Rodgers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 7.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Gramercy, Juliet 1, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 2.)

Farewell Uncle Tom—Race relations in the United States as seen by Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd, etc." Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 1:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to a young, incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a great-hearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense, but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe photographed. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 7.)

Fools (1970)—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (Symphony; through Nov. 7.)

F.P.1 (1933)—Sci-fi, elegantly designed and shot by the UFA technicians, about a floating platform in mid-Atlantic used as a base for aircraft. Made in a German version (starring Hans Albers), a French version (starring young Charles Boyer), and this English version, starring Conrad Veidt as the inventor-aviator. The thriller script is sadly routine. (Elgin; Nov. 7-8.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Cinema Studio and Riviera. . . . ¶ Art; through Nov. 2.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less

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gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 7.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 8.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Olympia; starting Nov. 8.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 8. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Beacon; starting Nov. 8.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Loew's 83rd St.; starting Nov. 3.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (Waverly and Festival.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 7.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Cinema Studio and Riviera. . . . ¶ Art; through Nov. 2.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; Nov. 6-7.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's greatest play, and one of the few perfect comedies in world drama. This English screen version by Anthony Asquith is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Elgin; Nov. 3-6.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (86th St. East; through Nov. 7.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean codirected this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip are more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 7.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Thalia; Nov. 3-5.)

I Want What I Want—With Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews, directed by John Dexter. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Ladies of the Chorus (1949)—Minor musical from Columbia, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe. Directed by Phil Karlson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 8.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

Lady Sings the Blues—Diana Ross as Billie Holiday. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum.)

Laughter in Paradise (1951)—A charming, neatly conceived English comedy. Ernest Thesiger leaves a will stipulating that his four relatives will each get a handsome sum if they complete the tasks he has set them. The task assigned Alastair Sim, a respectable retired Army officer engaged to marry policewoman Joyce Grenfell, is that he must break the law and go to jail. With Fay Compton, George Cole, A. E. Matthews, and, in a tiny role, Audrey Hepburn. Michael Pertwee and Jack Davies wrote the ingenious script; Mario Zampi directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 8-9.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinemas; through Nov. 7.)

The Little Kidnappers (1954)—A gentle, affecting fable of childhood and loneliness—the story of two little boys, denied a pet, who find a baby and keep it hidden in the woods. Philip Leacock directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 5-6.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Murray Hill; Nov. 1.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Elgin; Nov 3-6.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness, as a quirky idealist who invents a fabric that will stay clean and last forever, and guileful Joan Greenwood in Alexander Mackendrick's deft comedy about capital, science, and labor. With Cecil Parker and Ernest Thesiger. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (St. Marks Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through Nov. 7.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Olympia; through Nov. 7.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; Nov. 8-9.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Olympia; starting Nov. 8.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Playboy, and Beacon; through Nov. 7.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Art; Nov. 3-7.)

Oh! Mr. Porter (1937)—English comedy featuring Will Hay. (Elgin; Nov. 9.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Symphony; through Nov. 7.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's un-

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resolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. *In French.* (*Thalia; Nov. 6-7.*)

Play It As It Lays—With Tuesday Weld and Anthony Perkins, directed by Frank Perry. (Beekman.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Symphony; starting Nov. 8.)

La Prisonnière (*1969*)—*Henri-Georges Clouzot,* of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 2.)

Queen of Spades (1949)—Directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans, from Pushkin's gambling story. Wonderful stuff, not to be missed, especially because of Dame Edith. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 3-4.)

The Red Mantle (1968)—With Gunnar Björnstrand and Eva Dahlbeck, directed by Gabriel Axel. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" did, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch.* (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 3-4.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) *With John Mills and Ronald* Squire. Anthony Pelissier directed. (Elgin; Nov. 2.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

Sailing Along (1938)—The incomparable English comedienne-singer-dancer Jessie Matthews in a lighthearted musical with Alastair Sim, Roland Young, and Jack Whiting. Directed by Sonnie Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 7.)

Savage Messiah—With Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony, directed by Ken Russell. (Coronet; starting Nov. 8.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

1776—A musical about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with William Daniels as John Adams, Howard Da Silva as Ben Franklin, and Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson. Directed by Peter Hunt. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 9.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 2.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Murray Hill; Nov. 1.)

Superfly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee. directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné; through Nov. 2.)

Tonight and Every Night (1945)—Elaborate, dull Columbia musical starring Rita Hayworth, smiling about nothing, and with Marc Platt, Janet Blair, and Lee Bowman. Directed by Victor Saville; mediocre score by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 8.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Elgin; Nov. 7-8.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

The Twelve Chairs—Directed by Leonid Gaidai. In Russian. (Regency; starting Nov. 2.)

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954)—James Mason stalking the ocean bed in a scientific submarine, tracking down the fleet of a wicked belligerent country. Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre are with Mason underwater. O.K. family stuff; Peter Lorre, with his look of a wise and humorous cod, is forever an actor for the grown-ups. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are *entirely Chekhovian. In Russian.* (*Regency;* Nov. 1.)

Under Capricorn (1949)—A Hitchcock stinker. Set in Australia in the early nineteenth century (though shot in England, for M-G-M). High-born English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 8.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 3.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Symphony; starting Nov. 8.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Quad Cinemas; through Nov. 7.)

When the Legends Die—With Richard Widmark, directed by Stuart Millar. (Music Hall; through Nov. 8.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 2. . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

Whistle Down the Wind (1962)—Describable as "The Greengage Winter." Bryan Forbes made it, from a Mary Hayley Bell novel about a family of three motherless children in the dark North of England. Hayley Mills discovers their barn to be occupied by a bearded murderer on the run (Alan Bates), who understandably exclaims "Jesus Christ!" when he sees her and makes the dopey girl take this to be a piece of self-identification. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 5-6.)

Why—With Alberto Sordi, directed by Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Paris.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; Nov. 8-9.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (U. A. East and Riverside.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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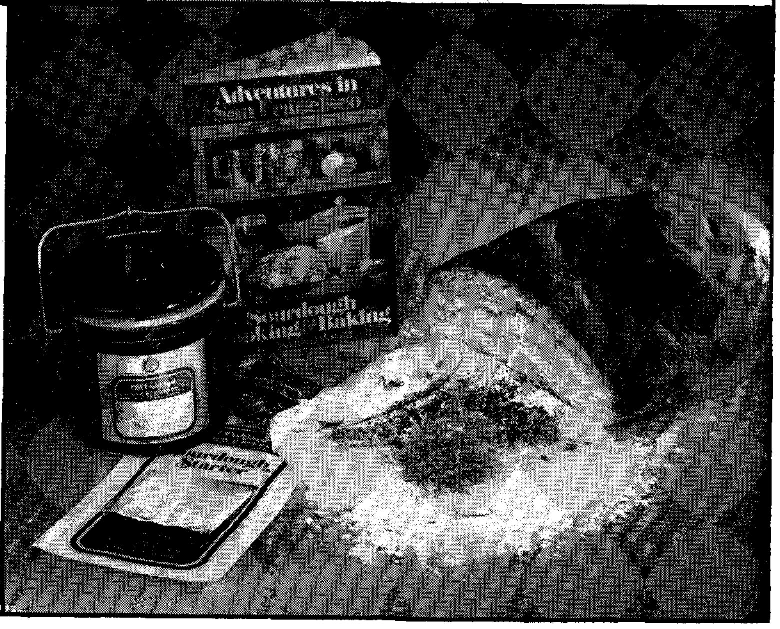

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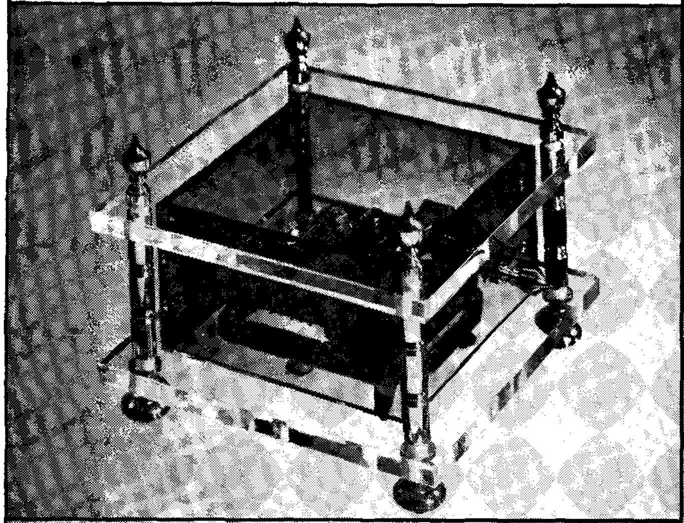

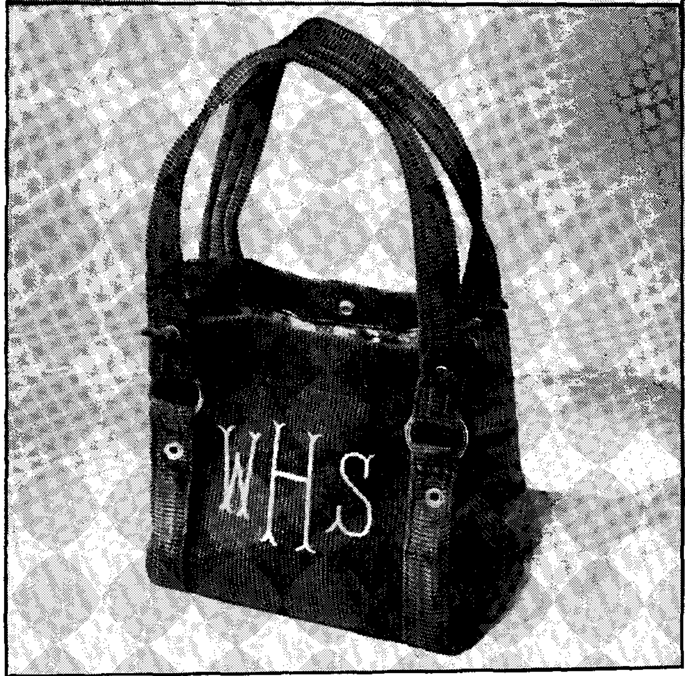

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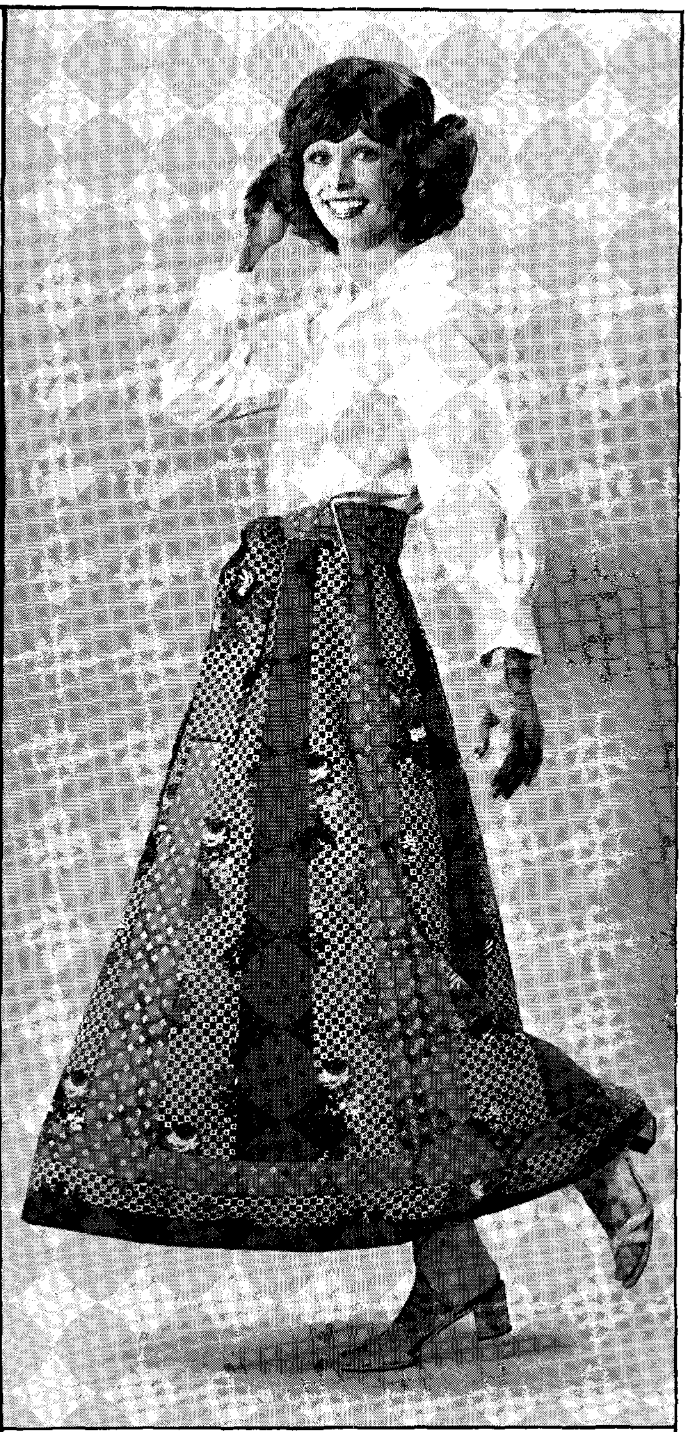

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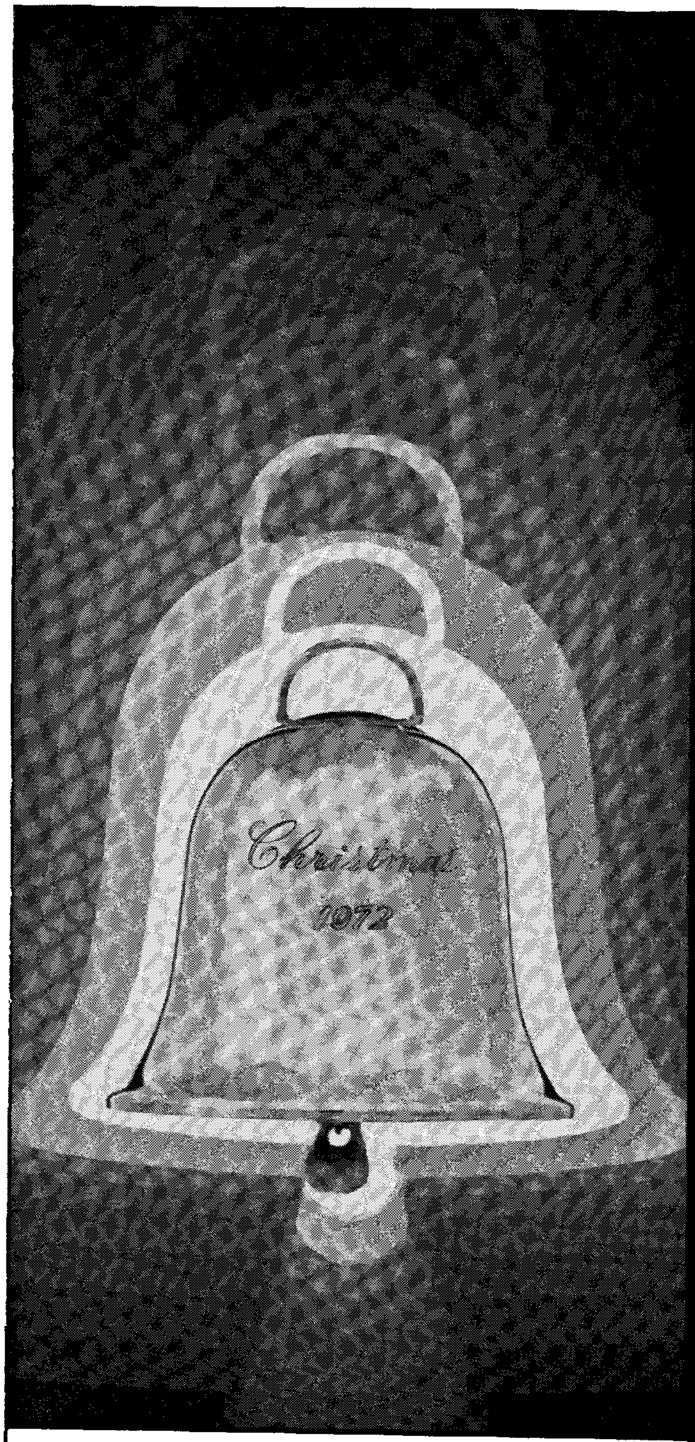

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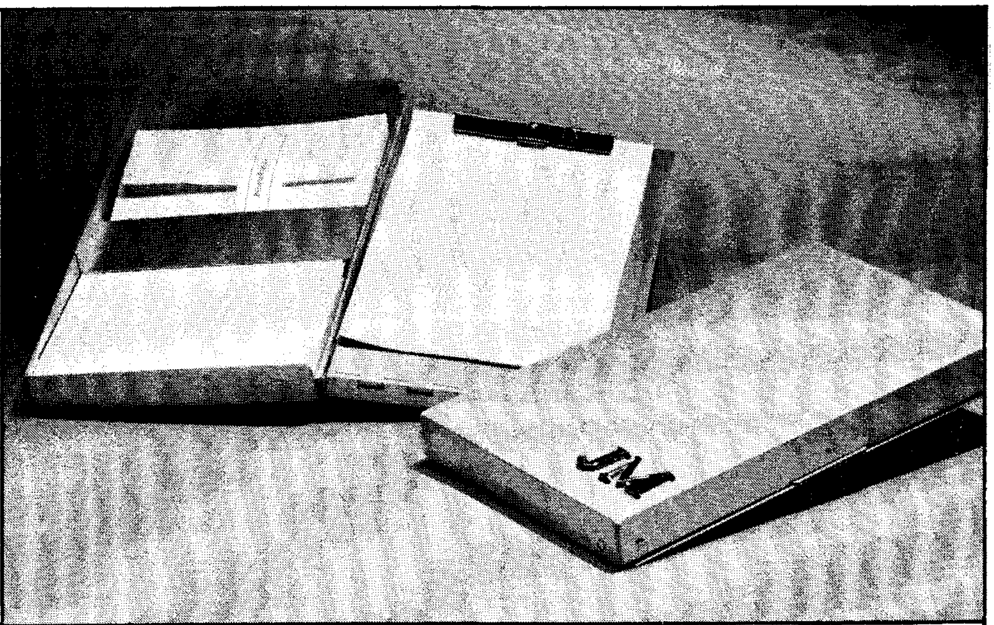

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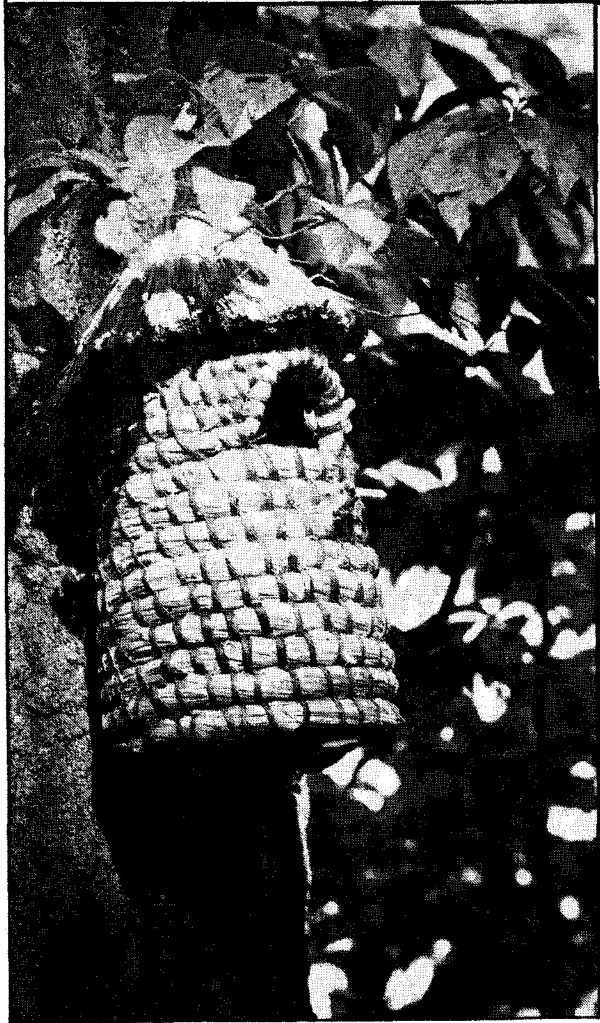

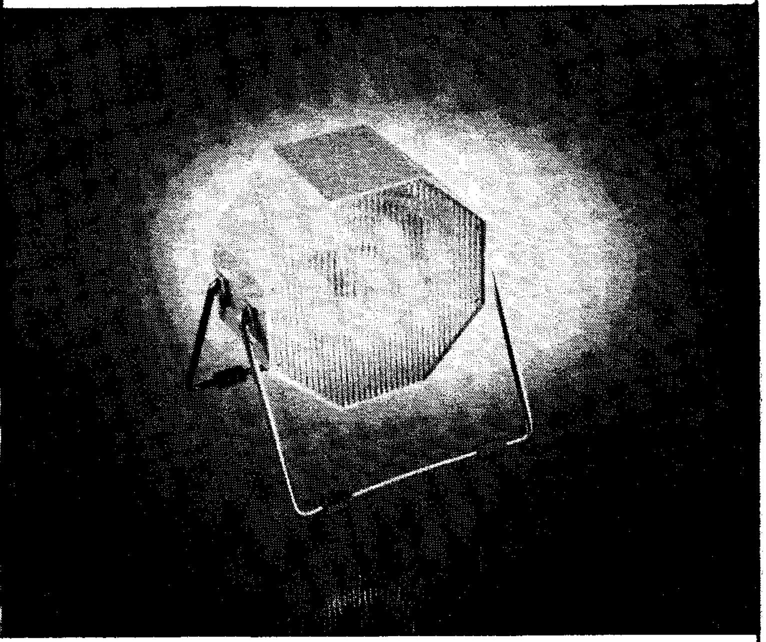

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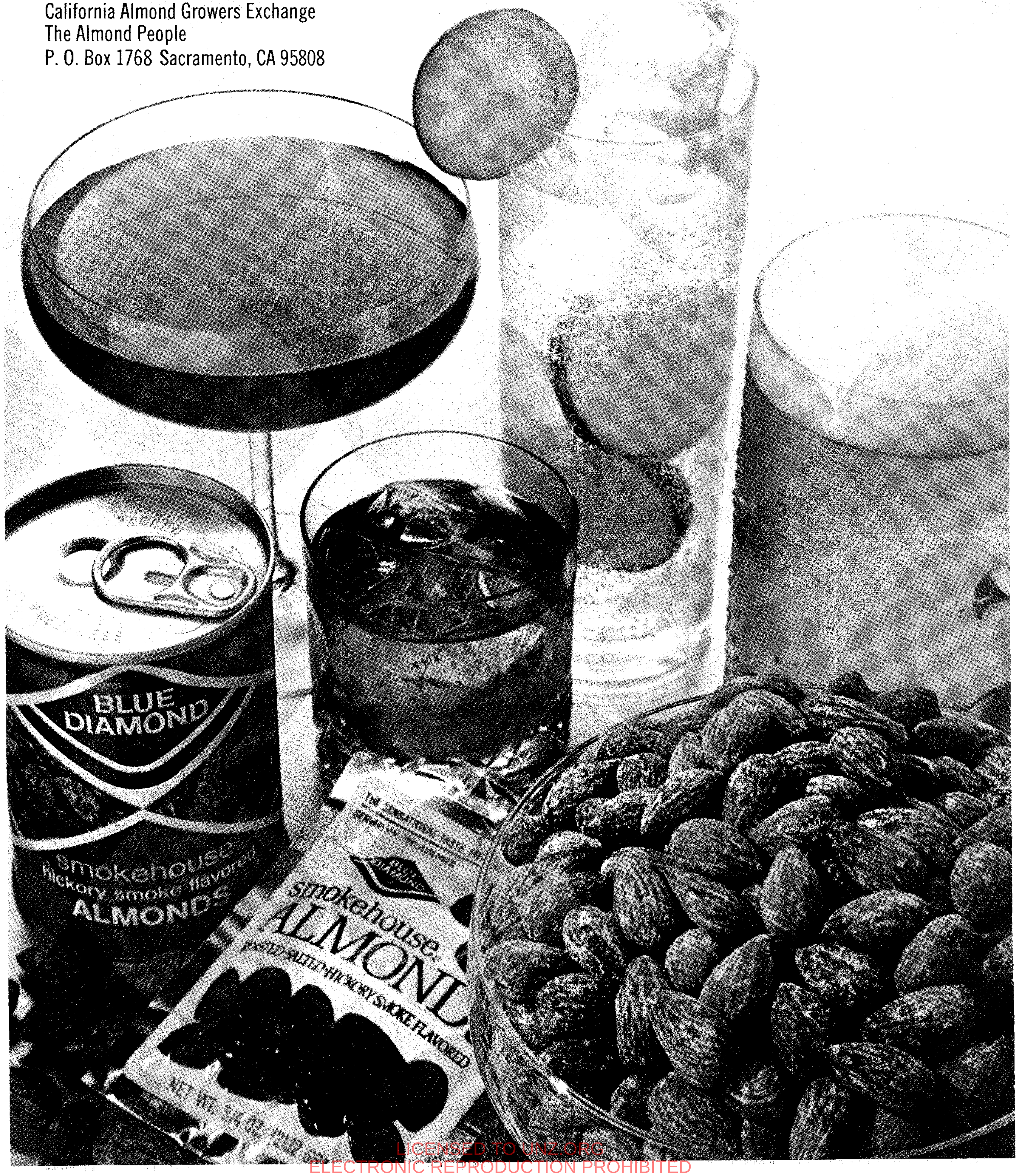
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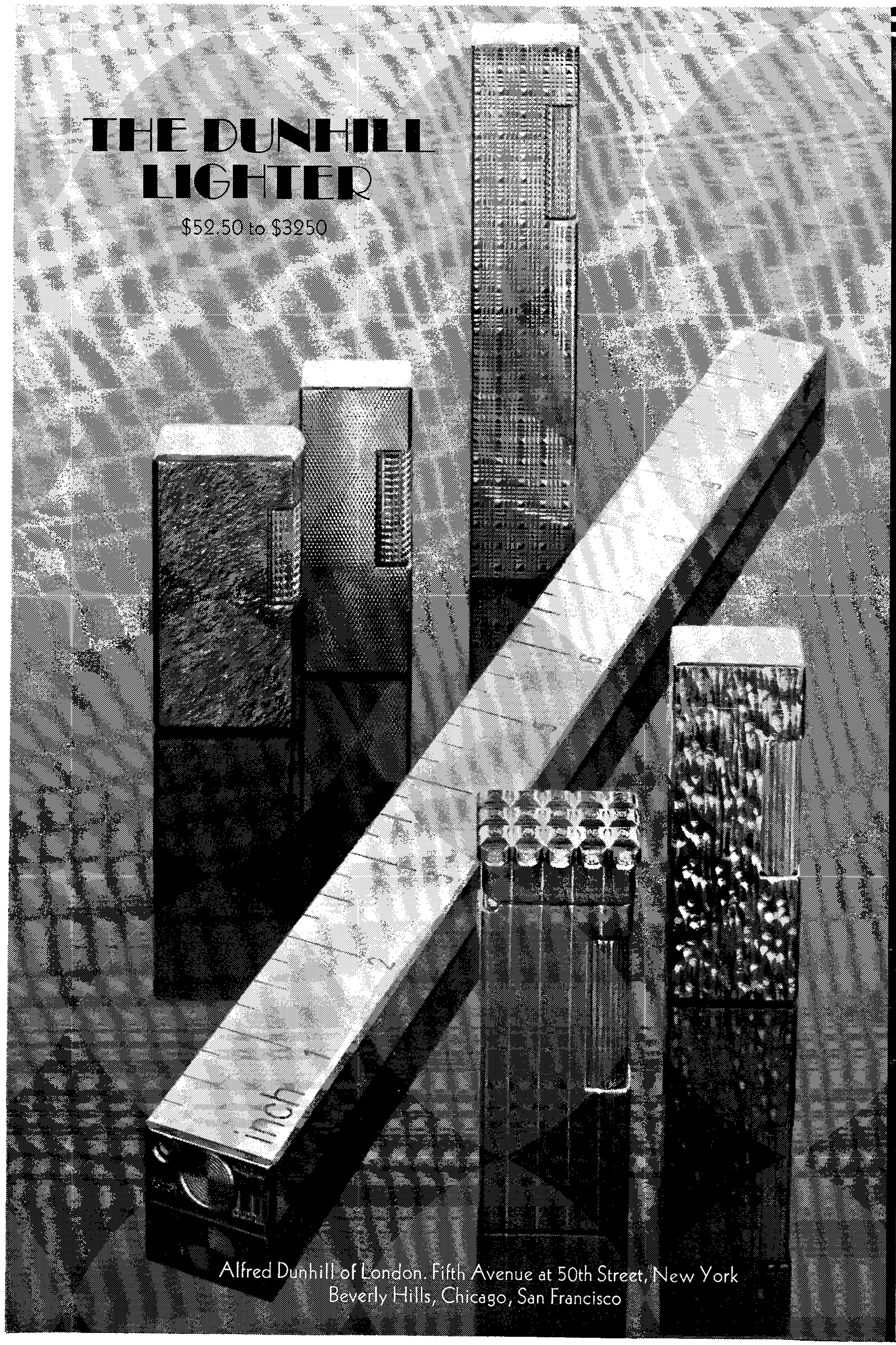

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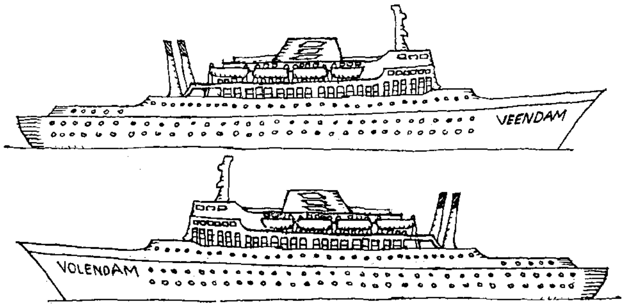
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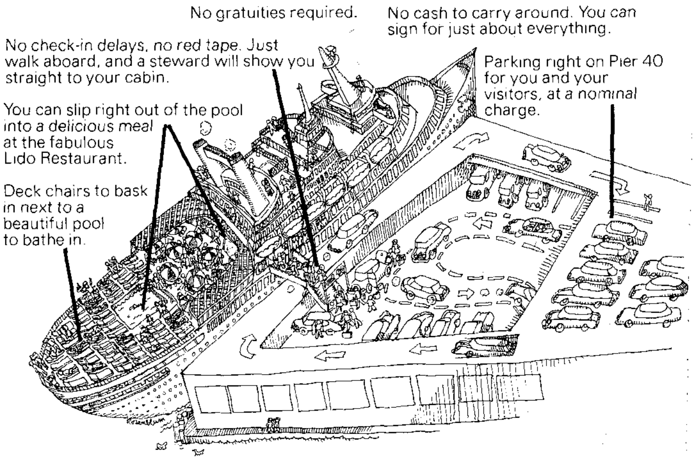
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VESTERN EUROPEAN CRUISE. AUG. 10, 1973. s.s. Veendam. rom New York. 35 days. 20 ports. To Funchal, Casablanca, ibraltar, La Goulette, Valletta, Syracuse, Naples, Civitavecchia, jaccio, Palma, Alicante, Malaga, Lagos, Lisbon, La Coruna, St. eter Port, Le Havre, Isle of Wight, Torquay, Glengariff. rom $1680 to $5680.

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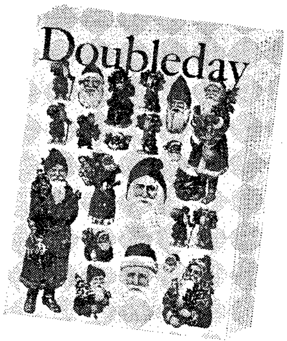

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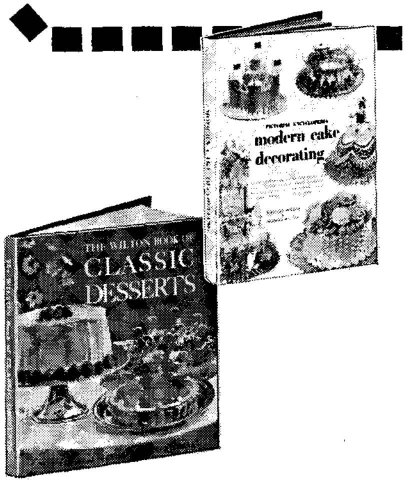

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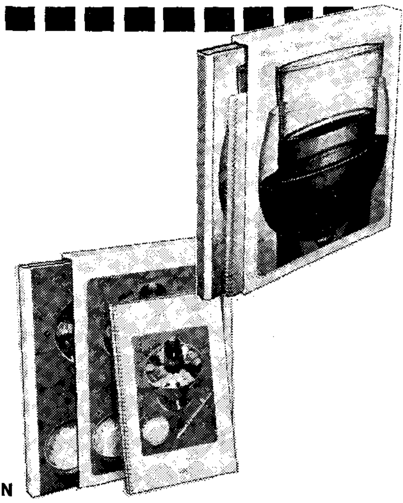

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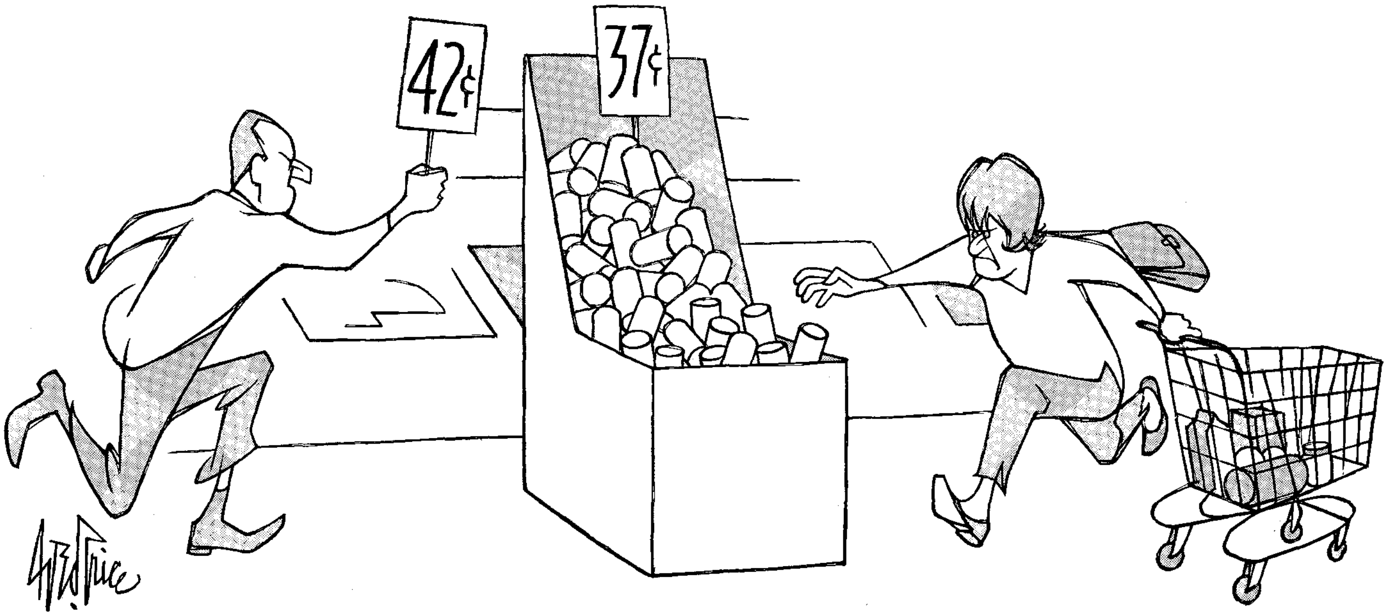
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, we had a letter from a friend of ours, who, like so many other people, has been kept in something like low spirits for almost a decade by the war in Vietnam. "I get service from a cable-TV outfit," he wrote us. "One of its offerings is a channel with the Associated Press wire service on it. On the screen, you see the news going by on the ticker tape. For sound, there's a wholly unrelated program of music. The viewer, though, can't help seeing and hearing the news and the music as one thing, and the results turn out to be strange and unsettling. An item like 'MOTHER AND SON KILLED AS THEIR CAR COLLIDES WITH TRUCK' moves down the screen while a Brahms Symphony plays, or you read 'B-52S MAKE RECORD RAIDS IN INDO-CHINA' while you listen to a Beatles song. But the problem isn't an occasional clash between a particular song and a particular news item. It's that there has been some hopeless incongruity between the whole spirit of the news recently and the spirit of music itself—any music. Last Thursday, something magical seemed to happen. I flipped on the A.P. station, and the ticker tape on the screen read, 'THE WHITE HOUSE . . . PRESIDENTIAL AIDE HENRY KISSINGER SAYS "PEACE IS AT HAND."' They were playing a Burt Bacharach song, and for once the music sounded right. Later, there was Joan Baez singing John Lennon's 'Imagine.' That fit, too. There were more songs, and they all sounded right. It seemed that after years of unfailingly surreal juxtapositions the music programmers couldn't go wrong now. They switched to classical, and this was even better. There was a Beethoven piano concerto. Then it was a Vivaldi concerto announcing the good news—here was news worthy of Vivaldi's trumpets. At last, the news and the music were truly one thing, and the results were blissful."

PEACE is at hand, and one can only be grateful. Yet there's a hidden sting in it. There never was anything for the United States to gain in Vietnam; nor was there any chance of our attaining even the mistaken aims we did set ourselves. And, indeed, as we appear about to leave the war, we have gained nothing, attained nothing, save the peace itself. Any agreement to end the war is joyful, but the plain truth is that the agreement we are heading toward now is the outcome that has been in the cards from the start. It's the outcome that has been painted on signs at countless demonstrations. It's the one that President Nixon should have accepted four years ago, when he was elected (as the Democrats point out), and it's the one that President Johnson should have accepted eight years ago when *he* was elected (as the Democrats do not point out). And it's the one we will have to accept at some future time if by some chance we do not accept it now. What it is, when all is said and done, is a unilaterally determined and, in effect, unconditional American withdrawal from Vietnam. All parties to the agreement certainly know this to be so. But the language of the agreement makes it seem otherwise. The fighting stops. Within two months, we withdraw our forces and get our prisoners back. That is the straightforward part. That is the *real* basis for our rejoicing. But what then? Well, the Vietnamese themselves will work that out—the same Vietnamese who have been slaughtering each other for the last several decades. But now, according to the terms of the agreement, they will stop slaughtering each other, and a virtual utopia will bloom at their conference tables. In this section of the agreement, the framers have allowed their descriptive powers full scope. Democratic liberties, free elections, reunification, full international coöperation: it's all there in impressive detail, along with an assurance that the agreement will be "strictly" adhered to—under the supervision of an international control body. In his famous recent press briefing, Henry Kissinger remarked, with some amusement, that the arrangements were so intricate that only one person in the United States government really understood them, and he noted that graduate students of the future would no doubt enjoy studying their complexities. The graduate students had better get to work quickly, for it seems likely that not one of the contracting parties expects much of this to actually come to pass. In fact, of all those concerned, it may well be only the American public that is supposed, for a short time, to take it all seriously. For the temporary conviction that these things may come to pass is the "honor" for us in the phrase "peace with honor," which we have heard so often of late. Except in deference to us, neither of the Vietnamese parties probably counts these provisions for much. They know that what really matters is that, after we leave, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong together will be, by all accounts—including American accounts—incomparably the most power-



ful force in Indo-China, and that sooner or later, one way or another, they will do what they have been trying to do for more than a quarter century, international control bodies notwithstanding. Both sides frankly acknowledge this. Thieu has said of the North Vietnamese willingness to sign an agreement, "Their cunning scheme is to beg for a cease-fire now in order to keep their troops in the South to prepare for another offensive in the future." And the North Vietnamese, in their statement announcing the agreement, went on to say, bluntly, "Our people are determined to fight shoulder to shoulder with the fraternal peoples of Laos and Cambodia and inflict a total defeat on the U.S. imperialist aggressors and their lackeys," and they added, for extra emphasis, "We will win!" Mr. Kissinger calls these declarations "rhetoric," but it may well be this rhetoric that spells out the long-term fate of Indo-China. Peace is at hand. But it is not more than peace. It is not "peace with honor," however the word "honor" may be construed. It is not victory. It is not "peace for a generation." It's just peace. There's gladness enough in this, without supplementary claims. We entered the war deceived and fought it for a decade under a series of delusions. We should at least enter the peace with our eyes open.

Party

THE New York Public Library, a most important and worthy institution, gave a party last week at its main branch, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, not to celebrate anything but, rather, to raise some cash. The Library has given up the disdain it once had for its deficits and has set about raising enough money to qualify for a federal grant of one and a half million dollars. The Public Library depends heavily on private support. Eight hundred people, each of whom paid a hundred dollars, came to the party at the Library. They had drinks and small things to eat in the great long hall on the third floor. Then they went downstairs and ate dinner in an enormous tent that had been set up in Bryant Park. And then they listened to William F. Buckley, Jr., and John Kenneth Galbraith debate each other for a few minutes. We didn't do all these things. We did not, for instance, eat under the enormous tent or listen to Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Buckley. We did, however, drink and eat small things in the hall on the third floor.

We were greeted by a pretty, blond young woman named Mrs. William Nitze, who was a member of a committee of pretty, blond young women (and a few young men), and who seemed to be in charge of party logistics. "I'm really pleased," said Mrs. Nitze. "First of all, we're getting a lot of young people interested in the Library, and, secondly, it's *jazzier* than I expected. I thought everyone here would all be one type. But they're not. Cardinal Cooke's nuns are here. Isn't that nice? Cardinal Cooke is on the board." Mrs. Nitze took us to have some shrimp. There were a lot of shrimp, all heaped up, and there was a little bit of lobster. "My fish market sells peeled shrimp for seven dollars a pound," Mrs. Nitze said. "I've heard that the Japanese are buying up all the shrimp. They're dumping their dollars and buying shrimp."

The great long hall on the Library's third floor is such a magnificent space that eight hundred people fit into it quite comfortably. Still, it was a little difficult finding specific people. We ran into a friend of ours who is good at finding people even under the most trying circumstances, and we asked him whom he had seen. "There's the grandson of Matthew Arnold—do you know Arnold Whitridge? Mrs. Whitridge was Janetta Alexander, and she was painted by John Sargent. Patricia Larsen is here. Patricia Larsen has at least six houses."

We asked our friend if everyone at the party was that respectable.

"Oh, no," he said. "There are *adventuresses* here."

Then we went to talk to Ashton Hawkins, who is secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and who is a young man who knows his parties. Ashton Hawkins was standing next to a group of Cardinal Cooke's nuns, who were wearing a simple brown costume. "Now, brown—is that the night thing for nuns?" he asked us.

We weren't able to answer him. We returned to our friend, who was glancing wistfully at the architecture of the long hall. "I like the halls," he said. "Carrère & Hastings. The elevators are concealed, you see. In the old days, you won a prize from the Beaux-Arts in Paris if you concealed the elevators."

Scrub

THE following telephone conversation took place recently between a friend of ours and a secretary to a lofty executive in a high-powered Wall Street brokerage house:

Friend: Is Mr. Sheridan in?

Secretary: No, sir. Can I take a message?

Friend: Well, yes—or maybe you can give me the information I need.

Secretary: I doubt it, sir. I'm not on Mr. Sheridan's first team.

Peter Bridge

Mrs. Pearl Beatty, a commissioner of the Newark Housing Authority, said yesterday an unknown man offered to pay her $10,000 to influence her vote for the appointment of an executive director of the Authority.—*Peter J. Bridge, in the Newark Evening News, May 2, 1972.*

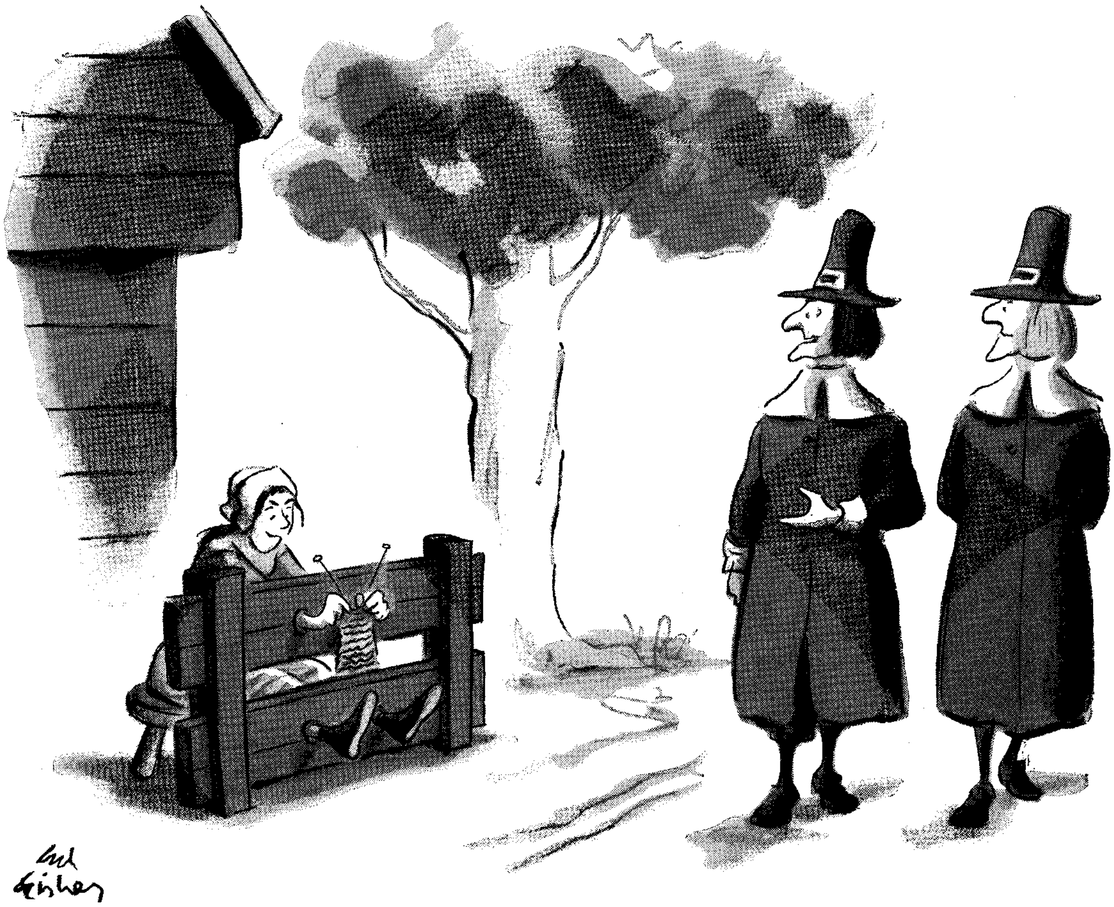
THE story that landed Peter Bridge in jail was in itself unremarkable. It was the sort of thing that is a staple of newspapers all over the country. But soon after he wrote it Mr. Bridge was subpoenaed by a special grand jury investigating alleged corruption in the Newark Housing Authority. Having failed to get the subpoena quashed, Mr. Bridge appeared before the grand jury, where he affirmed the accuracy of what he had written but declined to answer questions about what he had not written. The New Jersey courts disagreed with Mr. Bridge's contention that he was protected by the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, and Mr. Bridge—whose paper, in the meanwhile, had gone out of business, leaving him to pay his own legal expenses—went to jail.

Last Tuesday, the special grand jury completed its work without indicting anyone, and Mr. Bridge, who had been in the Essex County Jail for twenty days, was released. *MORE*, a monthly journalism review published here, sponsored a meeting that evening to raise money for him and for other reporters—the number is small but is growing rapidly—who face official efforts to pry information out of them. The meeting was announced as a rally, and while journalists are perfectly comfortable at other people's rallies, they are unused to having their own. The event took place not on a street corner or in an auditorium but in a Greenwich Village saloon, the Village Gate, at Bleecker and Thompson Streets.

A couple of hundred journalists showed up, paying five dollars at the door, and for the first half hour they stood around the bar gossiping and talking shop. We talked with Tom Miller, who is twenty-five and is a free-lance writer for underground and semi-underground publications, and has had subpoena troubles of his own. "I was issued a subpoena in the parking lot of the Tucson, Arizona, police station in July, 1971, when I was taking a shortcut," he told us. "The federal grand jury there was ostensibly investigating radical activities. I submitted affidavits from editors I write for saying, yes, I'm a writer; yes, I have sensitive news sources; and, yes, my sources wouldn't trust me if I testified about them. The Department of Justice took the position that because I'm a free-lance and I write for underground papers I'm just an activist in reporter's clothing. The federal judge there, William C. Frey, ruled in my favor, saying that the government had to show a compelling need for my testimony. It was a good precedent for the underground press around the country, but I'm stuck with twenty-five hundred dollars in legal fees so far—the government is appealing the case—and the papers I write for don't pay much."

J. Anthony Lukas, who won a Pulitzer Prize when he was with the *Times*, and who is now a free-lance magazine writer and a contributing editor of *MORE*, stepped up to a microphone at one end of the room and said, "I hate to interrupt your drinking, but there are some things you might want to hear." A television camera crew turned on its lights, and Mr. Lukas squinted and said, "For the writing press, this can be traumatic."

Mr. Lukas said that Mr. Bridge might not be able to come to the rally, because Mrs. Bridge was expecting a baby at any moment, but a few minutes later it was announced that Peter Bridge *had* arrived. The audience stood and applauded. Mr. Bridge, who is thirty-six, is square-faced, stocky, partly bald, and healthy-looking. He thanked *MORE* and the audience for their support, and added, "I'd like to see some of the money collected tonight go to a fund, because there's going to be more of me, and more



"Sinner though she be, it's heartening to see she remains faithful to the work ethic."

and more of me.” Then he asked for questions.

“Do you have a job?” someone asked.

“Not at the moment,” he said. “I’ve been out for only a couple of hours, and even when you’re a jailhouse celebrity you don’t get a job *that* fast.”

“Were you a favored jailbird?”

“I did have a lot of visitors, mostly reporters, but I was kept in the same area as the other prisoners, I ate the same food, and I kept the same hours.”

Someone asked about newsmen’s privilege, and Mr. Bridge said, “I think that ‘privilege’ is an unfortunate word. It has an aristocratic connotation. A better word is ‘responsibility’—the responsibility we have to bring facts to the attention of the public. I refused to answer questions, because the grand jury was on a fishing expedition that sought to harness to its investigation any credibility I might have. If I had actually witnessed a crime, then I think I would have had the same responsibility as any other citizen to testify. But I witnessed no crime. The judge ruled that because I had named my source in my story I had to testify about the contents of the entire interview and about any other interviews or conversations I might have had that related to it in any way. Think about *that* for a minute.”

Mr. Bridge had to leave, and he was applauded again as he made his way out. Anthony Lewis, the *Times* columnist, made a brief speech, and then Ramsey Clark, the former Attorney General, spoke. “I didn’t know what manner of man Peter Bridge was before tonight, and, of course, I still don’t know, really,” Mr. Clark said, in his Texas drawl. “But I don’t find a sophisticated theory developed in his mind about why he did what he did, and I’m not disappointed. He did something courageous because he knew in his gut that he had to, and I find what Holmes called the germ of inarticulate truth in what he was saying to us. And that’s the germ we have to let grow, isn’t it? I think that compulsion is the key. I think it would be wrong to compel for what might seem to be the noblest purposes at the time—saving the nation, something like that, ridding the country of racism in a single stroke—to compel a reporter to disclose that which he has learned in the course of pursuing his profession. The Fourth Estate can become just an extended arm of the prosecution in this country if you permit grand juries and prosecutors to compel reporters to disclose information. It’s easy for us to say tonight, ‘Well, look, I’m strong, I can go to jail and come out the same chunk of granite I was when I went in.’ I think that about myself. But jail is an experience that is very hard for even the strongest men and women. Hemingway is just Hemingway when he says that courage is grace under pressure. That’s all right if you’re a bullfighter—something like that. When you do it when your knees are knocking so bad that you can hardly drag yourself forward—that’s courage. There are going to be many more Peter Bridges—guys who know, for one reason or another, that if they begin caving in, the integrity of the institutions they represent is going to be eroded and finally destroyed. I urge you to stand behind Peter Bridge, and to do your duty if the necessity arises.”

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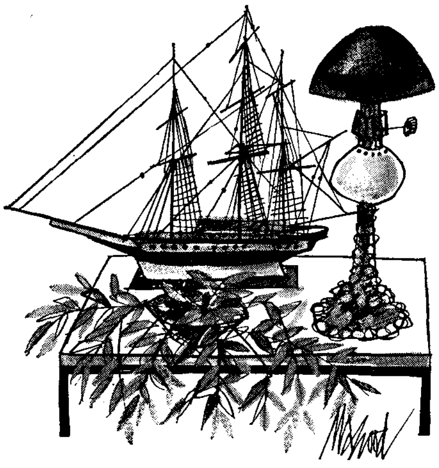
SIGN observed by a roving Manhattanite on a street in Columbus, Ohio:

ILLEGAL PARKING
NOT PERMITTED

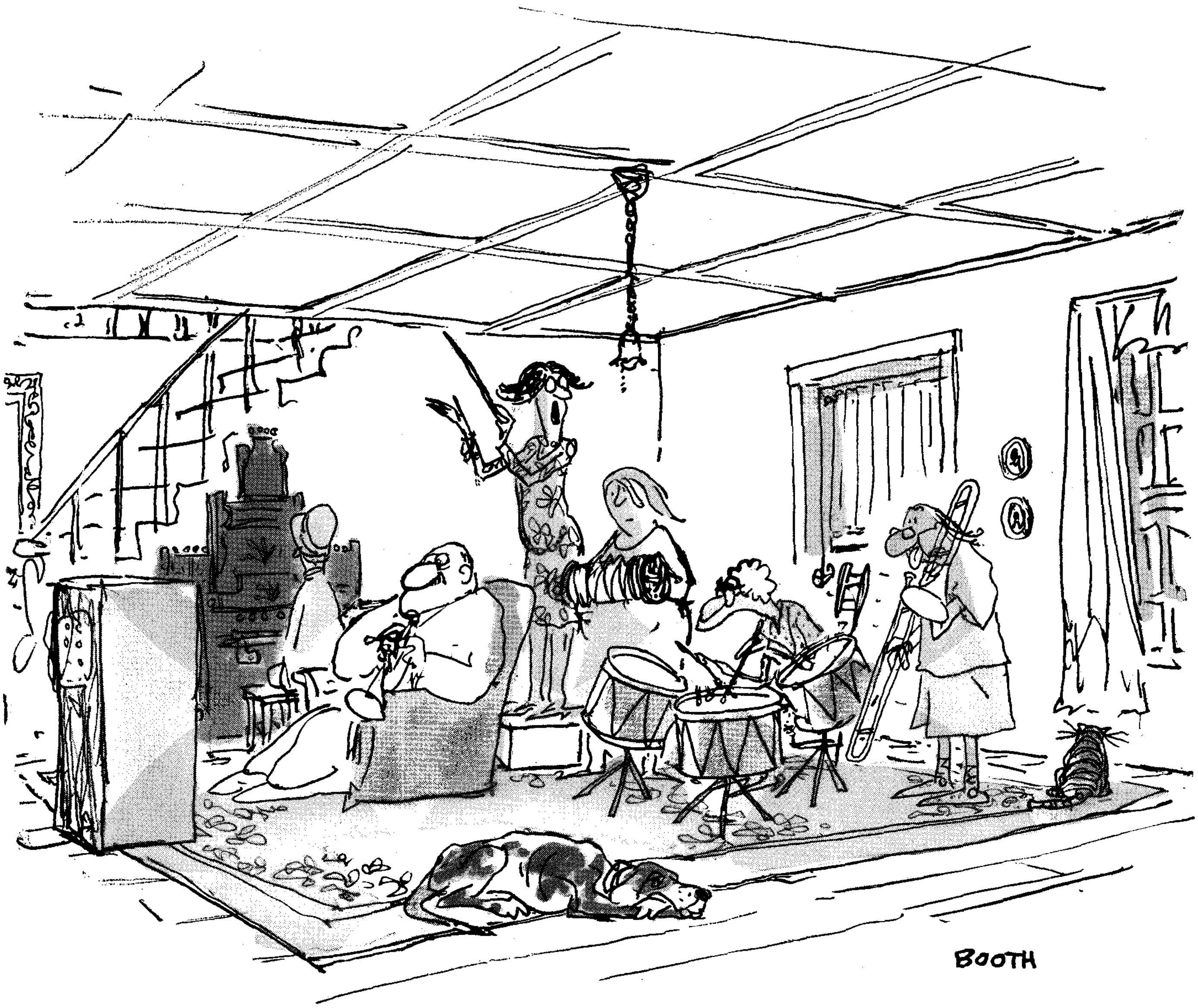
Hotel/Motel

HERE are some highlights of a brief tour of the fifty-seventh National Hotel & Motel Educational Exposition, “Open to the Trade . . . Children Under 18 Not Admitted,” at the New York Coliseum last week.

Drucksache: One of the reasons we’re glad we went to college is that we took German and in the second month got a word in Vocabulary that was clearly superior to its English equivalent. The word was “*Drucksache*,” which means “printed matter.” The word entered our own vocabulary and has remained with us. Now, when our mailbox is filled with junk mail, we say to ourself with serenity, “Ah, more *Drucksache!*” Similarly, when we come back to our office from a trade show with kilos of pamphlets thrust into our arms by quick-thinking entrepreneurs, we can wink at the cartoonist in the office next door and say, “Now, *that’s* what we’d call a fine load of *Drucksache!*”—a remark warranted to make him wonder why he never thought of taking up writing. The *Drucksache* at the Hotel & Motel show was first-class. For example, the flyer put out by the Huebsch Originators people for their new “Rinkle Reducer” (quotation marks theirs)—“a steam chamber for hotel/motel guests that steams and dries up to three suits, dresses, coats, and slacks in just five minutes.” Here’s what the flyer has to say about this wonderful machine: “Provides a unique and welcome extra service for your guests. Helps eliminate the costly problem of guests using your hot water to steam garments in the shower. Brings in extra income (coin meter can be set to operate from 25¢ to $1.25).” Another example, a pamphlet pushing a line of trash-and-garbage compactors made by THE TONY TEAM, INC. The cover shows Tony Fox, president of THE TONY TEAM, INC., wearing a white suit with the words “POLLUTION PACKER” printed all over it in vertical red stripes. Tony is holding a ball that bears the legend “Hi . . . I’m a garbologist.”



These Things Happen: L. R. Fabien, an Englishman, has invented the Kini-Gun (U.S. Patent 3,426,774), “GUARANTEED to clear 95% of all blockages in small-bore waste pipes in less than two minutes.” We met Mr. Fabien and Sylvan Grotte, who is the president of his American distributor, the Reed-Cromex Corporation, at the sales booth of the Water Ram Company, Ltd., which makes both the Kini-Gun and the Super Ram. The Super Ram is a device that uses compressed air to force a column of water through blocked-up sewage pipes. The Kini-Gun does the same job, but it uses compressed-carbon-dioxide cartridges, and it’s a lot smaller, and it costs a lot less. Mr. Grotte demonstrated a Kini-Gun for us. “Here,” he said, handing us one. “Want to pull that trigger?” We pulled the trigger. A powerful burst of carbon dioxide went *phuffp* across the room. Then we talked to Mr. Fabien. He said he had manufactured and sold Super Rams for six years. He had always admired the product he sold, but he had always thought it should be supplemented by a smaller, cheaper item, if such a thing could be developed. “Then, one Sunday morning, I was sitting in bed reading the papers,” he told us. “I wasn’t thinking about anything in particular, I was just having



"Has everybody got it now? If President Nixon wins, Buren, Irene, Aunt Irma, and Uncle Earl strike up 'Hail to the Chief.' If it's McGovern, Granny goes it alone on the trombone."

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a good old read. Then the idea for the Kini-Gun came to me. I shouted to my wife to get my sketch pad. The thing I liked most was that I had the Kini-Gun completely designed, with all the details down, within twenty minutes. We made a model the next day, had it in production in three months, and had to make only one modification. Now it's used by all British Government departments, and it has been authorized for use by the Greater London Council; the Tower of London; the Crown Estates, Windsor; Coventry Cathedral and Canterbury Cathedral; and Westminster Abbey."

We asked him what he made of all this.

"These things happen," he said. "Let's be thankful for them."

Technical Term: A public-relations man at the show told us that, in the hotel/motel trade, hotels and motels are now referred to as "hospitality facilities."

Lucy Leghorn: Bob Trent, a ventriloquist, and his puppet, Lucy Leghorn, a big chicken, were demonstrating the Groen Gas Heated Tilting Braising Pan at the American Gas Association stand when we stopped by. "Hi, guy!" Lucy said to us in a high treble. "Turn that handle and help me demonstrate the Tilting Braising Pan."

We turned a large, round metal handle, and the pan, which was full of *Drucksache,* began to tilt.

"I try to stay out of ovens myself," Lucy continued, without pause. "Know why? 'Cause I'm chicken. You know, I've always wondered whether the egg came before the chicken or the chicken before the egg—you know what I mean? Once upon a time, I laid an egg on end. You know what I got?"

"What did you get?" asked Bob Trent, in Bob Trent's voice (light baritone).

"A standing ovation. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" said Lucy. "Crank that handle. Watch him crank that all the way down. Easy. *Easy.* Oops! Nice going, kid! You did it, kid! That's all right. Leave it there. I'll take care of that."

We had turned the handle all the way down. The pan had tilted the *Drucksache* onto the floor.

We asked Mr. Trent about his life. He said he and Lucy and thirty-eight other puppets he had made—all animals or birds—had been in business twenty-three years. They work a lot of sports shows, trade shows, and shopping centers, promoting products. "I can make your product speak for itself," he said.

One of Trent's other puppets is a vulture. "Name's Wesley," he said. "Named for my manager."

A SCENT OF ROSES

IN 1917 Howard Wilkinson, at the age of ten, became his mother's only comfort. At first, he rather liked it: he wore a black armband and slept in her bed.

Before the third anniversary of his father's soldierly death, the moderate liking had waned to a dulled acceptance of being an adjunct to her daily life. Her life was extremely daily; she was as repetitive as the calendar. Waking on a Monday, as surely as he foresaw that Sunday's joint would be served cold with a salad, on Tuesday be a hash or a Lancashire hotpot, he knew that on May 12th, his Aunt Maud's birthday, he would hear how shockingly Maud's hair kept falling out; on July 19th, Reggie's wedding day, that Mrs. Reggie had a touch of the tar-brush. Quarter days, bringing a statement from the bank, were accompanied by having every reason to be suspicious of the bank manager; the narrative of the final exposure of Basil's machinations with old Fladgate was told at Halloween. The year was embossed with regular surprises, at which he had to be surprised, and regular excursions: Lake Ullswater (honeymoon), Isle of Man (bluebells), Morecambe Bay (shrimps), and Bishops Totterby, where Mrs. Wilkinson spent her happy, simple girlhood. For these, and for all other mercies, he had to be duly thankful.

Mrs. Wilkinson was also thankful—thankful for her Howard's devotion, steadiness, pleasure in the simple things of life, sunny disposition, clean mind, and the entire confidence between them. These were public thanksgivings—at home she was captious and demanding. They made him a laughingstock among his schoolfellows, who addressed him as Bed Socks and asked if his bowels had worked yet; for the public thanksgivings were qualified by regrets that Howard had inherited his father's cold feet and sluggish liver.

Shakespeareanly speaking, Howard's liver was cold, too. He took his education in sexuality, theoretical and applied, as listlessly as though it were in English history. Mrs. Wilkinson, doing her part later, was rather more successful. She chose an excursion to Lake Ullswater (honeymoon) to explain how simply and beautifully he was begun there, stressing that he must always respect women, because, though marriage is a beautiful relationship, the *woman's part in it* is painful and uncongenial, and only put up with for the sake of the little life to come. This quite new idea animated Howard. One day, he would assert himself, and get a bit of his own back.

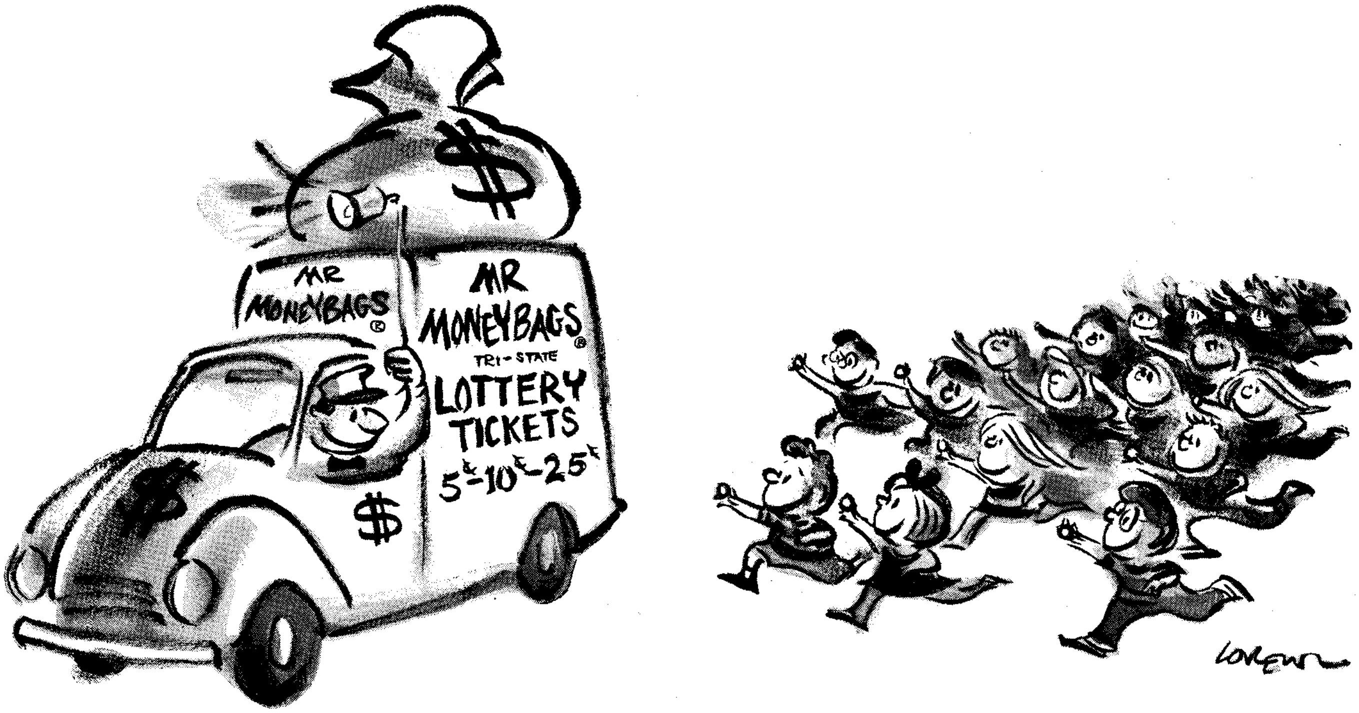
On second thoughts, he returned to his intention of being a monk. As a monk, he would be quit of responsibility, there would be no women to please or pain, no little lives to worry him, he would call his cell his own, pray and eat at regular hours, fast in Lent, wear sandals, and be respected by everyone. When the moment was ripe, he would break it to his mother. But not till he was twenty-one. Meanwhile, he took a course in metallurgy, and got a post with Joskins, a local firm.

At twenty-four, he was still living at home, where Mrs. Wilkinson, who was beginning to feel her age, spent many interesting hours wondering whom she would leave him to. Hearing that on the whole he would be happiest with Myra Leadbetter, Howard felt he must take a hand in his own disposal, and selected a clerk in the accountancy department. She had no immediate relations, parted her hair in the middle, and was old enough not to be in any romantic hurry. On a wet Sunday, she jilted him. To regain his self-esteem he visited a brothel, where he got on better than he expected. On a later visit he overstayed any credibility of his pretext of working overtime. His mother switched her gaze from the clock-face. "Howard!" (When angry, she pronounced it "How-word," like clods falling on a coffin.) "You smell of cheap scent." They glared at each other like two confronting animals. No more was said. From that justifying moment he began to feel faintly affectionate toward her, took her to the cinema from time to time, tolerated her fuss, her praises, her fits of ill temper and her hats, and by dint of feeling superior to her came to think of her as a credit to him. She died, leaving him considerably more than he expected. She also left him an interest in life—his grandfather's stamp collection. It had been totally forgotten, and was rather a good one.

Joskins was now part of a combine. In 1938 he got himself transferred to headquarters and moved to London.

Two years later, he wished he had not done so. The blitz was not his mother; he could not outglare it. He was continually afraid. But as he was totally lacking in adrenalin, he acquired the reputation of being imperturbable. As he had flat feet and was short-sighted, he was able to go on being indispensable. He was twice evicted from

"Come quick, sir! The computer is crying!"



his lodgings by blast from a nearby hit, and resorted miserably to the cellarage beneath his place of work. Rats resorted there, too. When there was a lull, he came back to the surface and found a bed-sitting-room in Pimlico. After the lull came the flying bombs.

There was no knowing where they would drop, and conversation at the eating house where he had his supper that evening in August was dominated by two statisticians, one arguing that this diminished the risk of being killed, the other that it increased it. He was walking back through the natural dark of blacked-out London when he heard the noise, the summer-cockchafer approach of a V-1, persisting above the clatter of people running to get into the street shelter. It dropped on the public house at the corner. The air was full of dust, bricks, earth, splintered wood, broken glass; he was thumped and jostled; a woman clung to him and screamed in his face. Her open, screaming mouth was bare as a baby's. Slates, chimney pots, bits of masonry dislodged by the blast were falling all round. A swaying housefront suddenly fell out, like a toy. There was a strong smell of gas. Wardens and police made their way through the crowd, saying, "Move away, please. Room for the ambulance."

He wandered back to his lodging house. The door had been blown in; a bath blocked the hallway. A faint light powdered down from a gash in the roof. Enough of the bottom flight of stairs remained for him to mount partway up it. From there he got a sight of his room. It was recognizably his, and the legs of a piano—the second-floor piano he had execrated—projected into it. Somewhere there was a slow dripping of water. He went back and sat down on the doorstep. The dark throng of people which had seemed part of the explosion thinned away. "It *would* go and drop on a public," said a voice. Another voice replied that there had been a delivery that same morning. By this date, loss of liquor was more significant than loss of life. Other voices complained of the way wardens bossed you into rest centers as if they were sweeping you under the mat. The water dripped on. An ambulance clanged its way out of hearing. He fell into a miserable drowse. His head dropped forward, and as it did so he became aware of a pain in his cheek. He put his hand to the place; his fingers stumbled on a splinter of glass. He pulled it out and was holding his handkerchief to the gush of blood which followed it when a small beam of light wandered over him.

"You're bleeding."

A helmet, the bulk of a trousered uniform, a woman's voice . . . one of those air-raid wardens who would sweep him into a rest center.

"It's nothing. A bit of glass, and I've pulled it out."

"Lucky it didn't get your eye."

"Many killed?"

"Five for certain. There may be more underneath."

Talking made the blood flow faster. He mopped. The saturated handkerchief was stiffening.

"You must get stitched at the First Aid Post—second turning on the right. That handkerchief's no good now. Take this." She opened her coat, dived into her bosom. It was as if she had opened the coat on a different world, a world of warmth and sleep and riches. The handkerchief was soft as a rose petal and smelled of roses.

"I can't bleed on this; it's too expensive."

"Nonsense."

He went on expostulating. His mother, who liked things dainty, had made him aware of best handkerchiefs sprinkled with lavender water, and this was far beyond her finest.

"Very well," the woman said. Her voice was tolerant and fatigued, as if she had been humoring fractious children all day. "If you feel like that, you can return it. This is my address. Now go off and get seen to."

The First Aid Post smelled of blood and disinfectant. But when he got away, the handkerchief still retained its smell of another world. He scarcely connected it with the woman. When it came back from the cleaners smelling of the cleaners, he retrieved the card from his pocket. Miss Millie Roberts, and an address off the Fulham Road. As he passed the Cancer Hospital he noticed the flower seller and bought six carnations.

She came to the door of her flat wearing a dressing gown. If it had not been for the smell of roses, he would not have known it was she.

"How kind of you—and carnations, too." She pressed her nose into the jaded flowers. There was the noise of a man's shoes being kicked off.

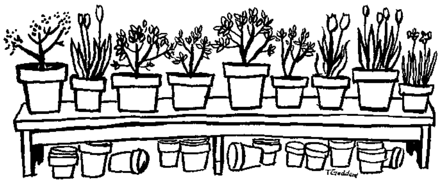
"I'm sorry I'm engaged just now. Perhaps you'll look in tomorrow. No, not tomorrow; the evening after. Tomorrow I'm on duty." Catch me, he thought, going away indignantly. It was easy to see what she was.

But on the evening of the aftermorrow he went again. The woman in the helmet who had preceded the woman in a dressing gown stood in the way of his intention. The helmet hung just inside the door, and she was wearing a black dress and a cardigan; and though she was evidently expecting him, it was rather as though she were expecting him to have come about the gas. For a moment, he wished he had and could escape on it. But already she had got him to her sitting room, had offered him a cigarette, was talking about the weather and the war. Her glance rested on his cheek. He wished he had taken off the strip of pink plaster. A black patch would have looked less unheroic. She asked how the cut was getting on, and he replied, thankful to have a subject for conversation, that it was mending and no longer festered—adding that he was always a bad healer.

"This should help," she said; and while he was expecting her to produce a tube of ointment she leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

DURING the next ten years he loved her with all his cold heart. She never changed her scent, so it seemed to him she grew no older. She aroused no jealousy in him, and no particular desire. She contented him. He was one of her Regulars—she concentrated on Regulars. He visited her once a fortnight, which was just right. He kept a pair of slippers there, and when he arrived they had been put out for him. He brought an evening paper.

No doubt there were other pairs of slippers; he vaguely pictured a sort of filing cabinet. At times he vaguely speculated about the other Regulars, not all of whom might be so peaceably satisfied as he. As well as the filing cabinet, was there a cupboard where she kept whips, chains, outsize women's underclothes? He inquired a little, but did not press his inquiries. "Some people have the funniest notions what it's all about," she said. "You can have no idea." Her eyes under the unchanging symmetry of their plucked brows were candid as a cat's, and he remained with no heightened ideas. Her plump white skin bruised easily. He averted his recognition from the bruises; they were professional, even honorable, scars, fleeting medals acquired in the course of duty. His real curiosity directed itself as his mother's would have done: who was she, where did she come from, how much money had she got, did she pay her bills weekly or let them run on? The answers to his mother's more imperious questions he knew already. She was not respectable, her teeth were her own, she was irreproachably clean.



For some time he took it that she was socially a cut above him: her manner, her clothes, her appurtenances implied an accustomed superiority; there was nothing flashy or artistic. It was partly a relief, partly a disappointment to learn that her father had been a postman. Like Howard, she was born and bred in the provinces, though on the opposite side of England—Lincolnshire against his Staffordshire. Like him, she was early fatherless; but she was one of five sisters, and their mother had been high-spirited and indulgent: "larky" was the word she used.

BALLADE OF SAYINGS

In spring if there are dogs they will bark
the sieves of the poor grow coarser
even in the dark we wake upward
each flower opens knowing the garden
water feels for water
the law has no face
nowhere are the martyrs more beautiful
the air is clear as though we should live forever

in summer if there are fleas there will be rejoicing
you kill the front of him I'll kill the back
every sieve knows a dance
each soldier is given a little bleached flag
ours are the only parents
the poor do not exist they are just the poor
the poor dream that their flowers are smaller
patience has the stones for a garden
the seer is buried at last in a gooseyard
the air is clear as though we should live forever

in autumn if there are trees eyes will open
one moment of freedom partakes of it all
those who will imitate will betray
the dogs are happy leading the archers
the hunter is hunted the dealer is dealt the listener is heard
the halls of government are the exhibition palaces of fear
anguish rusts
the poor believe that all is possible for others
each fruit hopes to give light
the air is clear as though we should live forever

in winter if there are feet bells will ring
snow falls in the bread of some and in the mouths of others
nobody listens to apologies
when prisoners clasp their hands a door locks
the days are polished with ashes
the cold lie in white tents hoarding sunrise
the poor we have with us always
the old vine stakes smell of the sea
the air is clear as though we should live forever

Prince it is said that night is one of the sieves
there is no end to how fine we shall be
at the names of the poor the eye of the needle echoes
the air is clear as though we should live forever

—W. S. MERWIN

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"To me, it says, 'I'm creative, but I'm also responsible.'"

The house was noisy with girls and canaries—gifts from Uncle Bartle in Norfolk, who bred them as a hobby. His nieces went to him for their yearly holiday, boating and sailing on the Broads, where he kept a boatyard for summer visitors. A happiness such as he had never felt was reflected on him as she talked of the boatyard and the pocket money the five girls made, scampering barefoot on errands for the houseboat people, swabbing decks, selling early-morning mushrooms. Two of them had gone the same way as herself—Ivy, who was the beauty and died after an abortion, and Cindy, the runt, now married to a rich man in Canada and opening church fêtes.

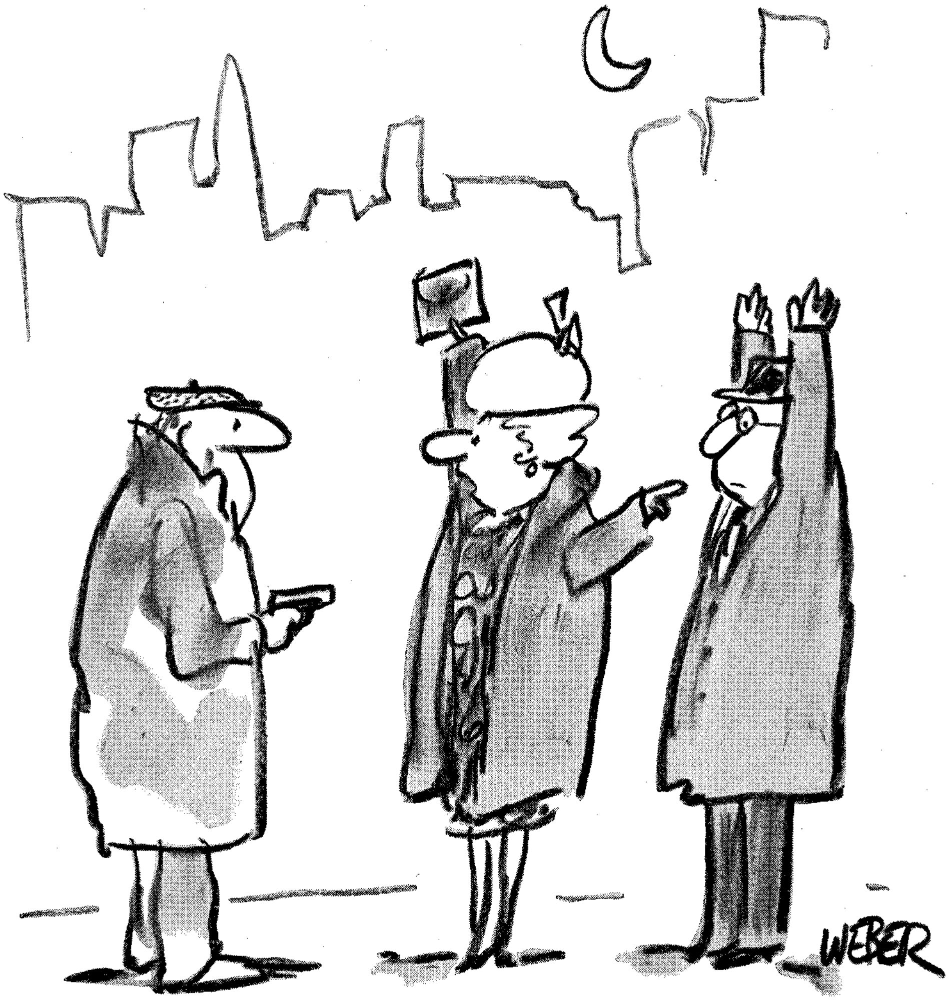
It was so real to her, this incompatible past, that she spoke of it as though the rough pleasures, the exploits, the eight half-crowns tossed into her dinghy from the deck of the towering black-sailed wherry were still at her command. She told stories of local hauntings—the mourning coach with a headless driver, the hanged Abbot of St. Benet's, Old Shuck the enormous goblin dog—as though she believed them. She turned to the rasping sing-song of the dialect as easily as turning over in bed, used local idioms, said "Bless your flesh," called him "Bor." Bore he might be; but it had shocked him that she should choose a moment of endearment to tell him so.

For the rest, she told him nothing, and he hadn't much to tell about himself. Lovemaking over, he read his evening paper and she went on with her petit point. Occasionally he read her bits from the Stock Exchange column about the rise or fall of her investments—she was shrewd and prudent in placing her money—or racing tips, for she liked a gamble. Time went on, methodical as the petit point. She contented him. It was what he wanted; it was all he asked for; above all, he was sure of it.

The thought of giving her pleasure never occurred to him. He gave her chocolates at Christmas, flowers at intervals (but she was always well supplied with flowers), his clothing coupons—she had asked for them. Once, a sudden ambition entered him. She lived on a plateau of middle age, always using the same scent and never seeming to grow older; but she must have a birthday somewhere about in the year. Birthdays are to be celebrated, presents must be a surprise. Allowing an artful interval, he asked the date of her birthday, the name of her scent. It was a French name, and she wrote it down for him. The date lay conveniently near the day of his next visit. His chemist sold perfumes, some with French names, but none with this name. He went to another, and another. It gave him a quickened sense of manly pride to be taking so much trouble to please Millie. He went to perfumery departments in stores; he went to small crystalline shops in the West End. Some had never heard of it, others did not stock it. Only on the eve of his visit did a grey-haired shopwoman with silver fingernails read the name as though it were a commonplace to her, unlock a glass cupboard, and from the top shelf reach down an oblong navy-blue package—one of several, all of the same size and looking as unvoluptuous as wardresses. But the name on the label was right. "How much?" he asked, thinking he might ask her to wrap it ornamentally, with bows. "Seven guineas," she said, as though he were uneducated not to know it.

Trembling at this step into the world Millie's bosom had opened to him when he sat bleeding on the doorstep, he blinked and paid. Afterward, he reflected that he knew more about scent than his mother did, and had got a bit of his own back.

For he still bore his mother a grudge, and for anything that went wrong with him still blamed her: shrimps made him sick; hand-knitted socks gave him nettle rash. The passage of time merely enforced her, for he was impaled on her anniversaries. On the twelfth of May his Aunt Maud shed her hair, the last Sunday in August haled him to Bishops Totterby; on March 15th poor old Pickwick, the faithful terrier, died in agonies. As he had inherited her retentive mind, he went on accumulating anniversaries of his own. He knew the length of service of everybody in the firm; he remembered wedding days whether or no he was invited to them; deaths were engraved on him as though on marble. He was a ledger of anniversaries. He asserted himself by not observing



"Drop that gun! I'm a plainclothesman and he's a German shepherd!"

• •

them. The bottle of scent for Millie was different. He was positively glad she had been born on April 17th and that on August 28th her little beam of light had caught him as he sat bleeding on the doorstep of No. 47.

THE tenth anniversary was past. He had been aware of it because it was an anniversary, but not till later did he realize that a tenth anniversary, an anniversary in double figures, calls for a special acknowledgment: that he ought to give Millie a present; that he would like to do so. He was standing outside a jeweller's window, looking at an assortment of brooches on a black velvet pad (he had decided that a brooch would be best, though his first impulse had been a ring), when a girl tweaked his sleeve. "Thinking of giving me a present, Romeo?" He walked away. She followed him. To escape her importunities, he signalled a passing taxi. It slowed, he hurried toward it, slipped off the pavement's edge, lost his balance. . . . There was a clamor of screaming brakes, bellowing horns, voices. He tried to get up, and a lacerating pain felled him.

He was still hopping on one leg when five days later he crutched himself to her door.

"Why, what's been happening to you? And didn't you get my telephone message? Sit down and tell me all about it. . . . Wait a minute, I'll just fetch your slippers."

As he had not brought a present, he did not go into the whole story. He told how the taxi-driver had insisted on driving him to the hospital, how long he had waited before anyone came to attend to him, how he had been wheeled to the X-ray department and again kept waiting there, how easily it could have been a Pott's compound fracture.

She listened, questioned, sympathized, put the slipper on his uninjured foot as solicitously as though it had been the injured one.

"About all I can do for you today, I suppose," she said.

In fact, it was all he wanted: her warmth, her composure, her painless familiarity, her scent. He leaned back and sighed with pleasure. "I'm glad I came. Do you know, I nearly didn't come. It's the first time I've been out."

"So that's why you didn't get my message. The girl at your office said you hadn't come in yet but she'd give it to you when you did. She might have had the sense to post it on. But she didn't."

There had been a telephone message. His slippers had not been put out. He began to think.

"What was the message? Are you expecting someone else?"

"No, no, bor! All that's over and done with. I'm retiring."

But why was she retiring? She was as good as ever.

"That's why I telephoned. To ask you to dine with me instead. I thought we'd have a little farewell celebration."

Had she come into a fortune?

"Is this a new idea, this retiring?"

"New idea? We've been saving up for it for years, Fred and me."

"Fred?"

"Fred Larter. He's the wine waiter at the East Anglia Hotel. He was odd-job boy at the boatyard, twiddled outboard engines, patched sails. He could put his hand to anything. Uncle Bartle paid him five bob a week, and always said he'd go far—be it London, be it the devil. He was the first one who ever kissed me proper, was Boy Fred. Chased me into the water and kissed me among the swans. You'd never think it to see him now, so responsible and stately. Nor me, neither."

It was as though the hoyden virgin stood there, drenched with joy and defiant. Her professional competence was gone. She suddenly looked much older and unrecognizably young.

"I'm sure I hope you'll be happy," he said at last.

"We'll be happy, all right! We're going to live in France, in the brandy country. Fred's bought the house. He got it through a friend in the trade. It's nightingales everywhere, he says. And roses."

She appeared to catch sight of him from a distance. "If you should happen to want an introduction, there's a friend of mine who'd be just what—"

"No!"

It terrified him to hear the fury in his voice.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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He teaches the law of torts and water and public remorse management.—*Flint (Mich.) Journal.*

And does it all cheerfully.

THE ISLAND

IT was the beginning of November, early in the afternoon, the wind from the north, the sky clear, the tide high—his last chance, he thought, to sail to the island. All summer, he had tried to reach it, but the weather had never been right—not on any day he was free to sail, at any rate. Either the wind was against him, or there wasn't enough of it, or the tide was too low, or the sea too rough, or it rained. He had tried many times, and not this summer alone. Once, quite recently, he almost reached it—oh, came within a thousand feet—but then he gave up because of the late hour. He knew his wife would worry, and when he got back she had in fact called a friend, and was about ready to drive out with her to look for him. If only she would stop being anxious about him. She made him feel like a child. Poor girl, he thought, she had no other man. He . . . did have another woman, and he was going to see her the next night.

His boat was small, not even ten eet long. It weighed less than a hundred pounds. But it wasn't just a board. It was shell-shaped, so that one ould get in it, sit comfortably, and, if he sea wasn't rough, sail around without getting wet. When he bought it wo summers before, he had visions of going to the open sea and sailing along he coast, calling at different ports, only to find that he couldn't even get out of the bay, though that wasn't very xtensive—about four miles long and wo miles wide. Not enough sail, he oon realized, and the centerboard too hort. Not drawing deep enough; the oat didn't point well but drifted. If he wind was dead against him, no matter how much he tacked he was more likely to lose ground than to make headway.

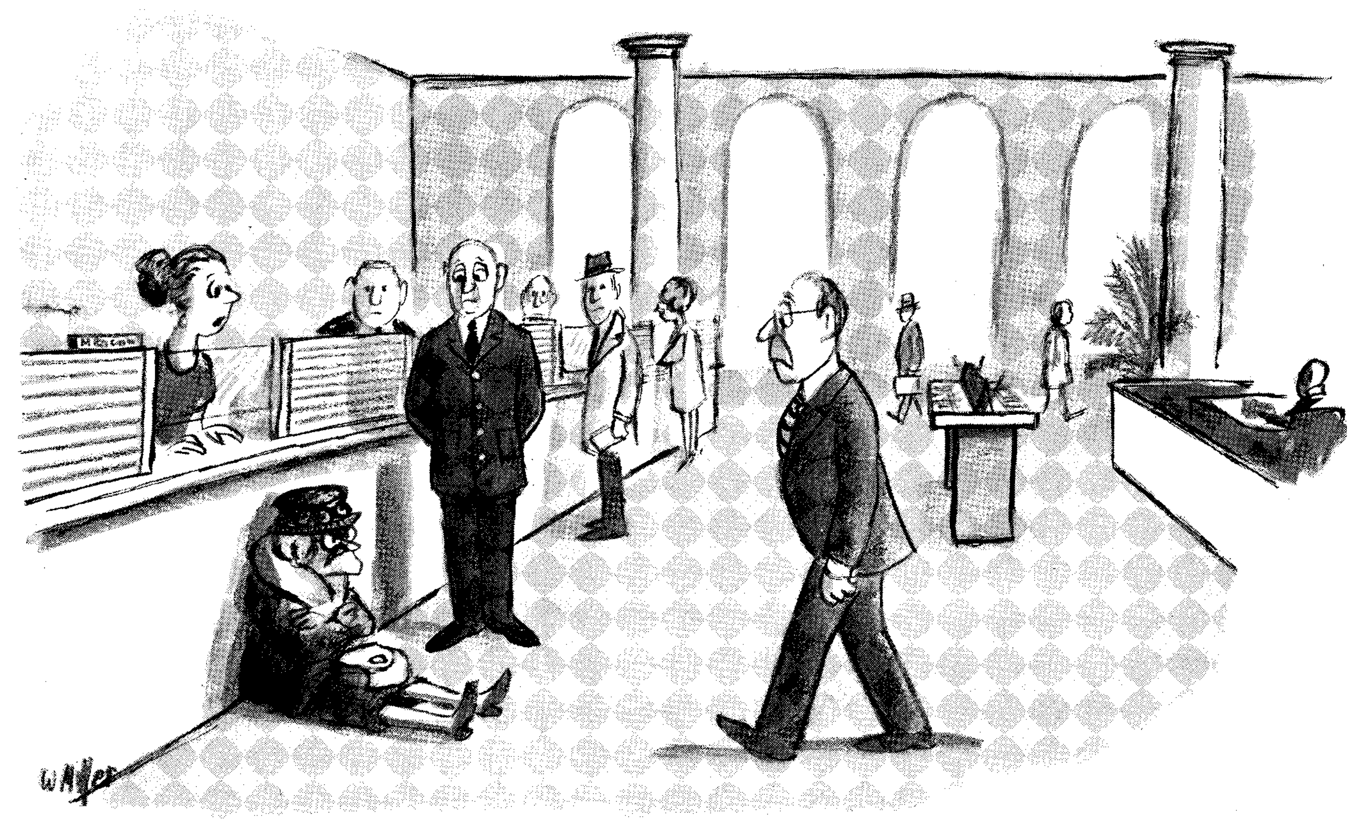
But if the wind was right, as today, hen there was no reason he shouldn't each the island. He would just run with the wind, and as for returning . . . Oh, well, he'd find some way; at worst, e'd just sail on to a point on the shore outh of where he kept the boat and all his wife to come with the car and etch him. She would have to walk to he beach parking lot where he had left it, but that wasn't far. The car was a large old convertible, and the boat was mall enough to be loaded over the eats and trunk. That, indeed, was the way he carried it out to the beach each pring and brought it home late in the all. With luck, though, he wouldn't eed to bother her. Surely, with the wind behind him he would reach the island in an hour, and that would give him three hours in which to get back before dark.

The island—one could see it from the beach where he stood—was a thin strip of land a few hundred feet long and maybe thirty wide. At high tide it was completely submerged. It really was more a shoal than an island, but it was called an island because a century ago it had been one, with houses, even a shop. Living there, the fishermen were hours nearer the fish they caught than if they had lived in the village proper. Then, little by little, the sea claimed more and more of it until there was only a vestige left. He had heard that there were still bricks to be found. He wanted to land and explore. More, he wanted to reach it because the island was just outside the bay, on the open sea.

It was strange to go there now at the beginning of November, when the sailboat season was over. There had been no frost yet, but the water was cold. It wasn't even a weekend, when there might have been motorboats out. Except for two trawlers plying back and forth across the bay, there were no boats in sight. And really, if he wanted to go to the island, he should be starting off in the morning. But the morning—getting up as late as he did, there was so little of it, and he always hoped to spend it on his sketches. It had to be the afternoon.

The sky was clear, inviting. A brisk breeze blew, but the water wasn't rough—more wind than sea. Just right for sailing. An enviable day. He wondered if there had been one as bright as this all summer. He felt sorry for the summer people—the best days came in the fall.

There was nothing to putting out with the wind behind you. You just stepped in and the boat was free of the land. Quickly the shore fell behind. Oh, the swish of the water and the buoyant feeling. Visible, a fathom down, the rippled sea bottom, and he on the surface, between land and sky, skimming the water on his slender, fragile boat, wind-blown, light at last, leaflike. And to be out of reach of the telephone, television, the mail, of anyone calling. Sometimes he would go sailing just to get rid of a headache—and how fast it disappeared, faster than with analgesics. Today, though, it wasn't a headache that sent him out sailing. His head was clear. Clear as the sky. He lay down on the floor of the boat, one hand on the tiller, the other holding the line to the boom, and his ears close to the hull, the better to hear the beat of the sea—to hear it and feel it. The thin Fiberglas wall transmitted to him the impact of even the weakest wave—every throb, every impulse. Soon he sat up, for he was getting close to one of the trawlers. It crisscrossed the bay, raking the bottom, making sudden turns, moving now fast, now slow. Busy with their gear, the men hardly looked at him. A few minutes later, he passed by the other trawler. A man on that one gazed at him as if wondering where he was going. In a while, they were far behind him, lost in the distance, and it was nice not to be able to hear their engines, to hear only the sound of the water and now and then the cries of the gulls. To the west, fairly close on his right, was a camel-shaped tongue of land—wooded on the humps, marshy below. It was kept as a park and was uninhabited. On his left, the shore was quite far away. He could see the houses on it—specks—and a fire tower made to look like a twig by the distance. The tongue of land became a sandy spit aimed at the island. He coasted the spit so close that flocks of gulls took off from it one after the other. On the opposite side of the spit, he could see the waves of the open sea breaking. It was choppy there. When he came to the end of the spit, and of the bay, he felt the open sea current working against the boat, tending to swirl it. The water was deep and seemed to move in two directions: there was the massive riverlike flow of water out of the bay caused by the tide that now was falling, and there was the swell of the open sea meeting it obliquely. He held hard the tiller, hard the mainsheet. The boat, buffeted, seemed and felt like a frightened horse. He held it firm. The island was only a few hundred feet away. He passed close by a few rocks—remnants of a breakwater. On the sea bottom, as he approached the island and the water got shallower, he saw a few bricks, worn around the edges, orange as goldfish. And then the centerboard brushed the island. He landed and hauled the boat well up on it. No place to be



"She refuses to budge! We're all out of toasters, and she won't take a steam iron."

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stranded on, this. He walked the length of it. Crescent-shaped—a thin crescent. There really wasn't much to it, but as the tide fell it grew larger—longer and wider and higher, into a more solid footing. At first it had been a wisp of a thing. Still, the spit of land looked uncomfortably distant. The seagulls there—land, sea, and air were astir with them—looked like insects swarming. Thousands of them. If he weren't here, he thought, they'd be here, too. He was in their place, a huge and heavy presence, but two-legged as they and having oars for wings, and a sail.

HE didn't want to leave too soon. Having come all this way, he felt he should sit and wait till more of the island showed up. Then he might see some foundations, a rusted chain, a ring on a pier. So far, except for the bricks he had seen underwater, the island looked virgin, primeval, born as it was with every ebbing tide, and buried at each flow. Already another bit of land separated from this by water was emerging a few hundred feet south. If he stayed, soon it would be one with this, and he would be able to walk over. A seagull landed on it. But he thought he had better go. The sun wasn't very far above the horizon. In another hour or so it would set. Well, what did he expect—the shortest day of the year wasn't much more than a month away. There might be another hour of twilight. And then the stars, and, with luck, the moon. But his wife, if they appeared and he didn't, would start fretting and call her friend, the police, the rescue squad, perhaps even the Coast Guard. So he had better not tarry.

He got into the boat and turned it into the bay at a forty-five-degree angle to the north wind. But as he knew, the boat didn't point well, and it didn't today, what with the tide against him, too. The angle came closer to sixty or eighty or maybe even ninety degrees. On the other tack he wasn't doing any better, and he drifted to leeward. He could either sail downwind to some point on the shore south of here, he thought, beach the boat, walk to the highway, and phone his wife to come and get him, or take the sail down and row back. Perhaps he had better do that—return by himself, without the aid of telephone or car. It might even be quicker. He had taken rowing at school—more than a quarter century ago.

So he began to row back, and to keep in the right direction he held the stern of the boat in line with the twig—the fire tower in the distance. Though wind and current were against him, it seemed to him that he was doing fairly well. The island receded, and soon, level with the spit of land, he left the open sea and entered the bay. He felt sheltered, protected. He rowed at a quick tempo, as if stroked by a coxswain. He remembered his rowing lessons at school: flattening the blade of the oar as soon as it left the water, slowly turning it vertical before dipping it, then pulling hard. He remembered losing a race. He listened to the regular snapping sound of the oars in the locks, looked at the whorls and the wake, at the fire tower, at the spit of land on the right, at the sun, also on the right, very near the horizon. The spit of land seemed longer than it had on the way out. At last, the first wooded hill. A welcome sight. Now, if he wanted to, he could land and, leaving the boat high on the beach, walk back. No reason to do it, though. By water would be quicker. Much quicker. Shorter. A straight line. The other was a wide and irregular curve, at least twice as long.

The sun disappeared over the hill. Venus appeared, and the moon next to it, and then the first stars. All too fast. Only his progress seemed slow. His wife was probably—no, almost certainly—already worrying about him, phoning her friend, perhaps the police. Oh, the police . . . He shouldn't have gone so far. Or else told her he'd be late coming back. But this way—he was overdue. The right oar kept slipping off the oarlock, and now, in the dark, it was hard to replace it. Why did the right keep slipping off and not the left? Was he doing something wrong? Was it the darkness? Was it that the waves, splashing more against that side of the boat than the other, got the oarlock wet? He kept rowing tirelessly. He must get home before the rescue squad came looking for him. How embarrassing that would be, how annoying! It might even get into the papers. He who wanted no interference, who came out sailing to be alone—to be sought out, intercepted!

He couldn't see the fire tower anymore, but he could see the stars—more steadfast guides—and the moon, and the lights on the left shore. He knew where he was going. And yet, as he looked at the water and then at the sky, he had an odd sensation: the water blended with the sky, the sky with the water; they were the same dark blue, and he felt suspended in midair, floating not in water any longer but in the sky, and yet not flying—sort of hovering, quite still, beating his oars, but not making progress. If he made any whorls, any wake, he couldn't see them. The hills on his right were only a deeper darkness, and all he could see was the distant lights and the stars and a weak moon, and there seemed no movement other than that of his arms and the oars—but whether they accomplished anything, got him any nearer the point of departure, he wasn't at all sure. His arms, his oars seemed to be pulling in vain.

Suddenly one blade struck the bottom, and still he wasn't halfway back. The tide was falling faster than he thought. He was in the shallows—had gone too close to the shoreline on the right. He changed direction, but still the blade kept striking the bottom. He felt like a fish in insufficient water, flapping and flouncing. He reached a deeper spot and was rowing well again. Now he thought he should turn right, for the way he was going he was crossing the bay and he wanted to land where he had put out from. So he went right, only to strike sand again after a few yards, and with both oars now. Here the water was ridiculously shallow. He had to get out—the boat was stuck. The water didn't even come up to his knees. He waded, pulling the boat, toward deeper water. When he found it, he boarded the boat, shoving himself off with one foot. In doing so it seemed to him that he lost an oar. Out he went a second time. But now the water was deeper and he got soaked up to his chest. Nor could he see the oar. He climbed back into the boat. No, both oars were there; he had got wet for nothing. His sweater felt heavy with water. He began to row once more, feverishly, but soon ran into another shoal. Again he had to wade and pull the boat. Again he looked for water deep enough to row in. But there was none—none that he could find. So he dragged the boat along toward where he thought the car was. At times, the water seemed a little deeper. He tried the oars. The boat moved, though it brushed and was slowed by the bottom. But soon it got stuck. More wading, walking, dragging. He was exhausted.

No, he couldn't go any farther with it. He must leave it—leave his dear boat, abandon it. Might have a heart attack otherwise. The water was so cold, the wind from the north still brisk. Though there were no waves now, only ripples—not enough water for waves. Oh, he was much too tired to go on with it—done, spent. He must look after himself and not the boat, save himself or risk losing both. He let go of the boat, left it behind. Two hundred and fifty dollars. He might never see it again. Never. Oh, well. Walking without having to pull seemed like sailing again. So free. So light. So nimble. He was walking fast, splashing through shallow water. Suddenly it got deeper, waist-deep, chest-deep. Never mind. He swam. It was only a narrow channel. Soon it was shallow again, and he kept walking, walking, his feet splashing through ankle-deep water, the sea behind, the lights before him. One moved. A voice called his name—loud through the night. His wife's voice.

"Yes!" he shouted.

"Is it you? Is it you?"

"Yes, it's me."

The beam of a flashlight lit his face.

"And who is that?" he asked.

"The police."

"You called the police?"

"What do you mean? It's nine o'clock. Of course we were worried."

"I was stuck in the shallows."

His wife's friend came up. And there was her car, and the police cruiser, and his own car. Well, his sense of direction was good. He had reached dry land right where he had started from.

"I'm sorry to've bothered you," he said to the policeman.

"Oh, that's all right. That's what we're here for."

"I had to leave the boat behind," he said to his wife. "Couldn't drag it anymore."

"Where did you leave it?"

He looked back into the darkness. "Somewhere over there."

He got into the car with his wife and drove back home. It was good to feel the warm wood floor under his feet.

HE thought of his boat, bobbing with the waves, unanchored. Would the north wind blow it out to sea? Would the tide, when it started rising, bring it in? He ate supper impatiently

GOING HOME TO VOTE FOR OUR PRESIDENT
STEVENSON

and then, with a flashlight and high boots, he went with his wife to see if he could spot it. He walked a long way out in between pools of water, and his wife accompanied him some of the way. Once or twice, she called him, and it seemed a weird repetition of what had gone on an hour before. As if he had learned nothing from experience, he was again on the mud flats. No, he couldn't see the boat. At one point, he thought he had spotted it, but what he had seen turned out to be a rock—white, like the boat. He returned with his wife to the car. "Well, perhaps tomorrow morning," he said.

That night there was a frost—the first fall frost. He went to the beach soon after sunrise with a pair of binoculars. He couldn't see the boat anywhere. He began to walk around the bay, and after a mile he spotted it on the far side of an inlet, wafted there by the flow of the rising tide during the night and abandoned by it near the high-water mark. He tried to wade across the inlet, but though the tide was low, there was a channel where the water was too deep, even in high boots. He would have to go around the inlet. But it was a long walk—a couple of miles—and water had got into the boots. He thought he'd drive part of the way.

"Perhaps all the way," he said to himself, taking a sandy little road that skirted the inlet. A sign warned: "Cars Will Get Stuck." He disregarded it, and at the end of the road, only a few hundred feet away from the boat, he did get stuck. And not in sand—in mud. What a fool, what a dreadful fool, he thought. From bad to worse. Worse than yesterday. And he could so easily have walked, waited for the tide to rise, and rowed back. With jack and boards, he tried to shift the rear of the car to firmer soil, but the weight of the car toppled the jack over the wrong way, and the wheel sank deeper and deeper in the mud. And the tide was coming in. In an hour or two his car would be swamped. He was almost ready to walk back around the inlet to the nearest house and call someone at a service station to come and haul him out, expensive and depressing though that was, when he saw a small motorboat crossing the inlet toward him.

A frail-looking older man with white hair landed and came over. "You're stuck, are you?" he said. "Well, you're not the first one."

That was already some comfort. "Yes, I came to get my boat. That little one over there. Yesterday evening, I got stuck with it in the mud flats and had to leave it."

"Oh, is that yours? I saw it early this morning. A pair of shoes in it. I thought maybe someone had drowned."

That, too, was comforting—things could be worse. "And now I am stuck with this heavy thing. I've been trying to shift it with the jack, but it's no use. I think I'd better call for a truck."

"Well, I'll give you a hand. Let's try again with the jack. If we can't do it, I've got some gear at home. I live over there," the older man said, and pointed to a house across the inlet.

He looked at the frail man and felt very pessimistic. And, indeed, though they pushed and pulled and raised, the car was in no better position than before.

"Don't you think I should call a garage?" he said, with some anxiety. The sea was inching closer every minute.

"Well, let me go and get my gear," the older man said calmly, and was off.

What gear could he possibly have that would get the car out of here? He went on furiously working the jack. Suddenly it slipped, and the bumper, falling, struck his thigh. The impact was transmitted to the ankle, which flexed almost but not quite to the point of fracture. When the older man came back, the car

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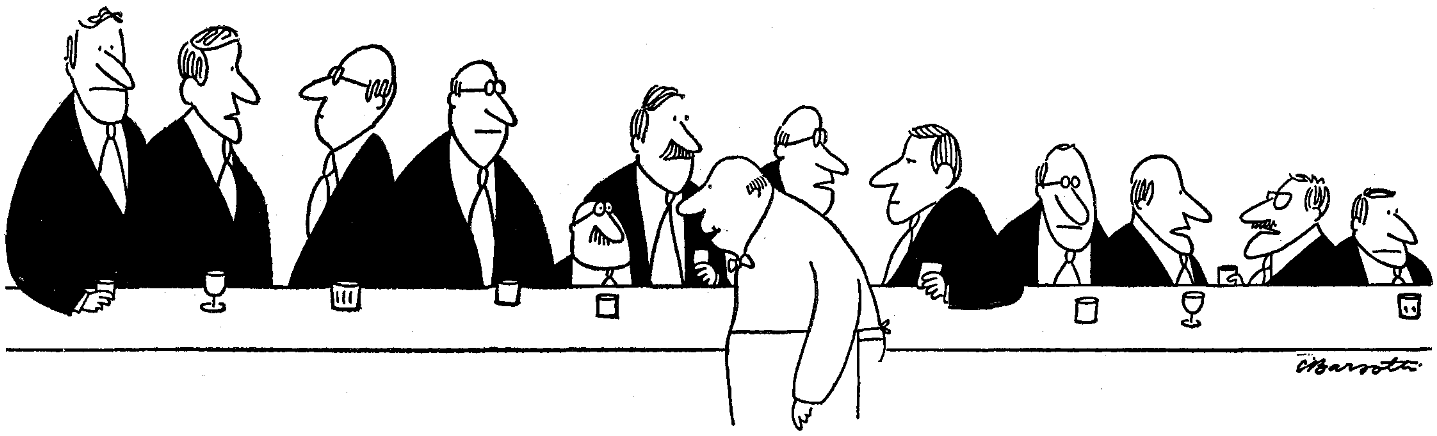
"Mildred! For heaven's sake!"



"I wonder, sir, if you would indulge me in a rather unusual request?"

• •

was in a worse position than ever. He was carrying a set of pulleys, mounted in two huge wooden blocks, and a length of new rope. "Navy blocks," he said. "Got them at the Marine Specialties, at a sale. All for seven-fifty."

He took hold of one of the blocks. It was even heavier than it looked. He felt very skeptical about the thin elderly man's being able to get him out, but the man, on the other hand, seemed very confident. If only the car wasn't in mud. Mud—it was worse than sand or snow. It sucked things in, like a bog.

The older man examined the blocks and began tying one to a heavy stake driven into the ground at the end of the beach road. "I'll make a bowline. That's a knot I know, and always use." He tied the other block to the car. "No," he said, "if I reverse them, they'll give me more of an advantage. Five instead of four." He untied the blocks, and tied them again, switching them around.

"I never could understand pulleys at school. The principle of them, I mean. They are a great wonder to me."

The older man tried to explain. "The way I do it, I just count the rope lines."

Now they were ready to pull. "Start the motor, put it in reverse, straighten her out, make sure the brake is off, leave the door open, and come and help me pull," the older man said.

With no trouble at all, they pulled the car out of the mud.

"I'll tie your boat to mine and tow it across the inlet," the older man said. "You drive. I don't think you'll have any trouble if you go at a good speed and stay on that side. You'll see my house down from the road, on the beach. There are two cars, and a sign with my name." He told him what it was. "Park there and come down."

How nice it was to follow his directions—not orders but directions, so calm and sensible. Someone who knew what he was doing.

He put the blocks in the car and drove around the inlet without getting stuck and reached the house. Then he walked down to the beach and waited for the older man. He was already halfway across the inlet with the sailboat in tow. Soon he landed. "Now, do you want your boat in the car? I have a little tractor. It'll pull that boat," he said, pointing to another boat he had, a large one, a sort of yacht. "It will pull yours."

"Oh, thank you, that would be wonderful, but you've already done so much."

The older man shrugged, got the tiny tractor from under the house, started it, hitched the boat to it, and easily slid it up the steep grassy incline to the level of the road. There, the two of them set it on the car.

"Now don't let me forget the blocks. I'll carry them down to the house for you," he said to the older man, and followed him to the front door.

His wife, some ten years younger, appeared. "Wouldn't you two like some coffee?" she asked.

"Oh, thank you, that's too nice."

"I have it all ready. I think you deserve it."

"Well, your husband does."

"Come in."

They went in. The house was spotless, shiny, quite luxurious, and it had a picture window with a fine view of the bay. She served them coffee, sandwiches, and pie.

The two of them accompanied him up to the car. "You saved my car, my boat, and me, too, I think," he said. "You really straightened me all out."

"It gave me something to do," the older man said modestly.

Parked just in from the road on a small asphalt circle were the older man's cars, two white Cadillacs; not the latest models—in fact, one of them quite a few years old—but so clean they seemed almost new. He looked at his battered Chevy with the boat on it. Two different modes of life. Things never did go very smoothly with him, or hardly ever. He wondered about the white-haired man. Did things go smoothly with him? Probably, he thought, very probably. If not with him, then with whom? By comparison, his own life seemed all in disarray.

Tonight, for instance, he had a date with a woman, but did he want to see her? No, not at all. Well, tonight, he thought, he had a good excuse not to—his leg hurt, and he was stiff and bruised. In the car, suddenly, he felt glad, and he thought, Did I go to the island, did I do it all for this, for this alone, so that I would have an excuse, a good excuse? Could I—subconsciously, unconsciously, or superconsciously—have directed all my actions to this end? Maybe, maybe. And perhaps it was all worth it—even the car falling with the bumper on my thigh.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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THE STORY OF OUR LIVES

I

We are reading the story of our lives,
which takes place in a room.
The room looks out on a street.
There is no one there,
no sound of anything.
The trees are heavy with leaves,
the parked cars never move.
We keep turning the pages
hoping for something,
something like mercy or change,
a black line that would bind us
or keep us apart.
The way it is, it would seem
the book of our lives is empty.
The furniture in the room is never shifted,
and the rugs become darker each time
our shadows pass over them.
It is almost as if the room were the world.
We sit beside each other on the couch,
reading about the couch.
We say it is ideal.
It is ideal.

II

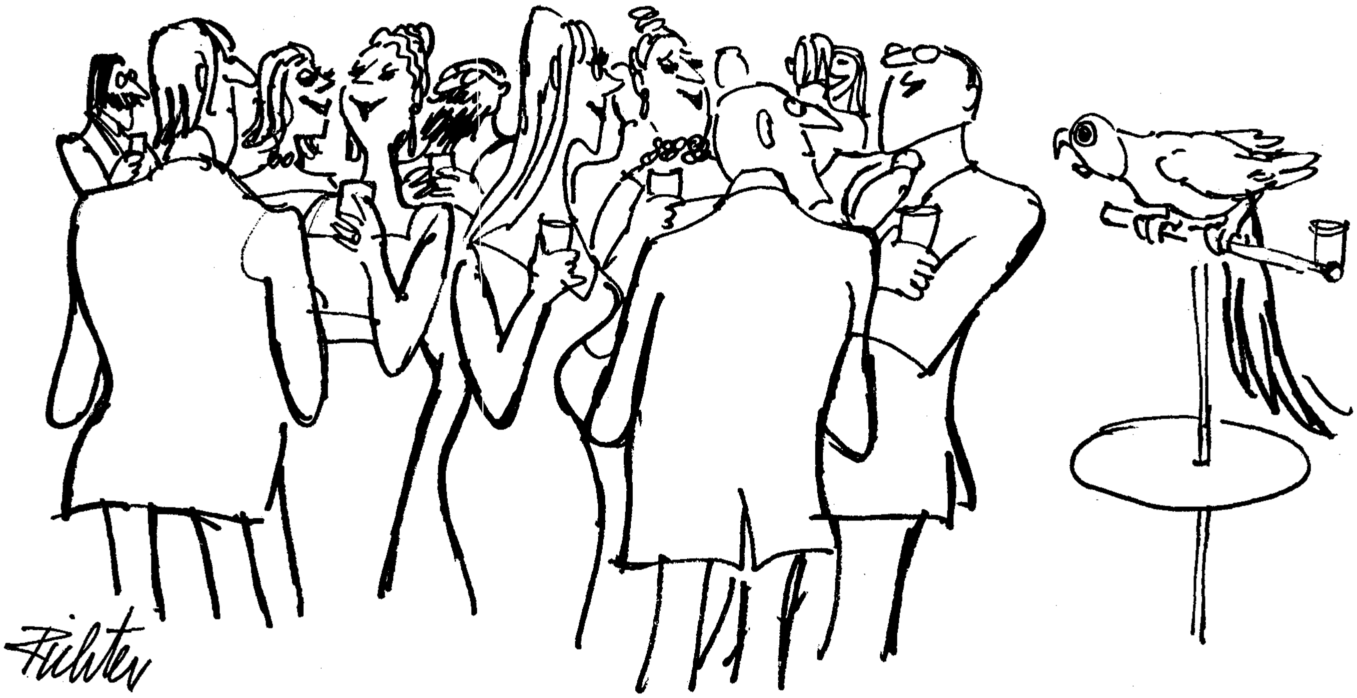
We are reading the story of our lives
as though we were in it,
as though we had written it.
This comes up again and again.
In one of the chapters,
I lean back and push the book aside
because the book says
it is what I am doing.
I lean back and begin to write about the book.
I write that I wish to move beyond the book,
beyond my life into another life.
I put my pen down.
The book says: *He put his pen down*
and turned and watched her reading
the part about herself falling in love.
The book is more accurate than we can imagine.
I lean back and watch you read
about the man across the street.
They built a house there,
and one day a man walked out of it.
You fell in love with him
because you knew he would never visit you,
would never know you were waiting.
Night after night you would say
that he was like me.
I lean back and watch you grow older without me.
Sunlight falls on your silver hair.
The rugs, the furniture
seem almost imaginary now.
She continued to read.
She seemed to consider his absence
of no special importance,
as someone on a perfect day will consider
the weather a failure
because it did not change his mind.
You narrow your eyes.
You have the impulse to close the book
which describes my resistance:
how when I lean back I imagine
my life without you, imagine moving
into another life, another book.
It describes your dependence on desire,
how the momentary disclosures
of purpose make you afraid.
The book describes much more than it should.
It wants to divide us.

III

This morning I woke and believed
there was no more to our lives
than the story of our lives.
When you disagreed, I pointed
to the place in the book where you disagreed.
You fell back to sleep and I began to read
those mysterious parts you used to guess at
while they were being written
and lose interest in after they became
part of the story.
In one of them, cold dresses of moonlight
are draped over the backs of chairs in a man's room.
He dreams of a woman whose dresses are lost,
who sits on a stone bench in a garden
and believes in wonders.
For her love is a sacrifice.
The part describes her death
and she is never named,
which is one of the things
you could not stand about her.
A little later we learn
that the dreaming man lives
in the new house across the street.
This morning after you fell back to sleep,
I began to turn pages early in the book;
it was like dreaming of childhood—
so much seemed to vanish,
so much seemed to come to life again.
I did not know what to do.
The book said: *In those moments it was his book.*
A bleak crown rested uneasily on his head.
He was the brief ruler of inner and outer discord,
anxious in his own kingdom.

IV

Before you woke,
I read another part that described your absence
and told how you sleep to reverse
the progress of your life.
I was touched by my own loneliness as I read,
knowing that what I feel is often the crude
and unsuccessful form of a story
that may never be told.
I read and was moved by a desire to offer myself
to the house of your sleep.
He wanted to see her naked and vulnerable,
to see her in the refuse, the discarded
plots of old dreams, the costumes and masks
of unattainable states.
It was as if he were drawn
irresistibly to failure.
It was hard to keep reading.
I was tired and wanted to give up.
The book seemed aware of this.
It hinted at changing the subject.
I waited for you to wake up, not knowing
how long I waited,
and it seemed that I was no longer reading.
I heard the wind passing
like a stream of sighs
and I heard the shiver of leaves



"Polly wants a cracker, and some cheese dip."

• •

in the trees outside the window.
It would be in the book.
Everything would be there.
I looked at your face
and I read the eyes, the nose, the mouth. . . .

V

If only there were a perfect moment in the book;
if only we could live in that moment,
we could begin the book again
as if we had not written it,
as if we were not in it.
But the dark approaches
to any page are too numerous
and the escapes are too narrow.
We read through the day.
Each page-turning is like a candle
moving through the mind.
Each moment is like a hopeless cause.
If only we could stop reading.
He never wanted to read another book
and she kept staring into the street.
The cars were still there,
the deep shade of trees covered them.
The shades were drawn in the new house.
Maybe the man who lived there,
the man she loved, was reading
the story of another life.
She imagined a dank, heartless parlor,
a cold fireplace, a man sitting
writing a letter to a woman
who has sacrificed her life for love.
If there were a perfect moment in the book,
it would be the last.
The book never discusses the causes of love.
It claims confusion is a necessary good.
It never explains. It only reveals.

VI

The day goes on.
We study what we remember.
We look into the mirror across the room.
We cannot bear to be alone.
The book goes on.
They became silent and did not know how to begin
the dialogue which was necessary.
It was words that created divisions in the first place,
that created loneliness.
They waited.
They would turn the pages, hoping
something would happen.
They would patch up their lives in secret—
each defeat forgiven because it could not be tested,
each pain rewarded because it was unreal.
They did nothing.

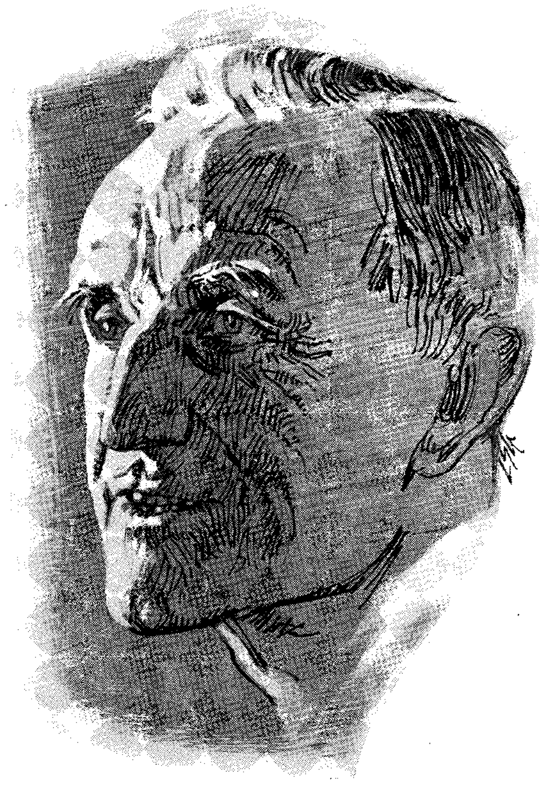
VII

The book will not survive.
We are the living proof of that.
It is dark outside, in the room it is darker.
I hear your breathing.
You are asking me if I am tired,
if I want to keep reading.
Yes, I am tired.
Yes, I want to keep reading.
I say yes to everything.
You cannot hear me.
They sat beside each other on the couch.
They were the copy, the tired phantoms
of something they had been before.
The attitudes they took were jaded.
They stared into the book
and were horrified by their innocence,
their reluctance to give up.
They sat beside each other on the couch.
They were determined to accept the truth.
Whatever it was they would accept it.
The book would have to be written
and would have to be read.
They are the book and they are
nothing else.

—Mark Strand

PROFILES

OUT OF THE COCOON ON THE FIFTY-SIXTH FLOOR



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER 3RD, the eldest and most hidden of the five sons of the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was sixty-six years old last March. He is two years younger than his sister, Mrs. Jean Mauzé, but two years older than his brother Nelson, the governor of New York; four years older than his brother Laurance, an active venture capitalist and conservationist, who is chairman of the board of the New York Zoological Society; six years older than his brother Winthrop, ex-governor of Arkansas; nine years older than his brother David, chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank; and thirty-one years older than his son, John D. Rockefeller IV, generally known as Jay, who is secretary of state for West Virginia and is now running for governor of *that* state. Jay's father, who signs his name with an Arabic, rather than a Roman, numeral, has the kind of curriculum vitae in the latest *Who's Who* that might reflect a distinct identity for most people: "Chmn. bd. trustees Rockefeller Found. 1952-71," it runs, in part. "Dir. Lincoln Center Performing Arts, Inc., chmn., 1961-70, hon. chmn., 1970–; chmn. bd. Population Council Inc.; chmn. Agri. Devel. Council; pres. JDR 3rd Fund; cons. Dulles Mission to Japan on peace settlement, 1951; spl. asst. to Under-Sec. of Navy, Oct.-Dec. 1945; Recipient numerous awards and decorations, including Grand Cordon Order of Sacred Treasure, Grand Cordon Order Rising Sun (Japan); First Class, Most Noble Order of Crown, Thailand; Comdr. Order Thousand Elephants and White Parasol, Laos; Spl. Tony Award Am. Theater Wing, 1960; Gold Baton Award Am. Symphony Orch. League, 1963; Handel Medallion City of N.Y., 1964; silver plaque Fedn. Jewish Philanthropies N.Y., 1964. Mem. Japan Soc. (chmn.), Asia Soc. (chmn. bd. trustees)." The biographee has also, at one time or another, been chairman of the General Education Board and of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., as well as a director of the New York Life Insurance Company and a trustee of Princeton and of the American Museum of Natural History. Even so, a good many people are not precisely sure who he is or just what it is he does. This may be partly due to family competition and the clang association of the Rockefeller name. Along with its aforementioned extant bearers, there are thirteen Standard Oil-connected Rockefellers in *Who's Who*, two of them women—one the wife of the Tony Award winner. To make matters worse, John D. 3rd's philanthropic gifts are sometimes credited in the press to the Rockefeller *Foundation*, which was endowed by his grandfather and over which he exerts only a limited influence, having retired from the board of trustees last year. In fact, only one Rockefeller—Jay—is now on the twenty-one-man board.

The first-class Thailand nobleman's obscurity may also stem from the fact that his activities tend to be diffuse, but it is more the result of temperament. All of Rockefeller's brothers, and his son, are more outgoing and more easily articulate than he is, and they are all, if in varying degrees, better known. Although John has a passion for privacy and does not like personal publicity, he *does* like notice to be taken of his interests. He employs a public-relations firm, Ruder & Finn, to give these greater dissemination, and to give him general advice. "We're consulted on what Mr. Rockefeller should talk about in a speech, and whether it should be converted into a magazine article," Mr. William Ruder, a white-haired, evangelical man of fifty-one, said the other day. "I don't think I've ever met a senior man with so much sensitivity. He's so gentle, but if he doesn't trust you he's like a mountain—immovable. I was very intrigued when I first met him. The whole thing appeals to me, because I was brought up to look at him"—reverent pause—"as some kind of national resource. In a sense, he is public property."

Despite Mr. Ruder's best efforts, the failure of some of Rockefeller's activities to make more of a splash has left their originator a little wistful. "My Pop," he said not long ago—referring not to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but to the Population Council, which he established in 1952 "to stimulate, encourage, promote, conduct, and support significant activities in the broad field of population"—"has been way behind Laurance's conservation in public interest and acceptance." The four younger brothers move around; the senior brother is naturally withdrawn. "John doesn't get the same lift from meeting people that Nelson and Winthrop and I get," David has said. "He's like Father in that sense. He doesn't care for casual meetings, but he likes to sit down and talk to people who interest him." The people who interest him most are those who, like him, are trying to do some good in the world. "He has no small talk," a friend has said. "He's interested only in people who are making important contributions. He's interested in their achievements. 'What does he do? Is he successful?' are favorite questions of his."

Rockefeller moves around more, in a way, in the Orient than he does in the Occident. At least in some circles, he is more readily identified in Asia than he is in the United States. He has made sixteen trips to Japan and nine to India, and he has visited Pakistan and Thailand six times each. Much of this travel has been undertaken on behalf of the global concerns of the Rockefeller Foundation, which spends forty-five million dollars a year "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world," and of the Population Council, whose support and promotion of significant activities—primarily birth control—are now going on in fifteen countries on an annual budget of sixteen million dollars. Rockefeller's trips find him in close, concentrated touch with educators, scientists, social workers, public-health administrators, demographers, and government officials ranging up to heads of state. He has, in particular, made good friends in high places in Japan, where International House, a cultural-exchange center in Tokyo, was founded at his suggestion, and where the hands-across-the-Pacific programs of the Japan Society, the Asia Society, and the JDR 3rd Fund—all of which bring Far Eastern art and artists, as well as scholars and businessmen, to the United States—are appreciated. During a typical stay in Tokyo, he may have an audience with the Emperor and dine with the Prime Minister one night and with the Foreign Minister another. He has, in turn, entertained every Japanese Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, and member of the royal family to have visited this country since the Second World War. These visits are sometimes Rockefeller-engendered. In 1971, when Japan House, on East Forty-seventh Street, the new headquarters of the Japan Society, opened with appropriate fanfare, the Emperor's youngest son, Prince Hitachi, accompanied by his wife, made a special trip to be present; he followed Rockefeller on the list of speakers, and was introduced by him. Rockefeller's interest in things Asian has, over the years, induced several journalists in search of a zippy line to call him "Mr. Asia."

The Japanese Prime Minister's dinner guest has also dined at the White House, but his image in his native land is somewhat blurred. In 1968, when Jay was elected to his West Virginia post, *Time* identified him as the nephew of the governor of New York and never mentioned his father. Nelson Rockefeller had previously bumped John 3rd in the 1960 edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which called Nelson the "eldest son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr." (This error was corrected in the 1968 edition, which gave Nelson over two hundred words to eleven words for John.) On one occasion, however, the father bumped the son: Leonard Lyons, in the New York *Post*, referred to John 3rd as "the West Virginia politician." Even in Establishment circles, Rockefeller is not always recognized. Last winter, seated at the "long table" of a well-known club, with a chef's salad and glass of milk before him, he was joined by a fellow-member high in the museum world, who had no idea who he was until the conversation had got well under way. "I thought he was someone way up in the Lindsay administration," his lunchmate said later. Rockefeller generally lunches at the Rockefeller Center Luncheon Club, and sometimes at the Century and University Clubs. A few years ago, he proposed for membership in the last-named Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., a distinguished economist, who was a trustee of the Asia Society and, later, of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Wharton is a black, and the club's admission committee, which had just begun to adjust itself to the idea of taking in a few of the children of Israel, was horrified. Then, one day soon afterward, Wharton was elected president of Michigan State University. The admission committee's chairman called Rockefeller up with an audible sigh of relief: college presidents were eligible for honorary membership, he said, so all was well. Rockefeller refused to settle for this, and his candidate was presently elected a regular member.

Although Rockefeller does not relish

Ross Bateman

living in the shadow of his younger relatives—"It nearly killed him when *Time* described Jay as Nelson's nephew," a close acquaintance has said—he is not as outspoken about his fix as his wife is. "That burned me up," Blanchette Rockefeller says of *Time's* taxonomical approach to their son. However, in the course of a speech that Rockefeller delivered at a 1967 National Institute of Social Sciences Family Award Dinner at the Plaza Hotel (at which each of the brothers received a gold medal for "distinguished service to humanity"), he did observe:

> It is true . . . that the field of population and family planning has occupied much of my thought and energy for a number of years. But tonight's occasion makes me wonder. If my parents had been exposed to today's ideas of family planning, brothers Win and Dave might not have made it.

"There were times, long ago, when I used to worry a little about these younger fellows, but I think they have all turned out very well," he went on. "In fact, I am the only one of the five who is unemployed." The light touch is not a staple of a J.D.R. speech, and Nelson was lost in astonished admiration. "Johnny, that was a ten-strike," he said.

Rockefeller's reference to his two youngest brothers did not actually originate with him; his speeches—he makes five or six a year—are written for him by men on his payroll. The person responsible for relegating Win and Dave to an equivocal status was John E. Harr, a former newspaperman and State Department writer, who joined the J.D.R. office early in 1967. The Family Award speech was dropped in Harr's lap, or typewriter. "All the brothers made speeches at the Family Award dinner, but primogeniture reigned and we knew that J.D.R. would have the first crack," he says. "What could he do in five minutes? How do you upstage Nelson, then a possible Presidential candidate? I tried to work a little humor into the text, and also a little warmth. J.D.R. was a bit startled when I brought him the draft. When he delivered the talk, he sort of faded out on the punch lines, but it was a success anyway. He had never tried to be funny before. I've done a number of his speeches since. We sit down and talk about them ahead of time. Then I may show him an outline, or a couple of pages of an important section. Then I do a draft. He's kind of a natural editor—he has a good sense of organization, and if he doesn't understand a word, he figures the listener won't, so he changes it." Rockefeller has his speeches printed up and bound in different colors, and he sometimes sends copies of them to his children—besides Jay, there are Sandra, Hope, and Alida—for their opinion. He carries in his pocket a small notebook in which he has copied out a letter that Alida, now twenty-three, wrote him several years ago after he sent her a speech on youth. "You should be more concise, sharp, and to the point, instead of being such a gentleman," Alida wrote, in part. Rockefeller likes to show this letter to friends. "Alida wrote me such a sweet comment," he says. "I've tried to take it to heart. I think I'm basically conservative and cautious, but I also think I've changed in later years."

Rockefeller's reference to unemployment in his Family Award speech could not properly have been made a few months later. In July, 1968, President Johnson appointed him co-chairman (the other chairman was Wilbur J. Cohen, then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) of an Advisory Committee on Population and Family Planning. As a member of this body, he received a fee of a hundred dollars per diem, plus travel expenses. The Committee, which set up a research office in Washington, met over a period of four months; Rockefeller attended a dozen meetings. One job sometimes leads to another. The Committee's final recommendation (out of eight) was "that Congress authorize and the President appoint a Commission on Population." Surprise. "I woke up one morning to find that President Nixon had appointed me chairman of a new commission with a rather awe-inspiring name—the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future," Rockefeller has said. The Commission was set up in March, 1970, with a two-year deadline. Its twenty-four commissioners presided over a Washington-based working staff of fifteen, which interviewed more than a hundred people and read a far greater number of papers. The commissioners met two days a month (more often as the deadline approached); the chairman missed only one diem, when he was recovering from a fall from his horse in the country. Last March, in a report to the President and the Congress, the Commission recommended, *inter alia* a great many alia (a New American Library paperback of the report ran to three hundred and sixty-two pages), the slowing of population growth until stabilization is reached, increased sex education and child-care arrangements, the stopping of illegal immigration, an extension of governmental suburban housing, and a deliberate

"Well, enough about me. What have *you* *been doing all evening?"*

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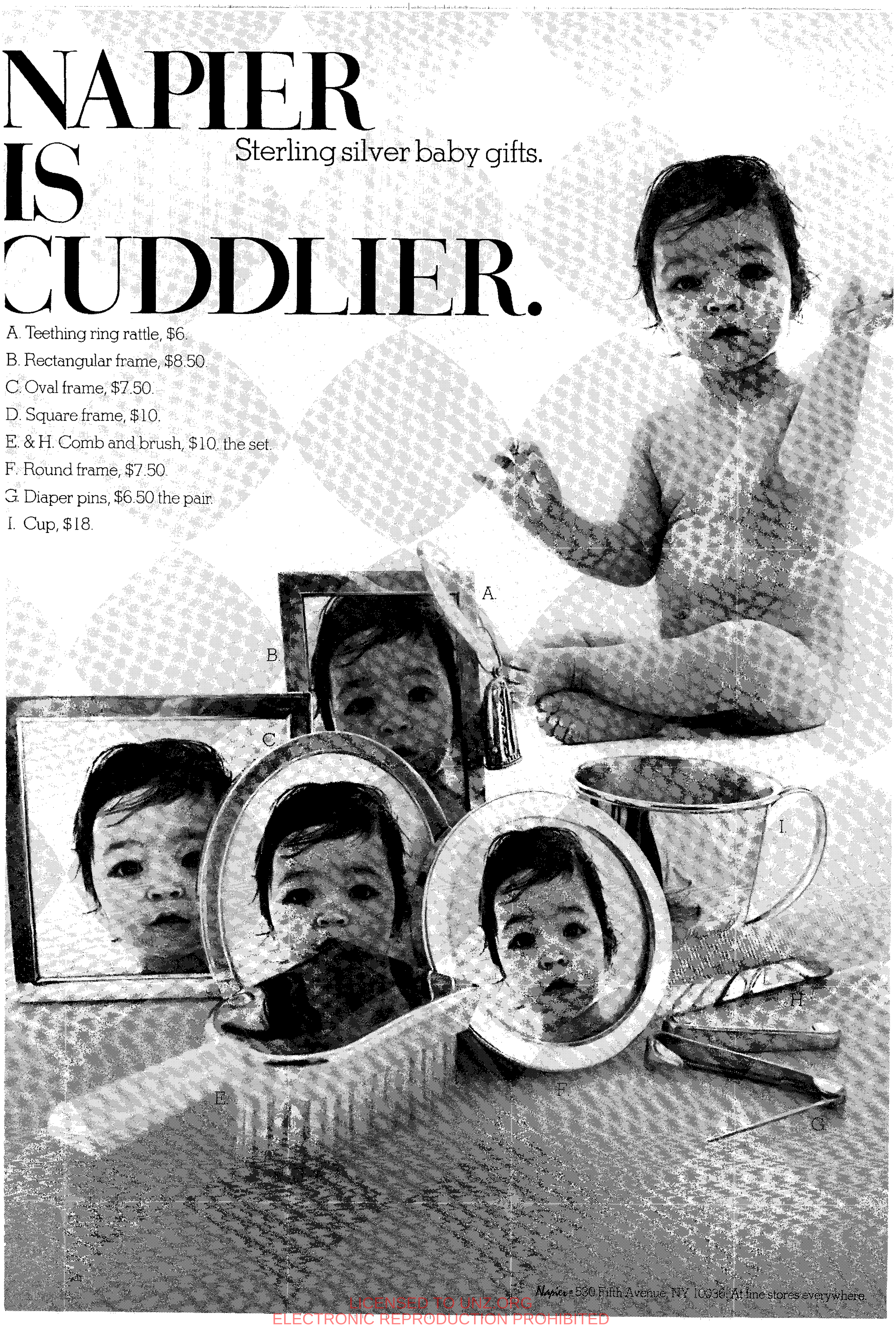

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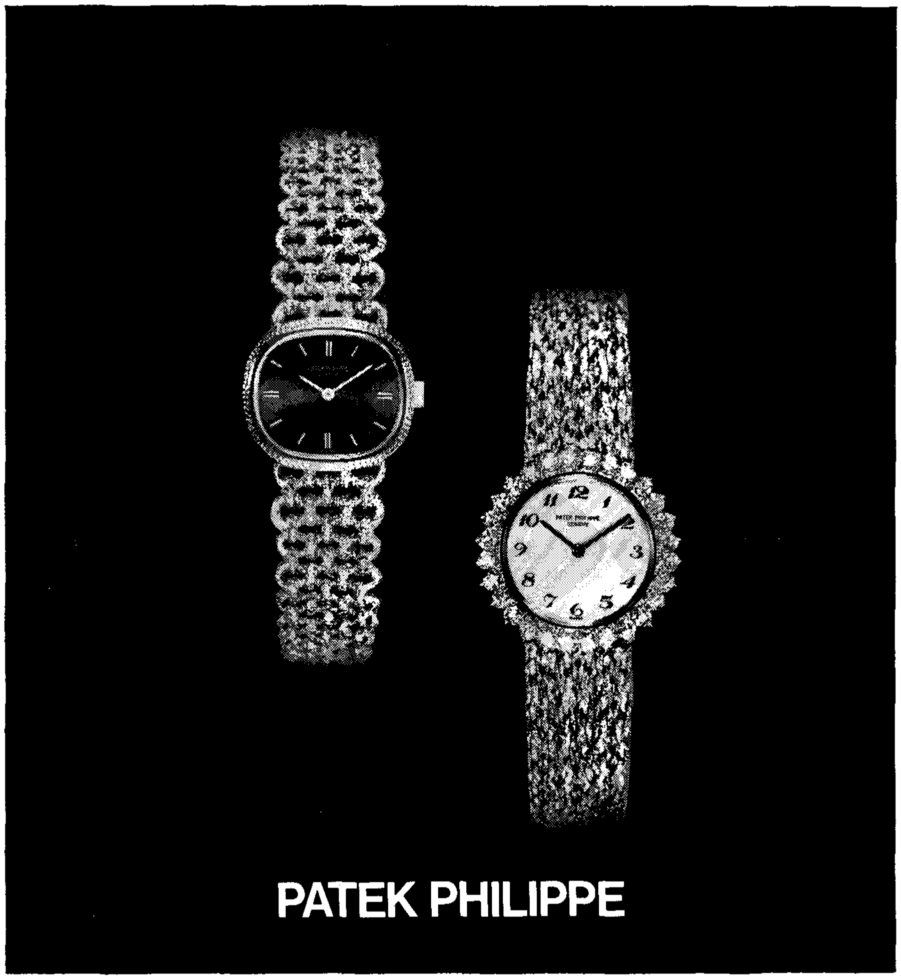
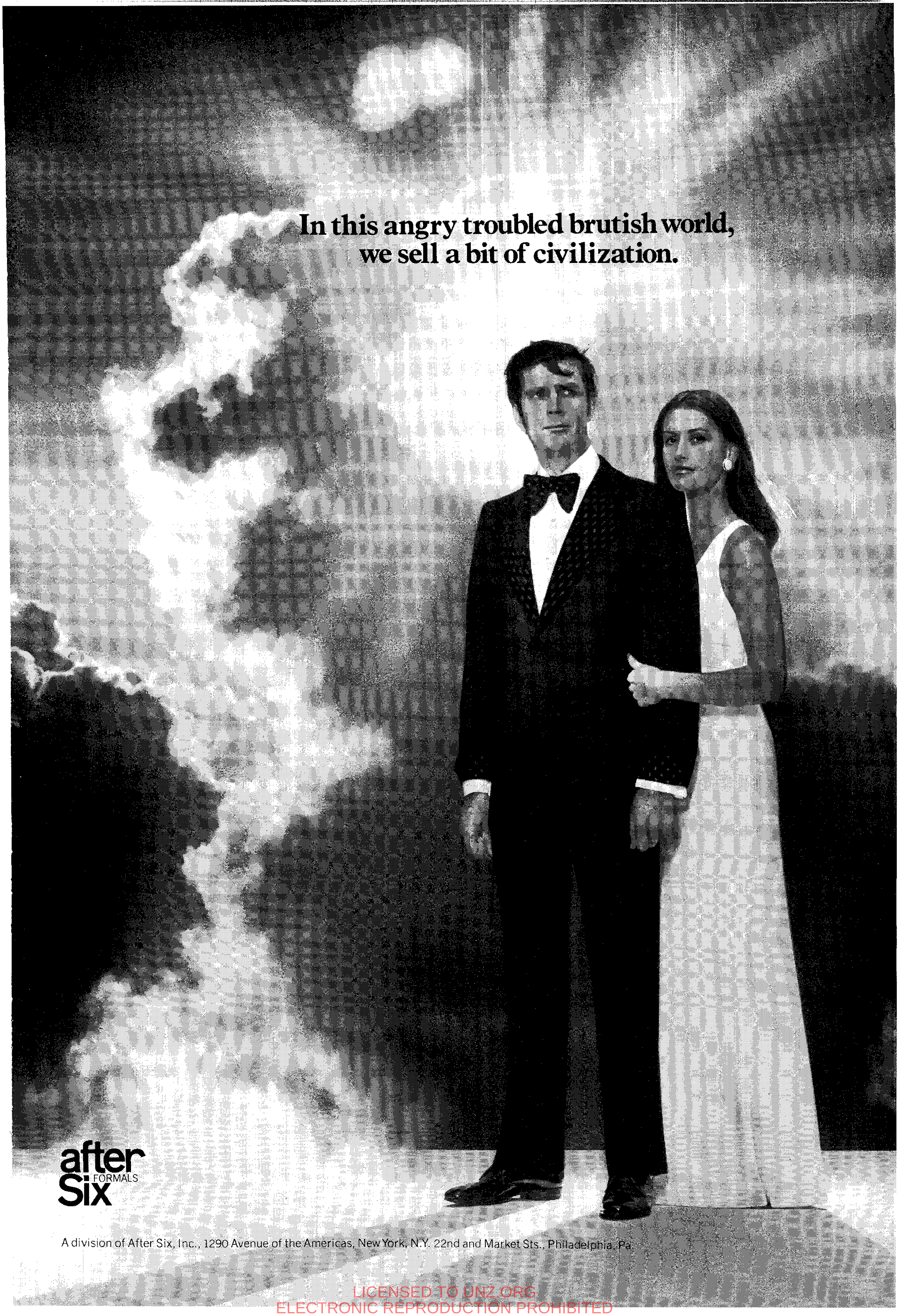


For illustrations of timepieces in the 1973 collection, write: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

population policy involving the legalization of abortion at the patient's request in all states. The report, at least temporarily, helped to cut the lead of the four younger Rockefeller brothers over their senior in the field of public visibility: it was featured in the London *Times* and the Nairobi *East African Standard*, and Rockefeller's name appeared twice, on two different days, on the first page of the New York *Times*—the second time under a photograph showing him holding the report; his expression was anguished. "The reaction was very favorable," he said later, but the President's reaction was far from favorable. After a silence of several weeks, he issued a statement rejecting the Commission's recommendations on abortion and on contraception for minors, and, outside of pious generalities, failed to say anything good of *any* of its recommendations. Rockefeller has dreamed up a face-saving "Citizens Committee on Population and the American Future" (he is honorary chairman) in order "to keep the findings and recommendations of the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future before the public," but as far as Mr. Nixon's rebuff to the American Future is concerned he has retreated into a silence of his own. Is he voting for Nixon next week? Nelson's brother doesn't say.

ROCKEFELLER is a tall (six feet one), lean, intense, handsome man with penetrating blue eyes, a determined chin, and a striking profile somewhat on the order of the Presidential busts carved on the Mount Rushmore National Memorial, in South Dakota. He has an anxious, inquiring, sometimes tormented, often sweet expression. Besides being polite, serious, gentle, diffident, non-circulating, naturally withdrawn, and less cautious than he used to be, he is shy, modest ("I'll send you just a few of my better speeches, so as not to depress you," he once said to an interviewer), patient, tactful, earnest, conscientious, orderly, idealistic, persistent, constrained but graceful, deliberate, frugal, courtly, stubborn, Calvinistic, and Puritan-ethic-ridden (Baptist division) to a point where spontaneous pleasure is not his thing. Three or four years ago, it occurred to an officer of the Asia Society that the time had come for a raise in salary. "I made a few noises, and J.D.R. invited me to lunch, which is what he does in a crisis," he says. "I told him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to continue with the job. 'You mean *satisfaction*,' he said. I later reported this to a secretary, who said,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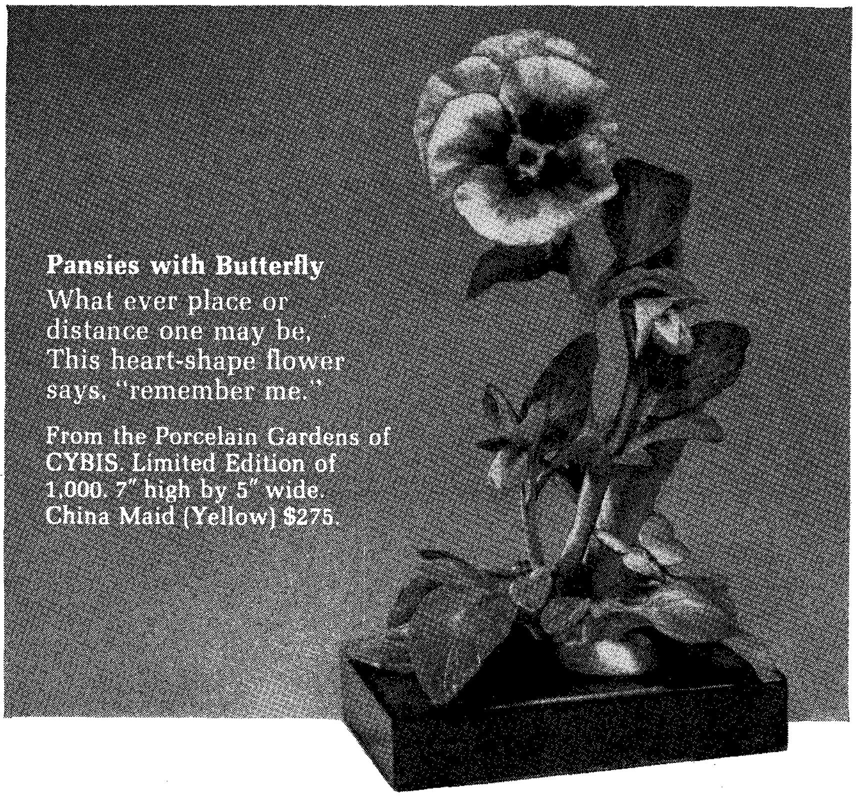

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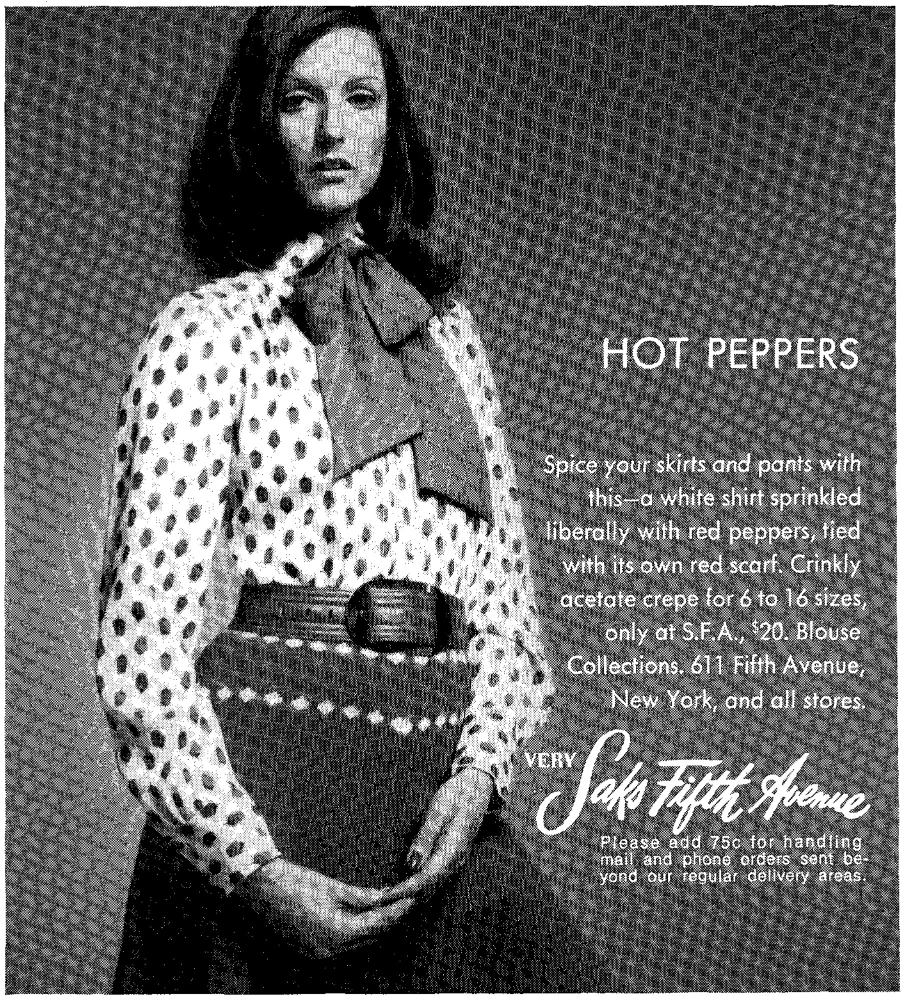

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'Thank goodness you didn't say *fun.* He might have fired you.' " Be that as it may, the non-fun-lover occasionally makes jokes after office hours. His sense of humor *sometimes* survives the often intrusive press conferences that plague him on his journeys—at one, on being asked how much money he and his brothers had, he replied, with a captivating smile, "You might say that we have independent means"—but not always, notably in some of the nosier countries below the Rio Grande, where the rich are expected to be flashy and where newspaper sessions may run to such interrogations as "How much money is the Rockefeller Foundation planning to spend here next year?" and "Are you the richest man in the world?" "John is no good at languages, and translation protects him," an office travelling companion says. "But sometimes, when a really needling question gets through to him, there he is, standing up, and the talk is over."

Rockefeller has a strong sense of stewardship, which has been cited so often that the very word makes him wince. He has, however, used it himself. Several years ago, in a televised interview in San Francisco, he was asked whether there was a special obligation in being a Rockefeller. "Somehow," he said, after a tormented pause, "coming down from my grandfather, there was an atmosphere of stewardship, and a public responsibility in the use of it." He is a great fan of his grandfather, who died when his namesake was thirty-one. "I knew him well," he says. "A very wonderful person, with a sense of humor: he loved to tell jokes, starting out with something serious. He was warm, friendly, and accessible, and he never preached; we all had the highest feeling of esteem for him." An Eastman Johnson portrait of the serious joker hangs behind the desk of his grandson's office. It was painted when its subject was in his middle years, and visitors often ask who it is. "He lost his hair later," Rockefeller says after telling them.

Rockefeller's brothers were, naturally, also exposed to the atmosphere of stewardship, but it seems to have *taken* more with him—perhaps to some extent because he was the eldest and bore the burden of the Name. "He was brought up in this dynastic situation," a friend has said. "The business of primogeniture has taken its toll of him. His own conscience stands in the way of his warmth and generosity. His brothers freed themselves to be less inhibited." Another man has said, "John is a monarch without royal authority and without a court. He can be ex-

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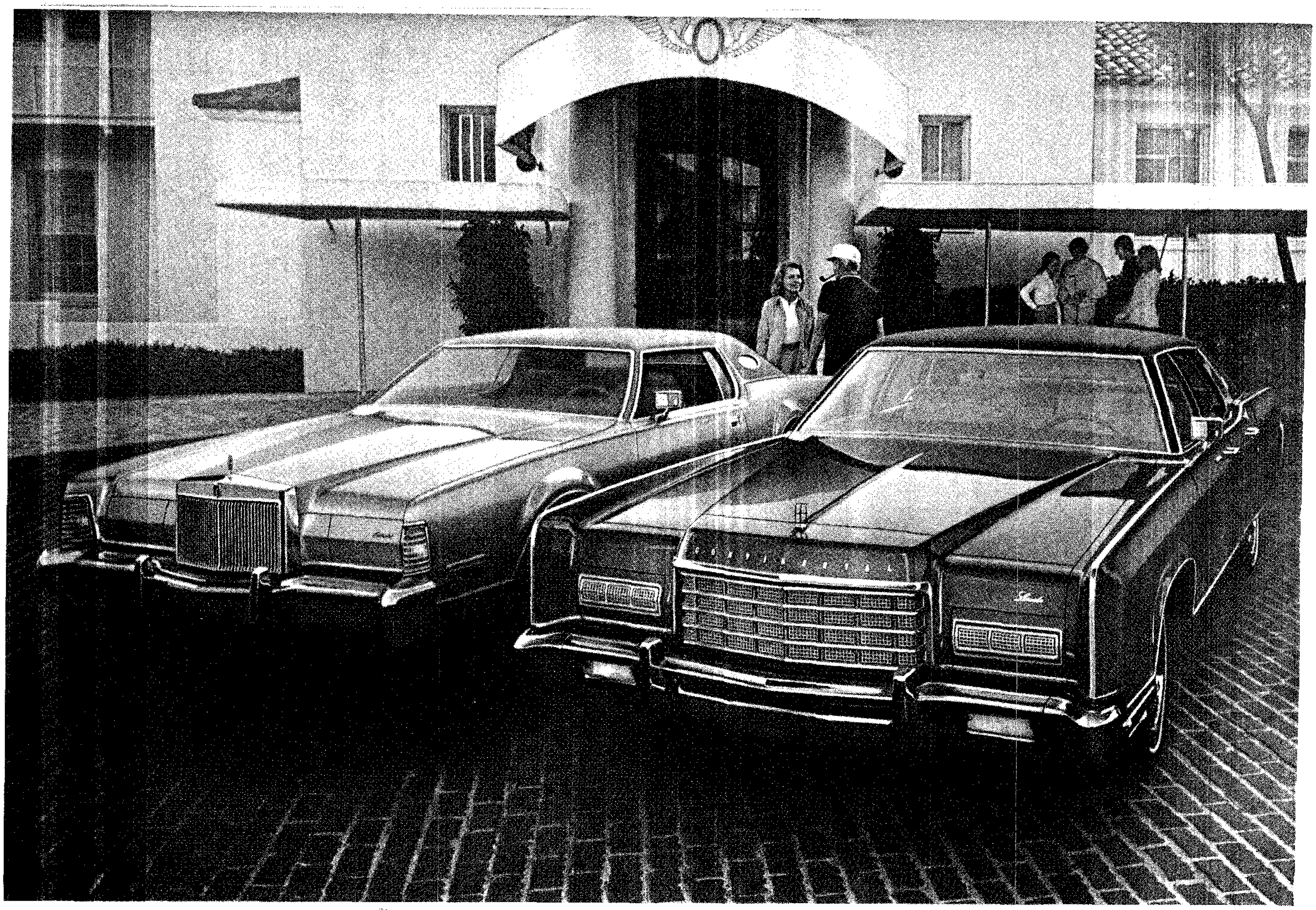

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tremely modest, but there is an ineradicable undercurrent of the monarch about him. You can challenge him, and he will eventually come back to wanting to hear you out, but in the eyes of a lot of the people who work for him he is too omnipotent for them to treat him as a human being. This is *sad.* It would have been better if he had been challenged when he was younger. His instincts are generous, but his outlook is imperial. He can't understand people with a few million dollars, or none." Still another acquaintance, a man with only three or four hundred thousand dollars, has said, "He's really a very warm person. He likes *touch,* which isn't Anglo-Saxon. You'll feel an arm around you and it's John."

The underprivileged monarch is more relaxed in the country than he is in the city. He has a place—Fieldwood Farm, full of Shaker furniture, just outside the family park at Pocantico Hills—where, "Mr. John" to the tenantry, he breeds Aberdeen Angus cattle and, weekends and summers, likes to ride, play golf, chop wood, and trim trees. "He works on the view of the Hudson to get it at its artistic best," one of his daughters has said, and the Hudson is also seen at its artistic best *in* the house, in paintings of the Hudson River School. Besides Asian art, Rockefeller collects American pictures of yesteryear; he is advised on these by Edgar P. Richardson, the retired director of the Winterthur Museum, in Delaware, and on the Oriental division by Sherman E. Lee, the director of the Cleveland Museum of Art. Mrs. Rockefeller, whose taste as a collector is for the contemporary, encourages her husband when he hesitates to buy something he wants because he feels the price is too high: "Get it, Johnny. It's *good.*" The Rockefellers also have a country place in North Haven, Maine—an unpretentious clapboard house on an inlet of Penobscot Bay—where he likes to sail, play golf, sit around the fire evenings reading Population Council reports and other literature bearing on the commonweal (he is a slow but conscientious reader), and argue with his part-time caretaker, a local lobster fisherman, about why the time hasn't come to have the house repainted. "I don't think he's stingy—he *likes* a little peeling," a daughter says. "He doesn't realize it when his pants are unpressed, or have a small rip." Rockefeller's suits are sober and bespoke, but he enjoys an occasional sartorial bargain. "I'm glad this meeting broke up early, because it gives me time to get to Bloomingdale's for a shirt sale," he once told a receptionist

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at Asia House as he left in midafternoon.

In Manhattan, the Rockefellers have a non-baronial duplex apartment on Beekman Place, which he leaves most mornings around eight-thirty to walk rapidly across town—or, in rainy weather, take the bus—to his Rockefeller Center office, where he, and the financial interests of the Rockefeller Brothers, their Sister, and their Children, occupy the biggest room in the world: "Room 5600," consisting of the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth floors of the RCA Building. According to J.D.R. apocrypha (which abound), he does not use the family limousine unless his wife is with him, but that is not true; he has a chauffeur, Richard, who sometimes ferries him around. He is, however, not entirely reconciled to this. A few years ago, when he was chairing a meeting of one of his boards, a banker trustee said, a little while before the session wound up, "I'd better leave now, while there is a chance of getting a cab."

"Doesn't the bank give you a limousine?" Rockefeller asked.

"Not our bank," the banker said.

"I *like* that," said the chairman, leaning forward in pleasure.

He puts in a full working day, getting home between six and seven. "John is pretty unhappy when a holiday comes along," an associate has said. Recently, asked whether he always got to the office at nine, Rockefeller, after thinking it over carefully, said, "Sometimes I stop off in the morning and go to the dentist first."

Rockefeller's fondness for the quiet life is nothing new. When he was fifteen and was at boarding school in New England, his mother wrote him a letter suggesting that he invite a certain girl to a dance during Christmas vacation. "I got your very discouraging letter on Monday," he replied, and went on:

> I can't say that I feel very enthusiastic about going to that dance. Mightn't we go to the country instead? It seems to be your one ambition to get me to go to dances. I suppose I *will* go if you want me to, but I don't remember the girl very well, and I do recall that she dances very poorly. Well, I will leave it up to you.

Rockefeller's mother was the former Abby Aldrich, daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and a descendant of Roger Williams. "Abby Aldrich was a proper Rhode Islander," a family friend has said. "She was a very religious woman, with a strong sense of rectitude. She was not overly impressed by her husband's wealth. There may be a kind of paral-

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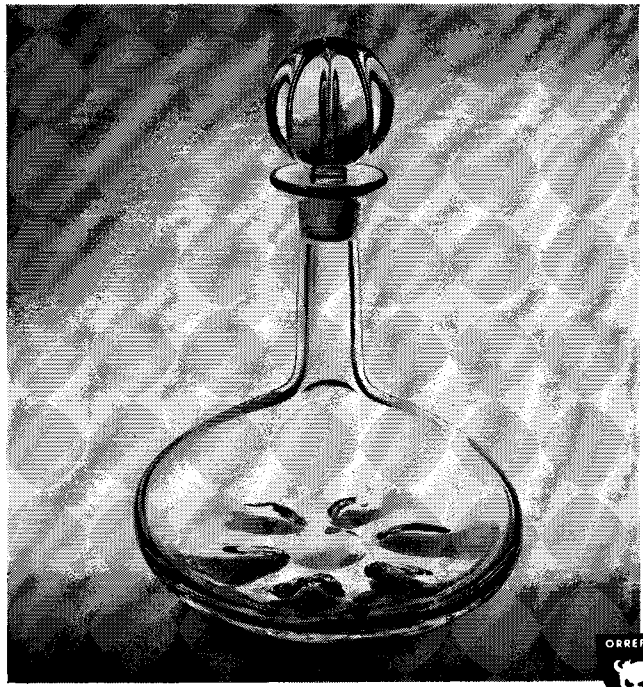

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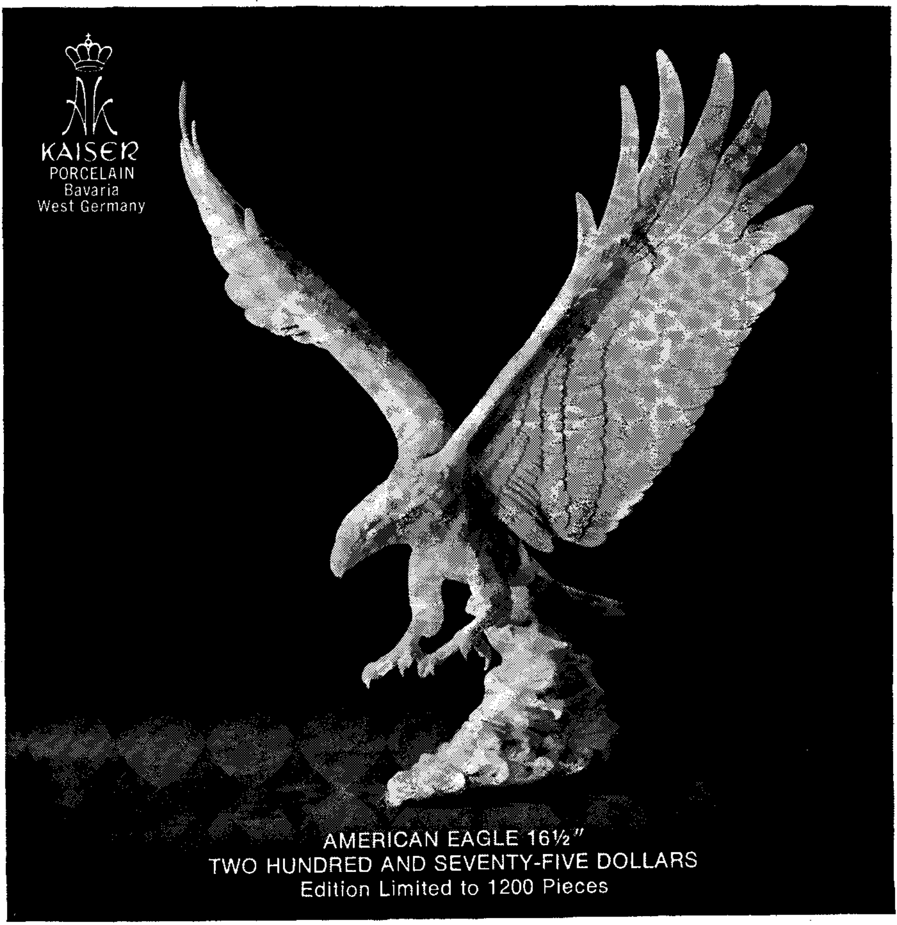

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lel between their collecting habits and those of John and Blanchette. John Junior collected Chinese porcelains, but his wife went her own way with modern art. [She was the leading cofounder of the Museum of Modern Art.] Blanchette collects contemporary art because she *likes* it; John's involvement with Asia was what got him started on collecting Asian art." Rockefeller's enthusiasm for Copleys and nineteenth-century American landscapes is also externally motivated. "We had a few very nice French Impressionist things, and then we began to collect the Asian things," Mrs. Rockefeller says. "Then, when our Asian friends began to visit us, Johnny got to thinking there wasn't a single American painting around for them to see. So he started in with the Hudson River School, reminiscent of his grandfather's day. We have several paintings that look as though they were painted from our porch."

THE future collector was a very shy, sensitive, and rather unaggressive boy. "He's more of an idealist than the other brothers," his wife said recently. "I think he was a very serious child. He suffered from being outstripped and outrun in adventure and naughtiness. As the oldest son, he got landed with the Name. His father had a tremendous influence on him. He has changed in the last five or eight years—he likes to be with people more than he used to—but he is still very much like his father, who just loved to work and didn't know how to play very well. It was quite a time before Johnny really got into gear. He is the one in the whole family who has held out for a simple, sensible kind of life. He has insisted that we do things the way other people do. He has never been part of the family airplane deal, for instance. They have a couple of planes [two private jets], but he travels on commercial airlines. ["I don't cover the same ground that my brothers do," Rockefeller says. "It makes more sense for me to fly commercial. I sometimes charter a plane. I did go to Brother Win's inauguration in a family plane, and I enjoyed it."] Our children always use the shuttle, like their friends. What the other brothers have done is natural; what Johnny has done is remarkable. His philosophy of life is based on doing things in a quiet, unostentatious way."

Mrs. Rockefeller paused. "Once when we were invited to dinner at the White House, we took a taxi there," she said, looking a little rueful. "It was a rainy night, and I was rather dressed

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We've divided our vocabulary into two sections in order to cover those words which describe taste sensations observed in the mouth and those observed in the nose.

WORDS OF MOUTH.

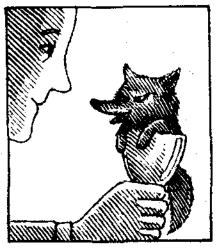
ACIDITY: The essential natural sourness which gives bite on the tongue. It is an important keeping quality and contributes to bouquet.

BALANCED: The best combination of physical components—fruit, alcohol, tannin, acid, and the less tangible grace elements of "breed," "character," and "finesse."

BIG: A wine strong of flavor and high in alcohol and acidity.

BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth, a tactile sense of substance that depends on the solids in solution and which distinguishes heavy from light wines.

CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine that shows unmistakable and distinctive features, possibly defying precise description.



Foxy wine.

DELICATE: A light and agreeable balance of flavor and quality.

DEPTH: Subtle richness giving a feeling of many flavor-layers.

DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.

EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil or terrain.

FINE: Superior overall quality and complexity.

FINISH: The "aftertaste," or the firm and distinctive flavor remaining after swallowing a well-balanced wine.

FOXY: Describing the distinctive spicy tang of native American grapes.

FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.

LIGHT: Slender of body.

LUSCIOUS: All the balance qualities of softness, sweetness, fruitiness and ripeness.

MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.

NOBLE: Wine of consistent and continuing great quality and elegance.

NUTTY: A crisp, almost salty taste used to describe some heavy, dry white wines and Sherry.

RICH: A full, but not necessarily sweet, combination of fruit, flavor and body.

RIPE: Wine in its full bloom of maturity and mellowness.

ROBUST: Tough, full-bodied wine with much tannin that makes it appear immature, though it may develop in time.

VELVETY: An expression of soft, silky smoothness, implying complexity and quality.

VIGOROUS: A lively, healthy, winey sense of taste descriptive of developing young wines.

WORDS OF NOSE.

ACIDITY: Present and natural in all grapes and wines. Proper acidity in a young wine gives it liveliness and a pleasant mouthwatering quality.

AROMA: The perfume of the grape, in contrast to "bouquet" which is the smell of the wine itself.

BOUQUET: The smell of wine, being characteristic odors developed by oxidation of fruit acids and alcohol.

Bouquet.

CLEAN: The absence of foreign or unpleasant smells.

DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.

FLINTY: The smell of struck flint, typical of certain austere dry wines from high mineral soil.

FRAGRANT: Attractively and naturally scented.

FRUITY: A pleasantly ripe but not necessarily grapy smell.

GRAPY: A rich, sweet aroma produced by certain grape varieties.

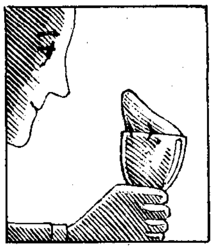
NOSE: The combined bouquet and aroma of a wine.

PERFUME: A quality of bouquet developed in the maturing process, as opposed to aroma.

SPICY: Rich and herb-like.

STALKY: A descriptive smell of damp twigs.

WOODY: A particular smell derived from aging in oak casks.



The nose of wine.

WINE LANGUAGE, SELF TAUGHT.

Of course, the best way to learn the language of wine is not from a book or a list of words like this, but rather from the wine you drink.

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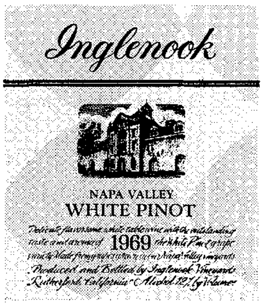

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up, but it never occurred to Johnny to arrange for a limousine."

Rockefeller, who suffered from sinus trouble as a child, went to the Browning School (his brothers all attended the more progressive Lincoln School); the Loomis School, in Windsor, Connecticut, where he played on the tennis team and was business manager of *Loomiscellany*, the yearbook; and Princeton, where he sold advertising for the *Daily Princetonian* and was on its business board. He was vice-president of the undergraduate Y.M.C.A., and taught English, in a settlement house, to immigrants in the town. He majored in economics, and also took art. "I was surrounded by art at home, and the arts were strong at Princeton in my day, but I did nothing more about art until my wife and I started to travel in the Far East in 1951, when I began to collect," he has said. Although his savvy classmates voted him "Most Likely to Succeed," he was not widely known on the campus. "I was not an A student, so work came hard and I was not as—what's the word?—gregarious as I might have been," he has said. "Our family expected us to do creditably, and I was conscientious." One Princeton anecdote has survived, its *mise en scène* a local restaurant whose proprietor was in the habit of cashing checks for undergraduates. Handed one by a waiter made out for a modest amount and signed "John D. Rockefeller 3rd," he rejected it. "I've cashed checks for Alexander Hall [the name of a campus lecture hall], but I'll be God-damned if I cash one for John D. Rockefeller 3rd," he said. Rockefeller says of the story, "I've heard that one so many times that I can't vouch that it didn't happen, but I don't think so."

The Ivy Lee-managed transformation of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., from a corporate octopus to a genial dispenser of dimes (and millions) was well along in the late nineteen-twenties, when his grandson was at college, and the pleasures and pains of being a Rockefeller were borne in on the young man at the time. "It was, and is, a tremendous asset, and sometimes a liability," he recently said in answer to a question. "There are some advantages, and some situations where one is a little less comfortable—when it might be easier to be an ordinary citizen. When you travel, for example, it might be better to be an ordinary tourist. You are in the spotlight all the time, but you get used to it. And there are some real advantages." His interrogator asked him what these were, and he weighed the matter carefully. "When you meet

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somebody," he said, "they seem to know about the family, and the reaction is often favorable."

Rockefeller had a fling at being an ordinary tourist the summer of his sophomore year, when he and Nelson bicycled through France, but his exposure to international affairs began the following summer, when he worked as an assistant in the information section of the League of Nations, in Geneva. ("Terrific exposure for a young fella—I began to get a glimpse of the world and its problems.") This glimpse was succeeded by a fuller view the next summer—1929—when he took a four-month trip around the world as secretary to James G. McDonald, board chairman of the Foreign Policy Association. The Asian part of this voyage—Korea, Manchuria, China, Japan—made a strong impression on the secretary. In Kyoto, he attended a conference on the American Institute of Pacific Relations, an organization, now defunct, devoted to research on the Far East, whose chief angel was the Rockefeller Foundation. "Wherever we went, we met topside people," Rockefeller says. "These focussed my interest on the international area."

In December, 1929, he joined his father's office, then at 26 Broadway. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had, titularly, taken over the senior Rockefeller's business interests in 1911, when the latter was seventy-two, but Junior's concern with the oil business was pretty much limited to being a stockholder. He derived greater pleasure, or satisfaction, from such family good works as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (now Rockefeller University), which his father had founded in 1901; the General Education Board, which his father had founded in 1902; the Rockefeller Foundation; the Riverside Church in New York and its Riverside Drive neighbor, International House; the Union Church of Pocantico Hills; Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., which he set up to restore that city to its eighteenth-century appearance; and, farther afield, the China Medical Board, whose Peiping Union Medical College had been established with thirty million dollars from Junior. "When my father got out of college, he went along with *his* father on the philanthropies," J.D.R. 3rd says. "I was expected to follow the same pattern." His father put him on fifteen of his boards, but, for a time at least, his role on them was not commanding. He joined the Foundation board in 1931; most of the trustees were very much his senior. He be-

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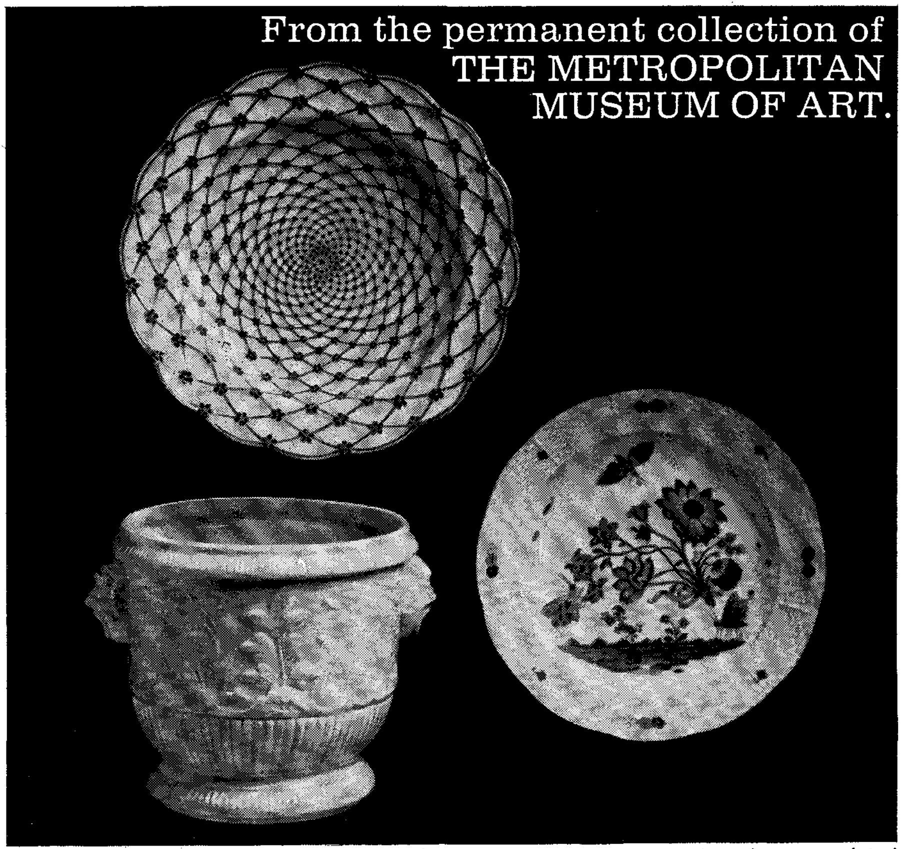

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came its head man in 1952. "John was a diffident chairman," Dr. J. George Harrar, a former president of the Foundation, says. "He didn't get on his horse and ride off in all directions. He came aboard reasonably gingerly. As chairman, however, he did participate more actively and vigorously in the composition of the board. He tended to liberalize it. He diversified it in terms of younger membership and minority representation." Rockefeller, one of whose choices as a minority-group trustee was Dr. Wharton, has long been bugged by social injustice. Twenty-one years ago, in the Joe McCarthy witch-hunting days, he established the Rockefeller Public Service Awards, given annually to "men and women whose careers in the Federal Government have been marked by sustained excellence in service to the Nation"—five ten-thousand-dollar tax-free presents. "I got stirred about the tragedy of a wonderful group of public servants who were being harassed and undercut," he says. "I wanted to stimulate their morale, give them some recognition and reward." The Awards, highly coveted in Washington, are administered by Princeton; the winners are greeted at a lunch at the Shoreham Hotel, which Rockefeller usually attends. "The Public Service Awards gave John a damn good entrée into the District of Columbia," a former associate, who set them up, says. "No one knew him from a baseball bat. He developed quite a following among the senior public servants." In 1967, the Awardees gave a dinner for the Awarder, at which President Robert Goheen of Princeton presented *him* with an Award certificate. "I told him something was missing," Rockefeller said, "and he said the award was honorary." Yet an old friend has said, "Up to the Second World War, John had not done much of anything. He was just sitting around in his family's office. The best thing that happened to him was Blanchette. [In 1932, John married Blanchette Ferry Hooker, a daughter of the founder of the Hooker Chemical Company.] And that he was born, of course. Blanchette is a very thoughtful, warm, friendly woman; I *think* she was always pushing him to strike out and do something on his own."

Rockefeller's office-sitting was cut short by Pearl Harbor. He joined the Navy as a lieutenant, worked in Washington in its military-government section and, as a lieutenant commander, in its civil-affairs branch, which was concerned with problems in liberated areas and with the establishment of

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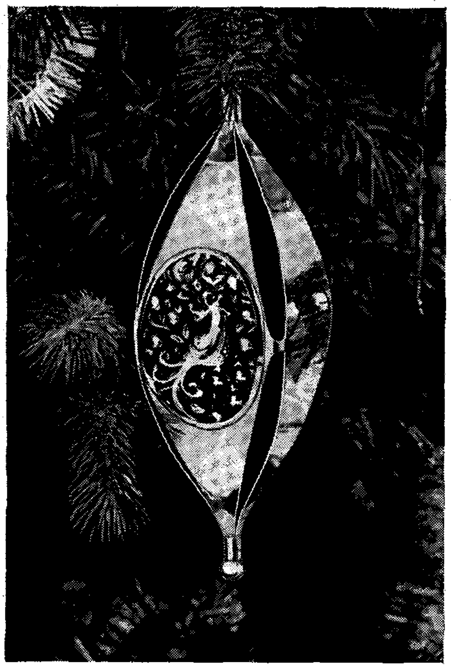

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military government in Japan after the surrender. "John's four years in the service pushed him out into the world," a fellow-officer says. "He learned a lot about how you get things done. He gained confidence. He'd been pretty isolated, sitting up in that fifty-sixth-floor cocoon." (The Rockefeller offices moved to Rockefeller Center in 1932.) Postwar, Rockefeller began to move away from his father's local interests—to Asia. In 1949, he resigned from the boards of the Riverside Church, International House, and the Rockefeller Institute (whose chairmanship he turned over to David), and that year, when the People's Republic of China was proclaimed in Peking, he was one of a panel called to the State Department for a three-day discussion of United States policy toward the new government. In a recent article in *Ramparts* called "The Making of America's China Policy," he is quoted as having said then:

> On U.S. trade with China, my own reaction is that it should be limited. It seems to me that the fastest way to contain Communism is to discredit it in the eyes of the people of China. It seems to me if the economy worsens, that this will arouse opposition to it. . . . I appreciate that curtailing trade will be a source of propaganda for the Communists. . . . They will say we are starving the Chinese people by not continuing our trade, but it seems to me whatever position we take in China, the Chinese Communists will develop propaganda that will be against us, and certainly if by trading with China and the Chinese people generally, we do help conditions there, the Communists will be the last to give us any credit for it.

"No disinterested philanthropist this!" said *Ramparts*, and, jumping to a 1969 Ford Foundation-sponsored National Committee on U.S.-China Relations convocation at the New York Hilton, it again quoted Rockefeller, who had presided over its keynote session:

> For the past twenty years we have had no relationships with mainland China at all. During this time our thinking about that great country has been dominated by fear, so much so that in the recent past many regarded it as virtually treasonable to even raise the question of rethinking China policy. This sort of rigidity has no place in a democracy. . . . We must come to think openly in terms of reasoned and enlightened self-interest.

The policymaker's reaction to this article was mild; in twenty years, it seemed to him, a man was entitled to change his mind. In fact, in 1967, at an Asia Society dinner, he had remarked, "I am sure most of us share the same long-range aim: to welcome, someday, a peaceful China back into the

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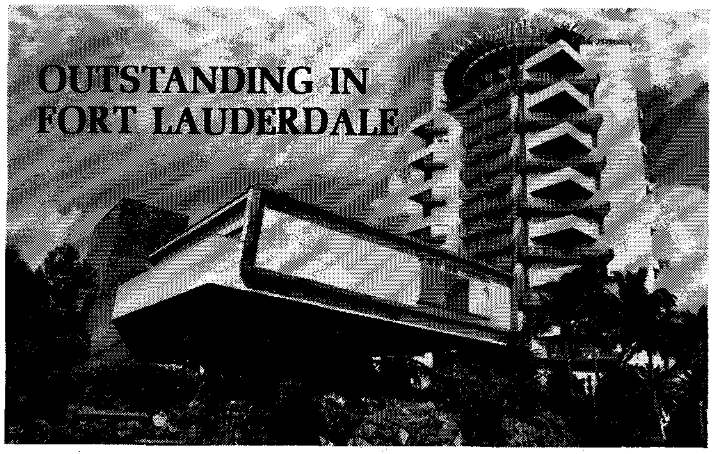

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community of nations, where it may perform its historic role of enriching the world with its wisdom, artistry, and industriousness."

Rockefeller took his first real step toward becoming Mr. Asia in January, 1951, when John Foster Dulles, then chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation, took him along to Japan. Dulles, as special representative of President Truman, with the rank of ambassador, was to negotiate the peace treaty. The Dulles Mission spent several weeks in Tokyo, and Rockefeller, who had the rank of consultant, was asked by the Ambassador to write a report on cultural relations between the victor and the vanquished. "The Dulles job was the beginning of my real interest in Asia," he says. "Mr. Dulles said to me, in effect, 'A peace treaty is only as meaningful as the relations between the two countries are good'—would I study these and make recommendations?" Assisted by the State Department, Rockefeller produced an eighty-page report—"John worked like a beaver on this," a friend says—that recommended a cultural "two-way street." The street was to be populated by Japanese teachers and scholars coming here and by American academicians going to Japan, and at either end of the thoroughfare there were to be Japanese-American cultural centers.

Rockefeller is not a common garden-variety consultant, and the State Department asked him to implement some of his suggestions. Accordingly, in the fall of 1951, accompanied by his wife and Donald H. McLean, Jr., a lawyer who was then his chief associate and is now president of the Lahey Clinic Foundation in Boston, he went back to Tokyo to lay the groundwork for a cultural center at that end. "Private American foundations might make grants to enable the [Japanese] Cultural Center to get started," he had written in his report, and shortly before his return trip he had sounded out the Ford Foundation, which shook its head. He then turned to the Rockefeller Foundation, which smiled a tentative smile. A Cultural Center Preparatory Committee was formed, and its application to the Rockefeller Foundation for five hundred thousand dollars was granted. The Japanese put up a substantial sum; a three-acre property was acquired and architects were hired; and in 1956 International House in Tokyo opened, with a carefully selected reference library on the culture of the Western world, a lecture hall and conference rooms, a dining room seating a hundred persons, and living quar-

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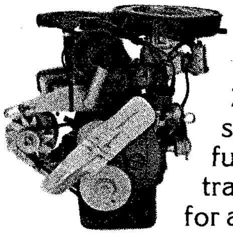

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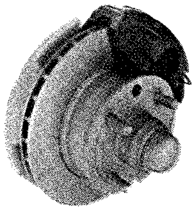

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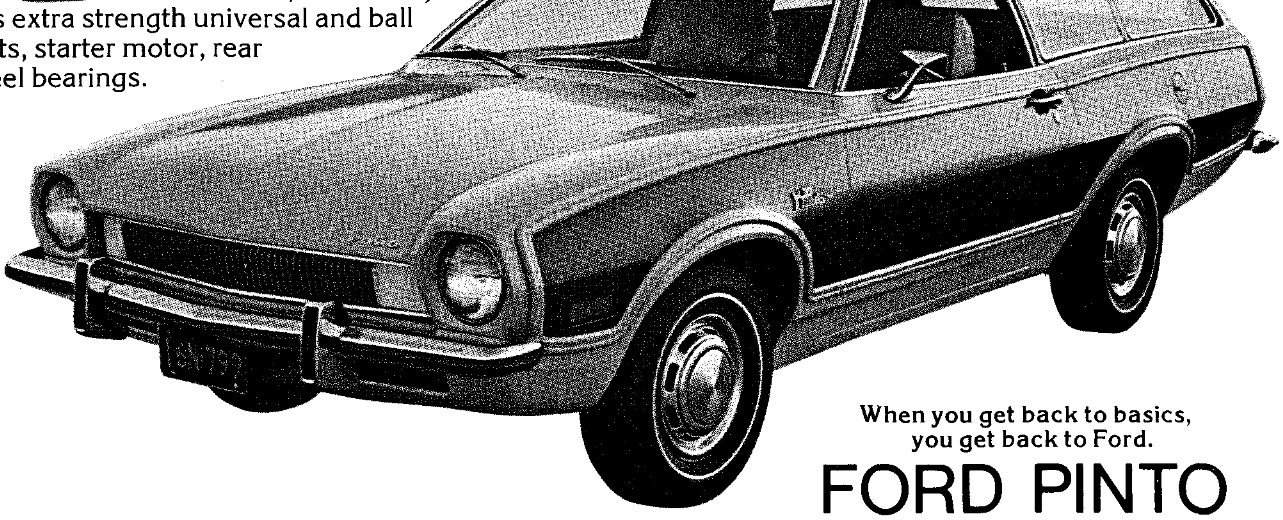

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At the American end of the two-way street, Rockefeller found it unnecessary to start from scratch. A Japanese-American center, the Japan Society, had been founded here in 1907 by Lindsay Russell, a lawyer who six years earlier had started the Pilgrims Society here and in London. The Japan Society, whose first office was on lower Broadway, acquired a collection of Japanese prints, which it lent for exhibition to galleries like Knoedler's; it published catalogues and books on Japanese art; it gave dinners and teas; it got out a monthly bulletin on business conditions in Japan. In 1913, it incorporated. The incorporators included Mr. Russell; Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press; John H. Finley, then president of the College of the City of New York and later editor-in-chief of the *Times;* and the bankers August Belmont, Jacob H. Schiff, Henry Clews, and Isaac N. Seligman. The Society suspended operations during the Second World War (its president, Henry W. Taft, the lawyer, resigned the day after Pearl Harbor), but by 1948 it had begun, falteringly, to revive. It had no president (its vice-president was Professor Harold G. Henderson, a Columbia authority on *haiku* and the Japanese language), and it began looking around for the right person to assume this post. Joseph C. Grew, Ambassador to Japan in the nineteen-thirties, was approached, but he declined, suggesting that someone less strongly identified with the old Japan would be better. This suggestion was followed up: Rockefeller was approached, and *he* suggested ringing Dulles in on the act. At a special meeting held in March, 1952, applications for membership from the two men were approved, and both were elected directors. Rockefeller attended his first meeting three weeks later; he was elected president and Dulles became chairman of the board. (Dulles resigned a few months later, when he was nominated for Secretary of State, and the chairmanship was left vacant for the next eighteen years.) Rockefeller was delighted to find himself at the helm of an organization that had a little money: during the nineteen-twenties the Society had raised an endowment of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which it invested in Japanese bonds; these had been frozen during the war by the Alien Property Custodian but freed in 1951. Things began to hum under the new president. He set up committees on art

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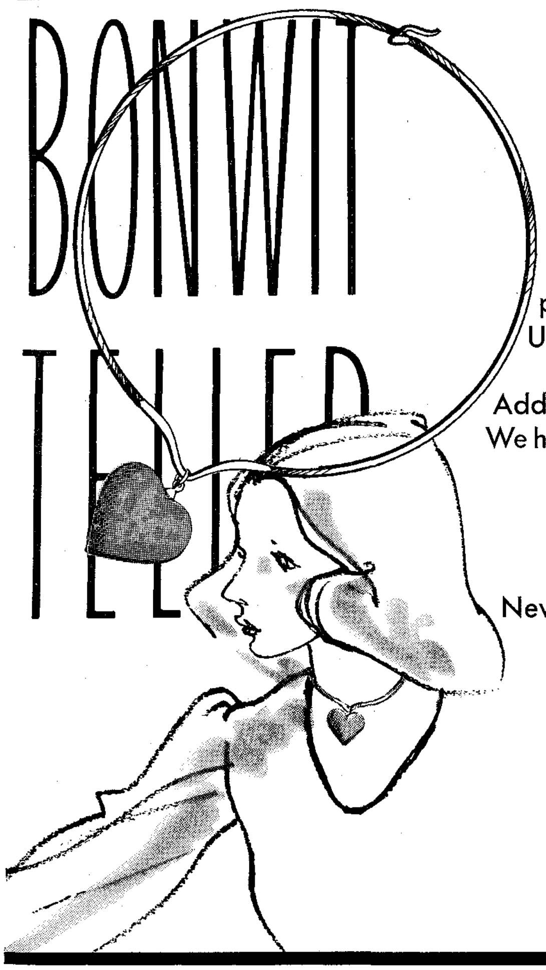

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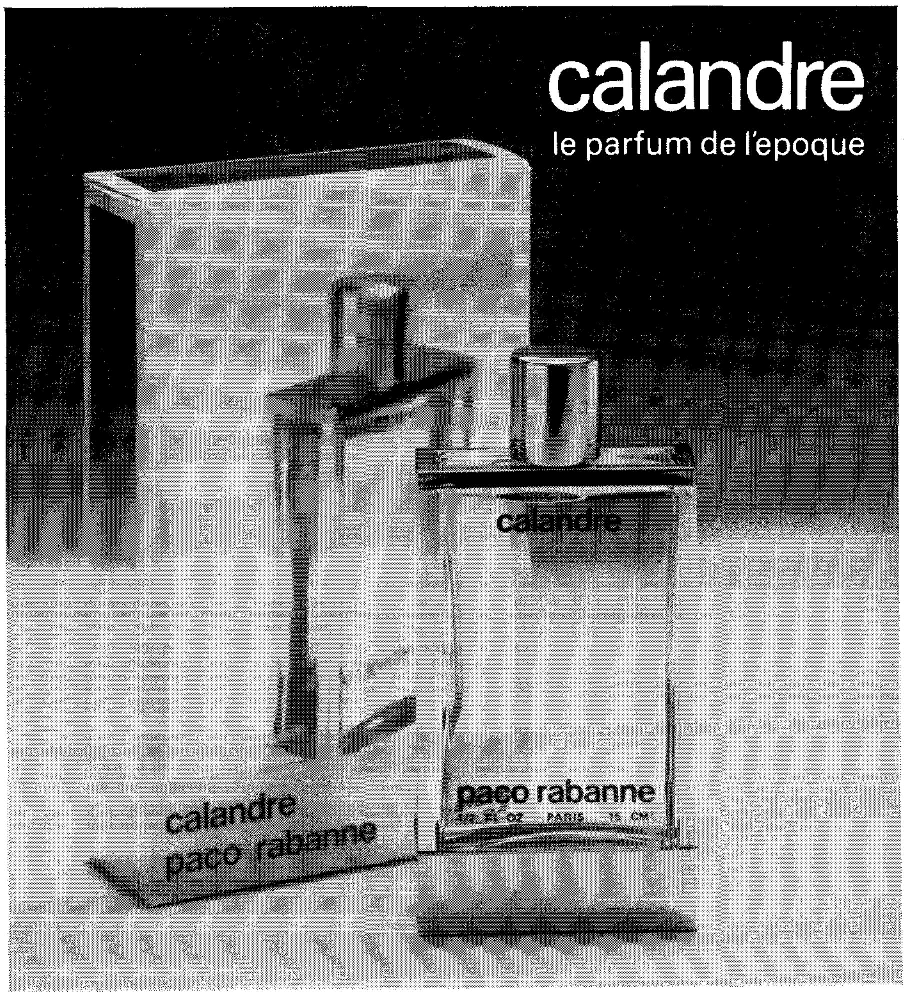

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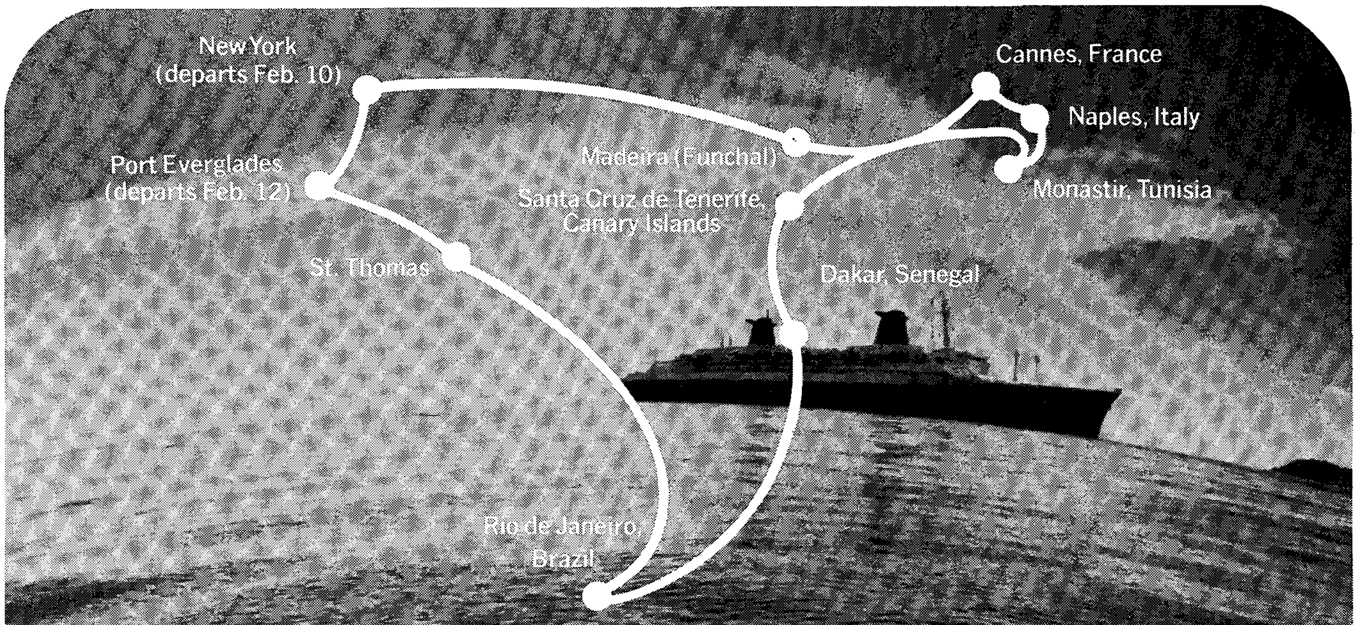
and literature, membership, finance, and hospitality; whereas in 1948 the suggestion that dinners and teas be resumed "was considered premature," a big dinner was now arranged at the Plaza in honor of the first postwar Japanese Ambassador. An office suite was rented in the Savoy-Plaza (the Society had been meeting in the offices of Mr. Paolino Gerli, a silk merchant); an executive director was hired (currently Mr. Rodney E. Armstrong, who has spent seven Foreign Service years in Japan); and the Society began to expand into the public-affairs field. Rockefeller continued as president until 1970, when he persuaded Mr. Isaac Shapiro, a partner in the law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, and a longtime Society member who was born in Japan and had served as secretary and executive vice-president, to succeed him; he thereupon became chairman. In 1968, Rockefeller, listed in the annual financial report simply as "a benefactor," provided the land—valued at $1,350,000—for the site of Japan House, the Society's present home: a four-story black concrete structure with an indoor pool and an outdoor garden, designed by the Japanese architect Junzo Yoshimura, on Hammarskjöld Plaza, near the United Nations. There the Society, in addition to making grants to visiting Japanese scholars, poets, painters, composers, and choreographers, mounts exhibits of Japanese screens, pottery, prints, paintings, and sculpture in its gallery; stages *nō* performances, dance recitals, and so on, in its two-hundred-and-seventy-nine-seat auditorium; and sponsors discussions on Japanese labor-management relations and such.

Rockefeller is a great one for getting people to invest in the Society—and, for that matter, in *all* his societies. Most of the Japan Society's annual five-hundred-thousand-dollar budget is supplied by some two hundred corporate members, of whom, or which, around a quarter are local Japanese firms. Corporate members (ranging from the American Manufacturers Hanover Trust, Caltex Petroleum, RCA, and Sperry Rand to the Japanese Asahi Chemical Industries, the Bank of Tokyo Trust, Toyota Motor Sales, and three Mitsui and three Mitsubishi companies) contribute a minimum of five hundred dollars a year, and usually a lot more. "J.D.R. is a gold-plated source of information on people's ability to give and the likelihood of their giving," Mr. Armstrong says. "He's incisive about raising money. At board meetings, when matters of policy come up he leans over backward to avoid



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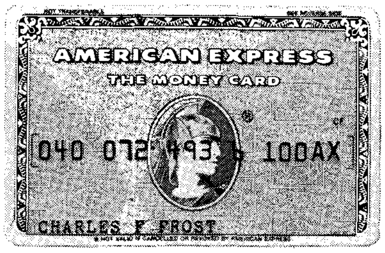
crushing the initiative of other directors, but on *money* he can be brilliant, decisive—absolutely hard rock. He runs down a list of major American business figures—the entire American Establishment—and comes up with a judgment as to what each can give. He regards his own money as a catalyst to draw money from others. He's a very good writer of fund-raising letters. He never writes a letter unless he's asking for five thousand dollars or more. If the target is less, someone else is put on the job."

Rockefeller's interest in Japan caused him to plunge deeper into Asia, and in 1956 he founded the Asia Society. Theoretically, the Japan Society and the Asia Society do not overlap, the latter being concerned with the rest of Asia. Actually, they *do* overlap, but the Asia Society, unlike its sister, has nothing to do with bilateral Japanese-American relations. Its home is Asia House, a seven-story, glass-façaded, Philip Johnson-designed building in the East Sixties—the gift, again, of "a benefactor"—where the goings on tell cultural things about Afghanistan, Bangladesh, Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, China, India, Indonesia, Korea, Malaysia, Laos, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, and Thailand. Fewer corporate members than in the Japan Society—the business stake being what it is—but more individual members, including (in the thousand-dollar-a-year-or-more Sustaining Member class) Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller and Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd and (in the five-hundred-dollar-a-year Sponsor echelon) Governor and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller. (Ahem.) Asia Society members sometimes get three separate pieces of Society mail on the same day. They are invited to a veritable cornucopia of ethnic delectations—concerts featuring the sitar, the tabla, the sarod, the mridangam, and the 'ud; seminars on "Mainland China in the 1970s" and lectures on "Indian Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum;" panel discussions on the Peace Corps in South Korea; loan exhibitions of "Ancient Indonesian Art of the Central and Eastern Javanese Periods," flown in from Djakarta; documentary movies of Hindu rites; and Ceylonese-cooking demonstrations. They also get a free subscription to *Asia*, a quarterly whose contents are "about equally divided between the fields of public affairs and the humanities."

John Canaday, the art critic of the *Times*, has given the Asia House Gallery high marks for its shows, but not *all* its ventures have met with journalistic acclaim. "Asia Society resurrected



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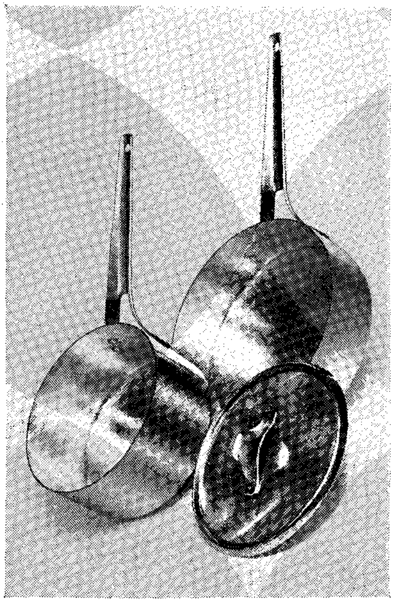

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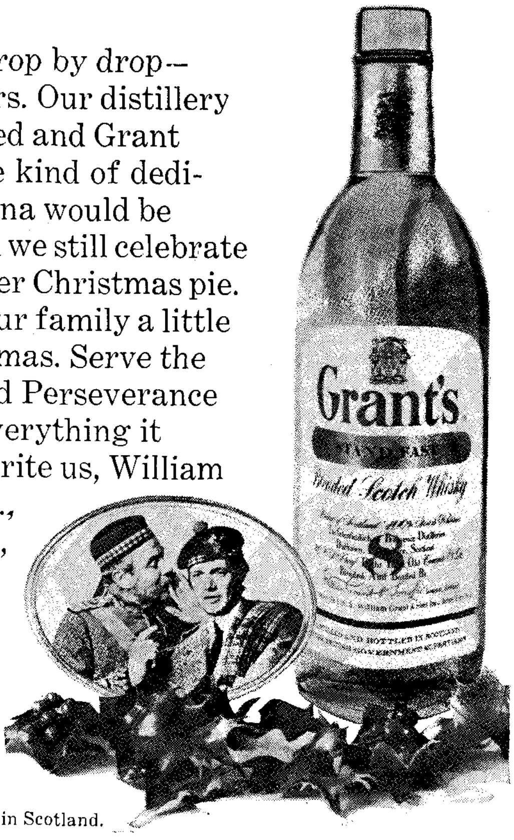

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its Performing Arts Program . . . at Tully Hall with something called 'Edo Festival Music and Pantomime,' " Mr. Faubion Bowers, a writer on Far Eastern culture, wrote in the *Village Voice* in 1971, after sitting through the first half of this attraction, and he went on:

> The audience was large, many black ties, and the worthy patrons, members, and officers of Rockefeller's Asia Society turned out in well-trinketed numbers. The publicity for this theatrical troupe had been enormous, and the claims exorbitant. . . . What we actually heard was better than what we saw. The hayashi music of spare flutes and sparse drums was first-rate, and I suspect the two flute players are among the finest in Japan. . . . But, visually, the evening was a hotchpotch of mythological stories, *nō* imitations, and Kabuki copycatting. The performers were not bad in an amateur way . . . but the odor of fraudulence inspissated the medley of styles.

No matter. To the student of John Rockefeller as an innovative philanthropist—to use an adjective that is much in vogue in humane circles—the Asia Society is of particular interest, because its finances afford a clear-cut example of a technique he has perfected. In line with this, the worthy patron, trinketed in Bloomingdale's best, puts up "seed money" *ab initio*, and then, by dint of bringing in other donors, begins to phase himself out. All in all, the Asia Society has to date cost its creator some six million dollars, but in terms of operating expenses his tab has followed a sharply diminishing pattern. Observe carefully: Between 1956 and 1960, he provided, out of his personal funds, $1,725,300 toward a budget of $2,631,700. Other Family sources—the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, individual relatives—contributed $258,600. The public came through with $647,400. Percentage score: J.D.R. sixty-seven per cent, everybody else thirty-three per cent. Between 1961 and 1965, the Founder gave $1,271,300; the Brothers et al. (now including also the 1963-founded JDR 3rd Fund) were billed for $428,700; and the public was tapped for $1,334,900. Score: J.D.R. forty-two per cent, everybody else fifty-eight per cent. Hold on. Between 1966 and 1970, the Founder gave $2,480,600, out of $6,438,500. Score: J.D.R. thirty-nine per cent, everybody else (including a new Rockefeller-nudged donor, the United States government) sixty-one per cent. Not as good a showing as one might expect for the phaser-out. What happened? Well, for one thing, Mr. Asia set up a one-million-dollar independent reserve fund during this period, and this slowed

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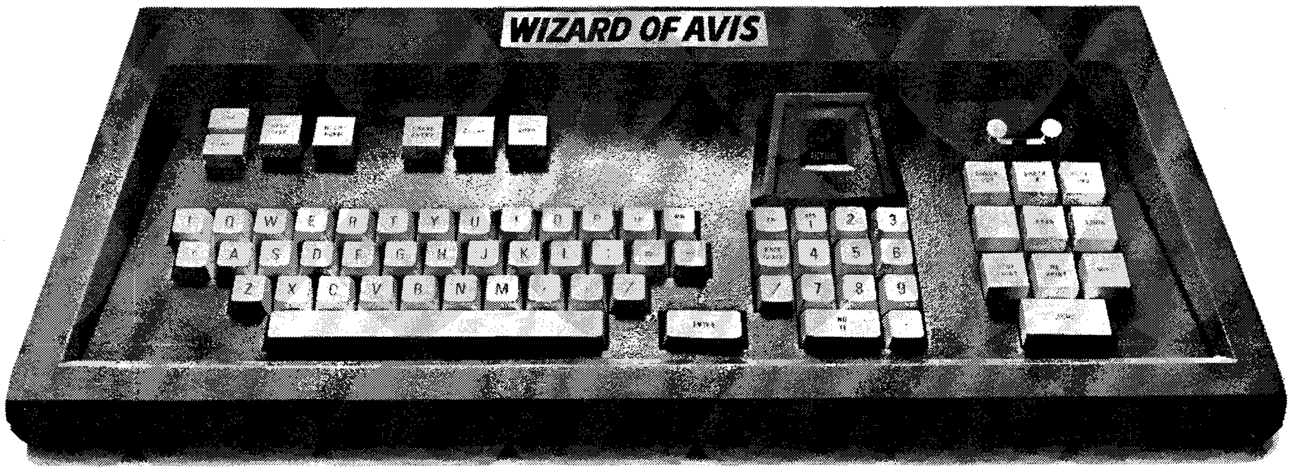

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up his slide. In fiscal 1971, Rockefeller made a giant move forward, or backward. He triumphantly slid down to $200,000, out of $1,701,000 contributed that year. Score: J.D.R. twelve per cent, everybody else eighty-eight per cent. And in fiscal 1972 the disappearing artist has dropped to ten per cent.

"No! He is *not* stingy!" Mr. Datus C. Smith, Jr., his senior associate and the vice-president of the JDR 3rd Fund, said the other day in answer to a horrid question. "His policy of phasing out on basic maintenance is a simple recognition of the fact that if everything depends on him and he conks out the project will go down the drain. It is *not* penny-pinching."

The early nineteen-fifties were busy years for the emerging Rockefeller. No sooner had he started to become Mr. Asia than he started to become Mr. Population. "One day in 1952, John said he was interested in population problems," Donald McLean, his chief associate of yesteryear, recalls. "I said, 'What the hell are population problems?' He said, 'Well, there's this guy at Princeton who knows about them; why don't you go down and see him?' So I went to see Frank Notestein, who was working in some population-research office as a professor of demography. He turned out to be a very nice fellow. Curiously, there was a fellow named Lewis Strauss [Lewis L. Strauss, a banker, who was then adviser to the Rockefeller family on finances] who was interested in the subject, too. We presently arranged a big, smashing population conference in Williamsburg. We wanted it to be respectable, so Strauss, who had been on the Atomic Energy Commission, got the National Academy of Sciences to sponsor it. Dr. Detlev Bronk, president of the Academy, presided, assisted by Notestein. A number of famous scientists attended, among them Karl Compton, the physicist. A resolution was passed to appoint a committee to set up a permanent council dealing with the broad subject of population. So John put together the Population Council. I think it's fair to say that he was fed up with his failure to get anything having to do with population control started through the Rockefeller Foundation. Birth control was much too hot for the Rockefeller family hierarchy. They really had John boxed in. Getting the Council off the ground took a lot of guts."

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He cuts your steak into bite-size morsels. (Why should *you* have to perform any labor?)

His knife begins a snappy, rhythmic attack on the onions. (We believe there's as much drama in a dancing onion as in a dancing chorus girl.)

He slams the pepper shaker against the grill. (It's not good for a chef to suppress his excitement.)

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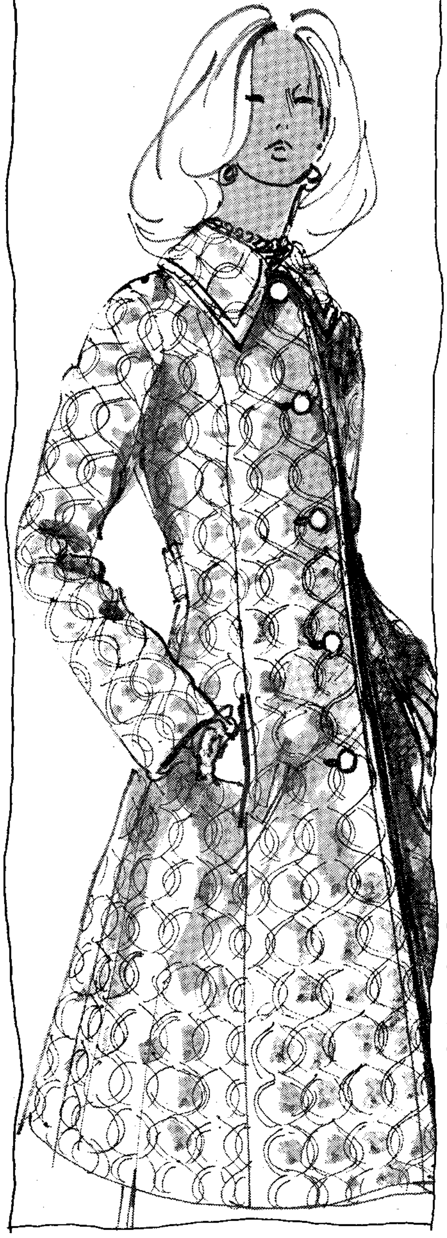

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cluding an International Committee for Contraception Research and a Technical Assistance Division that disseminates the results of this research among people in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. "We work with local officials in giving technical assistance," the chairman says. "When a country shows an interest, it invites us to set up a three-man commission—a demographer, a medical man, and a social scientist—to make a survey. That gets us in." Such invitations are generally preceded by a certain amount of high-level spadework on the part of the Council. It gives fellowships (nearly a million dollars' worth last year) to people all over the lot, with names like Mohamed Mehani, Mercedes Pedrero, Hyun Sang Moon, Trinidad S. Osteria, Jawalaksana Rachapaetayakom, Thassanee Nuchprayoon, and Wolfgang H. Holtz, for the study of things like "the mechanism of induction and control of corpus luteum in hypophysectomized monkeys" and "metabolic changes characterizing sperm maturation in the epididymis of rabbits and bulls." Pop also finances books and publishes five periodicals on family planning, and it makes grants for research on "the nature of sperm-agglutinins in human sera" and "the effect of prostaglandin and other hormones on uterine sarcoplasmic reticulum." A far cry from the Union Church of Pocantico Hills!

After two decades, has the Population Council been a success? "Efforts to change the behavior of literally millions of people on a day-to-day basis, against the weight of cultural tradition and personal desire, is enormously difficult—to put it mildly," Bernard Berelson, its president, wrote in the 1970 annual report. And in a recent interview he said, "I think the rapid introduction of such a substantial innovation as fertility control—getting that institutionalized in the Indias of the world—is a monumental undertaking. The work will have to take some *time*. Our grandchildren's world is going to have ten or fifteen billion people. I think something can be done to get the thin edge of the wedge into those curves. Anything you can do now is a help."

Pressed for details, Mr. Berelson said, "Taiwan and South Korea are the showplaces of this enterprise. South Korea has done quite well, Taiwan even more so. Thailand is coming along slowly. India is a lot of pluses and minuses. It's really sixteen countries, and some of them are doing quite well. It's a mixed bag. We had a major thing going in Pakistan, but we got out a year

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ago. We now have resident technical advisers in fifteen countries. I've been overseas with John. He's not the world's best public speaker, but he gives a great impression of sincerity."

Mr. Berelson paused as a cheerful thought struck him. "As a philanthropic operation, the Council can be considered a major success," he said. "It began very small, with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—all J.D.R.'s money. He gave a hundred per cent the first year and nearly fifty per cent the next few years. Now the rest of the world helps carry it; in 1972 he gave only three per cent. Most of the Council's money today comes from the Ford Foundation; the Scaife Foundation, in Pittsburgh; the Rockefeller Foundation; and the government."

How does Pop's pop feel about it? "I feel encouraged, in the sense that *it's now widely recognized that the* problem exists. Second, there is mounting concern. But, third, action is inadequate to the immensity of the problem. South Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore are the only places with really meaningful programs. But [sweet smile] I'm in no sense discouraged, because I think more and more other factors are coming into play."

No doubt about it, Rockefeller is rather easily encouraged. In 1966, he took it upon himself to draft a "Statement on Population by World Leaders," which stated, in part:

> As heads of government actively concerned with the population problem, we share these convictions:
>
> We believe that the population problem must be recognized as a principal element in long-range national planning if governments are to achieve their economic goals and fulfill the aspirations of their people . . . that the great majority of parents desire to have the knowledge and the means to plan their families . . . that lasting and meaningful peace will depend to a considerable measure upon how the challenge of population growth is met . . . that the objective of family planning is the enrichment of human life, not its restriction; that family planning, by assuring greater opportunity to each person, frees man to attain his individual dignity and reach his full potential.

Rockefeller circulated this statement to chiefs of government around the globe, and on Human Rights Day (December 11), 1967, after thirty of them had signed it, it was accepted as a "World Leaders Declaration of Population" by Secretary-General U Thant at a ceremony held at the United Nations. The declarers included the Presidents of Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Finland, South Korea, Pakistan, and the United States; the Prime Ministers of Barbados, Den-

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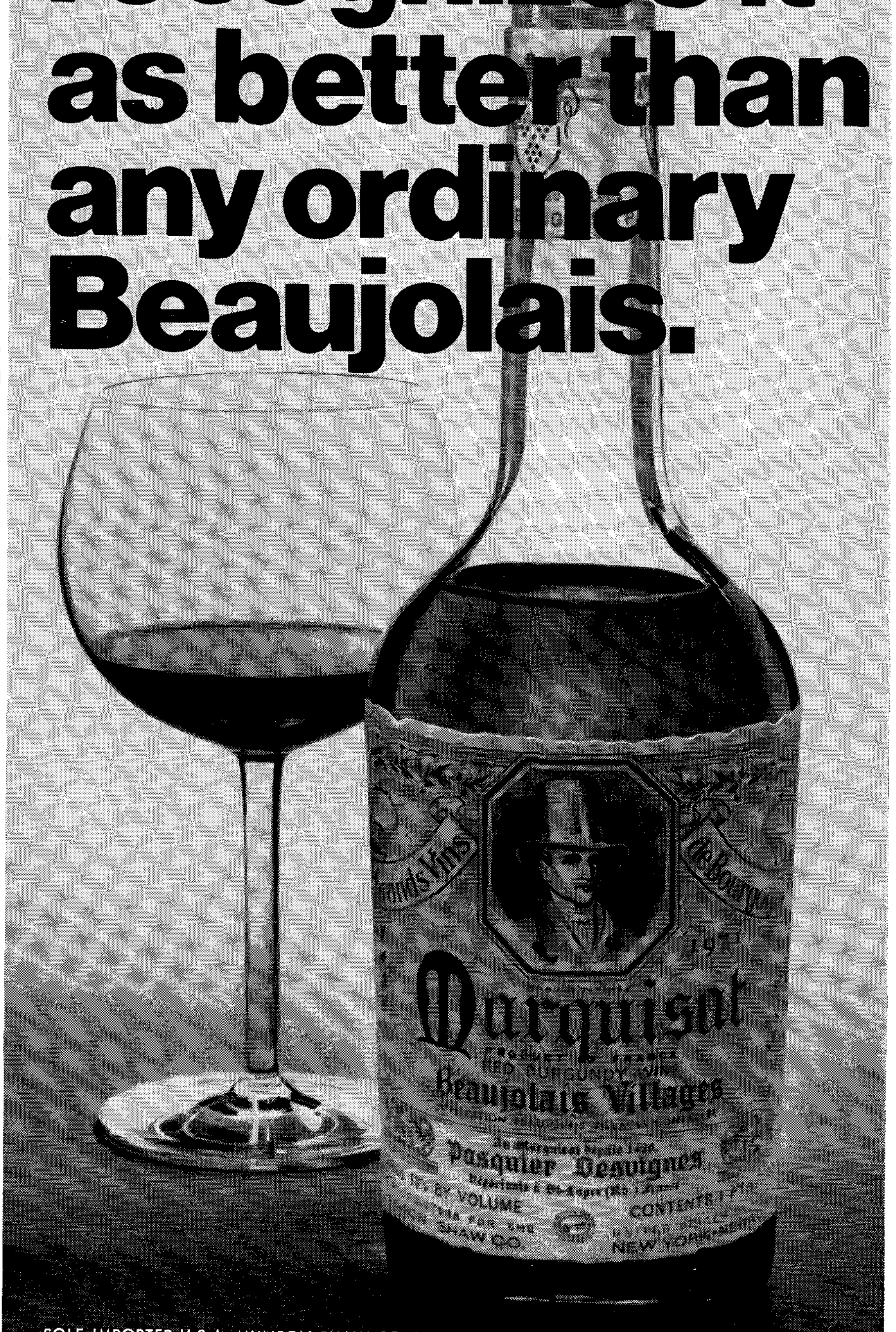

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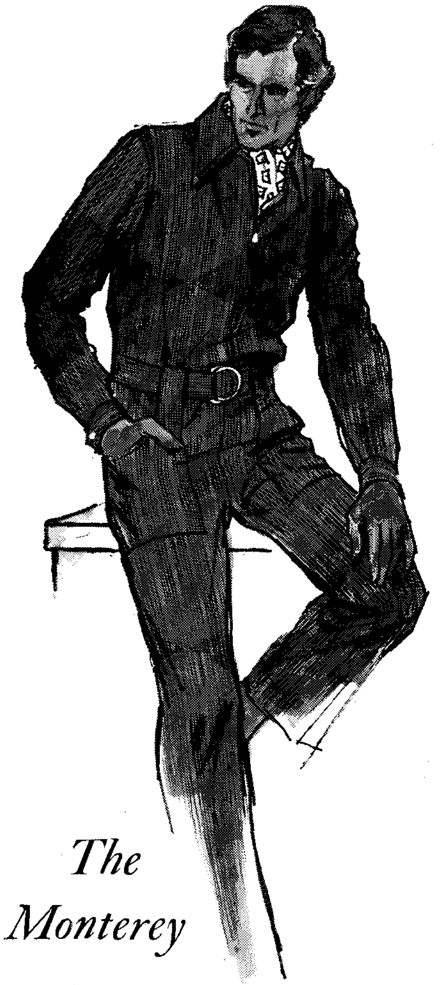

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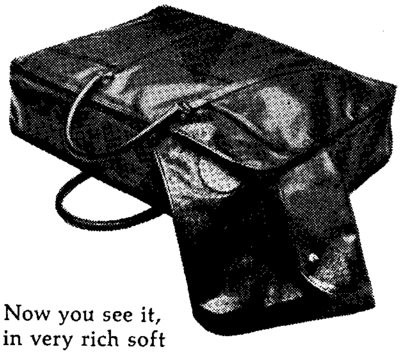
mark, India, Singapore, Sweden, and Trinidad and Tobago; the Emperor of Iran; and the Kings of Jordan, Morocco, and Nepal—some of whom were presently to take part in population measures not sponsored by the Population Council. Room 5600 had the Declaration tastefully printed up—signatures in light blue, and crimson initials heading its various sections—and added several photographs (one showing Rockefeller sitting in the General Assembly hall looking like a mother hen with earphones), and a blue-red-and-gold cover. "It was a feat for a private citizen to work up this statement and get Muslim and Catholic leaders together on it," an associate has said. "But John thinks that once you achieve a statement it's done. He may rely too much on the printed word. The implementation is often more difficult than the origination."

SO much for Pop. What about Lincoln Center, an enterprise that occupied most of Rockefeller's working hours—first as its president, then as its chairman—from its inception, in 1956, to its completion, in 1969? What a challenge to the historian! "My interests had been international, and I decided to do something for my home town," Rockefeller recalls. "Way back, seventeen years ago—in 1955—the Metropolitan Opera was looking for a new home. Robert Moses was doing this slum-clearance project in Lincoln Square, and the Philharmonic had been told that it would have to give up Carnegie Hall, and was beginning to talk with Moses. I was brought in as a citizen-at-large. Devereux Josephs and Bob Blum were other citizens-at-large. From the Opera board, there were Irving Olds, C. D. Jackson, and Chuck Spofford, and from the Philharmonic Arthur Houghton, David Keiser, and others. Somehow, I was asked to be chairman of the committee to make the study. We started with a limited objective—musical—but the more I got into it, the more I realized the problems that the other art institutions were having—the performing arts, that is—so we brought them in also."

Let us sidle away from the challenge. For Mr. Lincoln Center, thirteen years of planning and building; tortured, labyrinthine "consensus" conferences with the architects of the Center's buildings ("Talking with Rockefeller was something like trying to plumb a bottomless well," one of them has said); frustrations galore ("Daddy would come home night after night

The Case of the Disappearing Suitcase.



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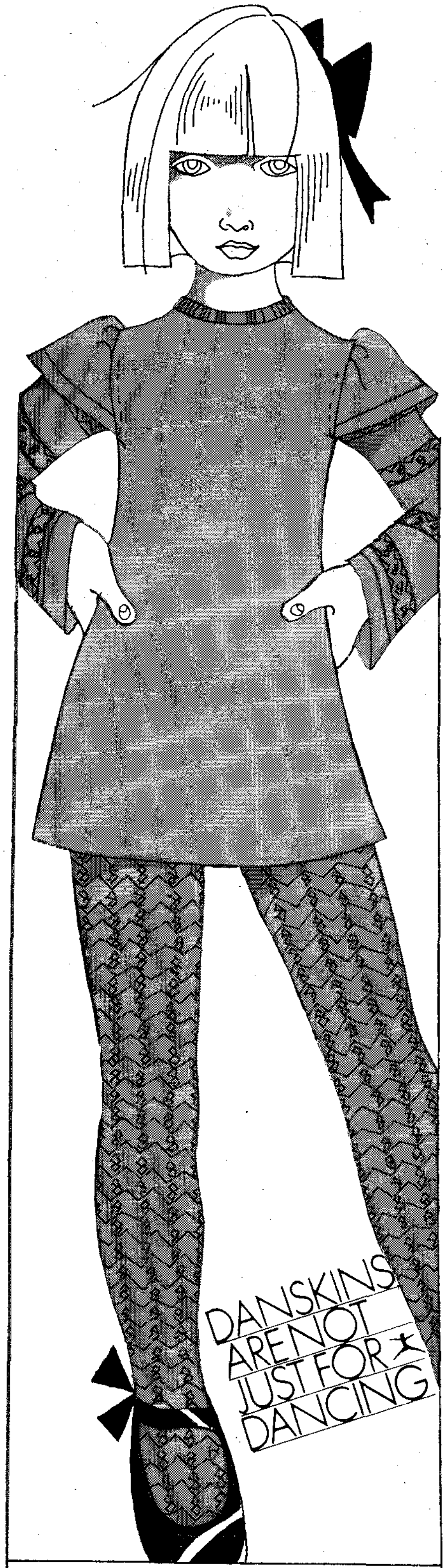
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talking incredulously about the *unions*"); set-tos with Commissioner Moses ("John was very tough to deal with. When some problems arose, he just wasn't there. He has a veneer of humility. I have never been able to figure out how deep it is. One inch?"); less taxing biweekly board-of-directors luncheon meetings at the Century Club; trips to Europe to inspect opera houses and concert halls; a capital-fund cost escalation from an originally projected $75,000,000 to a final $184,400,000; dogged correspondence and interviews with prospective donors (twenty-five million dollars from the Ford Foundation, in bites; three million dollars from Mrs. V. Beaumont Allen for the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, following a series of persuasive J.D.R. letters, one of them containing the immortal line "From our point of view it would add materially if you would allow us to use your name in relation to [the theatre]"); personal, stepping-into-the-breach gifts from the home-town benefactor, which culminated in a final, tape-breasting $1,250,000, but which were never publicly tallied in their entirety. However, a former Lincoln Center executive vice-president has put "the total J.D.R. contribution" at "slightly above one-quarter of what was raised," and since the Rockefeller Foundation gave fifteen million dollars, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave ten million dollars, a trust set up by Muriel McCormick Hubbard, a granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., gave nine million dollars, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund gave two and a half million dollars, it *looks* as though the citizen-at-large helped bail the Center out with around eleven million dollars, in bites. Alas for the doctrine of phasing out! Alas for hurty feelings along the way to mass culture! Today, when Rockefeller's name is mentioned some of the men most prominently connected with the building of Lincoln Center and the early operation of its units (many of whom were later phased out, sometimes via the axe)—men who made flowery speeches and wrote flowery articles when the project was under way—purse their lips and avert their gaze. Others are still able to smile. "There's something kind of miraculous about the fact that Lincoln Center exists," one has said. "I credit John's bullheadedness and tenacity. It was a very demanding, time-consuming, and, in my opinion, distinguished effort. If he hadn't been determined to include education in the concept of the Center, the Juilliard School and the

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Library and Museum of the Performing Arts might not be there today." Another has said, "The goddam monument is there. It's paid for."

ROCKEFELLER's stepping down from the helm of Lincoln Center and the Rockefeller Foundation at the age of sixty-five has contributed to a change in outlook that his associates have remarked and, perhaps, helped to further. "In the last couple of years, he has moved from institutions to ideas," one of them says. "He is speaking on more controversial things than he used to. The tone of his 1968 'Family of Man' speech was a portent of this—'Pillar of Establishment Makes Surprising Remarks.' " In this chat, Rockefeller had gone on to such conceivable surprises as

> Instead of worrying about how to suppress the youth revolution, we of the older generation should be worrying about how to sustain it. The student activists are in many ways the élite of our young people. They perform a service in shaking us out of our complacency. We badly need their ability and fervor in these troubled and difficult times.

Rockefeller's fervor for the youth revolution was institutionalized in 1970, when the JDR 3rd Fund, established in 1963 "to stimulate, encourage, promote, and support activities important to human welfare," set up a Task Force on Youth. According to the Fund's 1971 annual report,

> The Task Force has been especially active in aiding youth-establishment dialogues through helping to bring about two- or three-day meetings between leading businessmen and youth from the same community. . . . The intent is to give business and community leaders a better understanding of youth's diagnosis of society, and to give young people greater insight into the process of getting things done within the constraints of established institutions.

The director of the seven-man Task Force is Jerry J. Swift, a friendly, somewhat youthful ("Rockefeller liked me because I was young—I'm thirty-five") ex-Jesuit with bobbed orange hair and an eager expression, whose affectionate devotion to his employer is entirely devoid of awe. "I think he's sort of conscience-ridden," Swift says. "So earnest and moral and concerned and anguished. He never wants to be congratulated. He hasn't had any education—four years at Princeton!—but he has a most tenacious mind. I don't mean intellectual. We bring young people in to the office to talk to him. He's an almost savage interrogator; he may go on for three hours. Relentless questioner. Terrible memory. Never remembers names, facts, faces. We've

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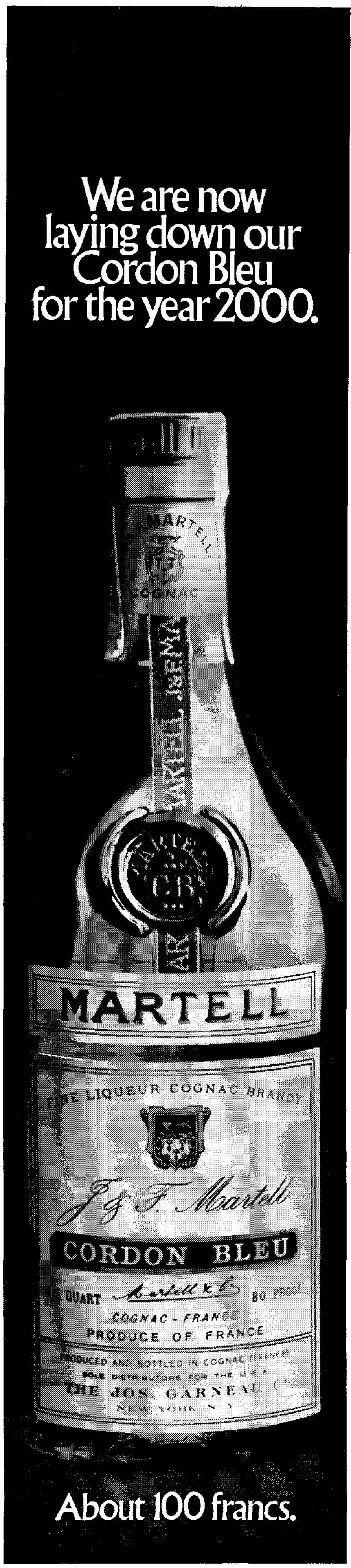

tried to get kids involved in elections—he made a twenty-five-thousand-dollar grant to hold a conference on voter registration. As a pilot project, we had a three-day dialogue session in Minneapolis; eight young people and eight local business leaders. J.D.R. went out for the prefatory blessing and luncheon. He disarmed the young people: 'I'm so happy you could come. The Establishment is really doing nothing; I hope you'll take some initiative.' In five minutes, he was their grandfather: 'That poor old man. How can we help?' He never attacks. He is entirely defenseless. I can imagine Nelson going over him like a steamroller. David sometimes puts him down. He's a real underdog, in a funny kind of way. He fusses with us all day long—'Have I done the right thing? Is *that* all right now?' I *think* he's still looking for an identity. He's in a cocoon. He can't call people up—he'd be asked for a million dollars twenty times a day. He has to rely on his staff. We're all involved in moving him along the spectrum a little bit, which is the way he wants it."

A couple of years ago, Rockefeller had a hard time disarming some young people in an episode that grew out of his preoccupation with the new élite. In the fall of 1970, he offered twenty-five thousand dollars to the students of Five Colleges, Inc., an experimental consortium of Smith, Mount Holyoke, Hampshire, Amherst, and the University of Massachusetts, to finance a two-year environmental-action program in the Connecticut River Valley which would be undertaken by them in conjunction with local businessmen. Some of the students suspected an Establishment plot, and some, according to the *Times*, "raised questions about Mr. Rockefeller's alleged complicity in the Vietnam war and in what they considered to be racist policies in South Africa." In December, Rockefeller went up to Hampshire to give a speech on "Youth and the Establishment: A Unique Opportunity." He was accompanied by his wife and by several members of the Task Force, among them Mr. Swift, Mr. Harr, and Mr. Ruder, of Ruder & Finn. The atmosphere at the college was tense. "We wanted to have some of the Task Force share that platform with J.D.R. and answer questions, but an hour before he went on the students said he'd have to go on alone," Mr. Harr says. "So he did. On our way to the amphitheatre, in a lobby, we encountered a radical bunch of University of Massachusetts students who were putting on a skit of the five

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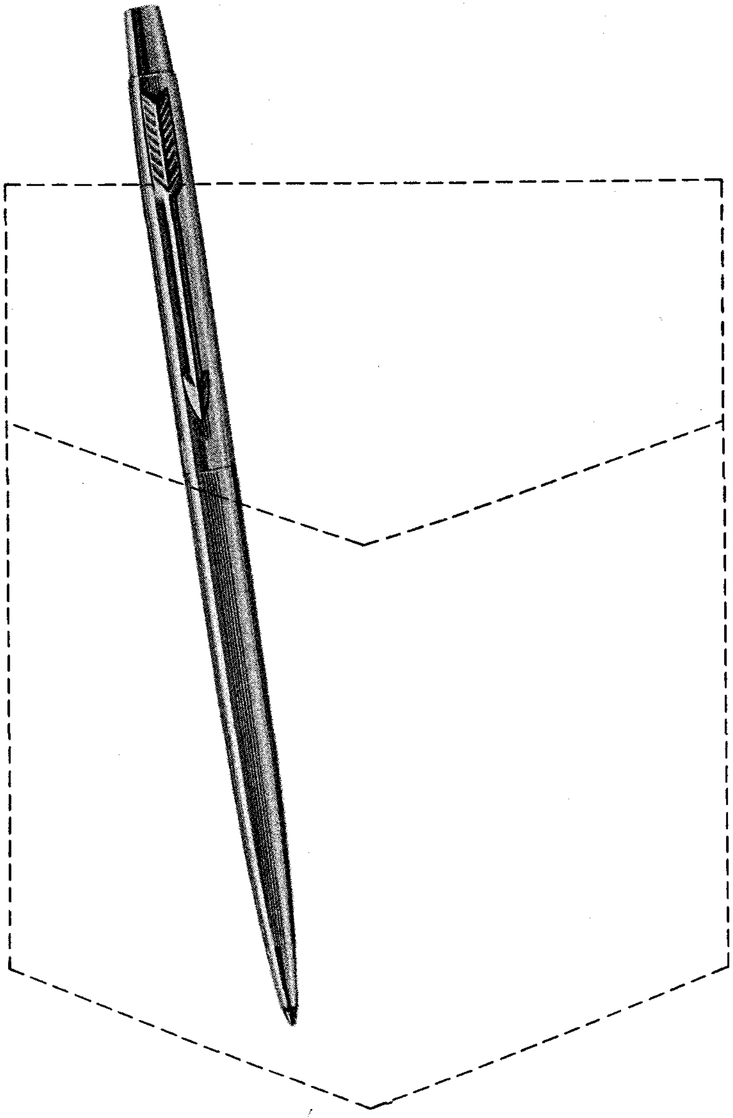

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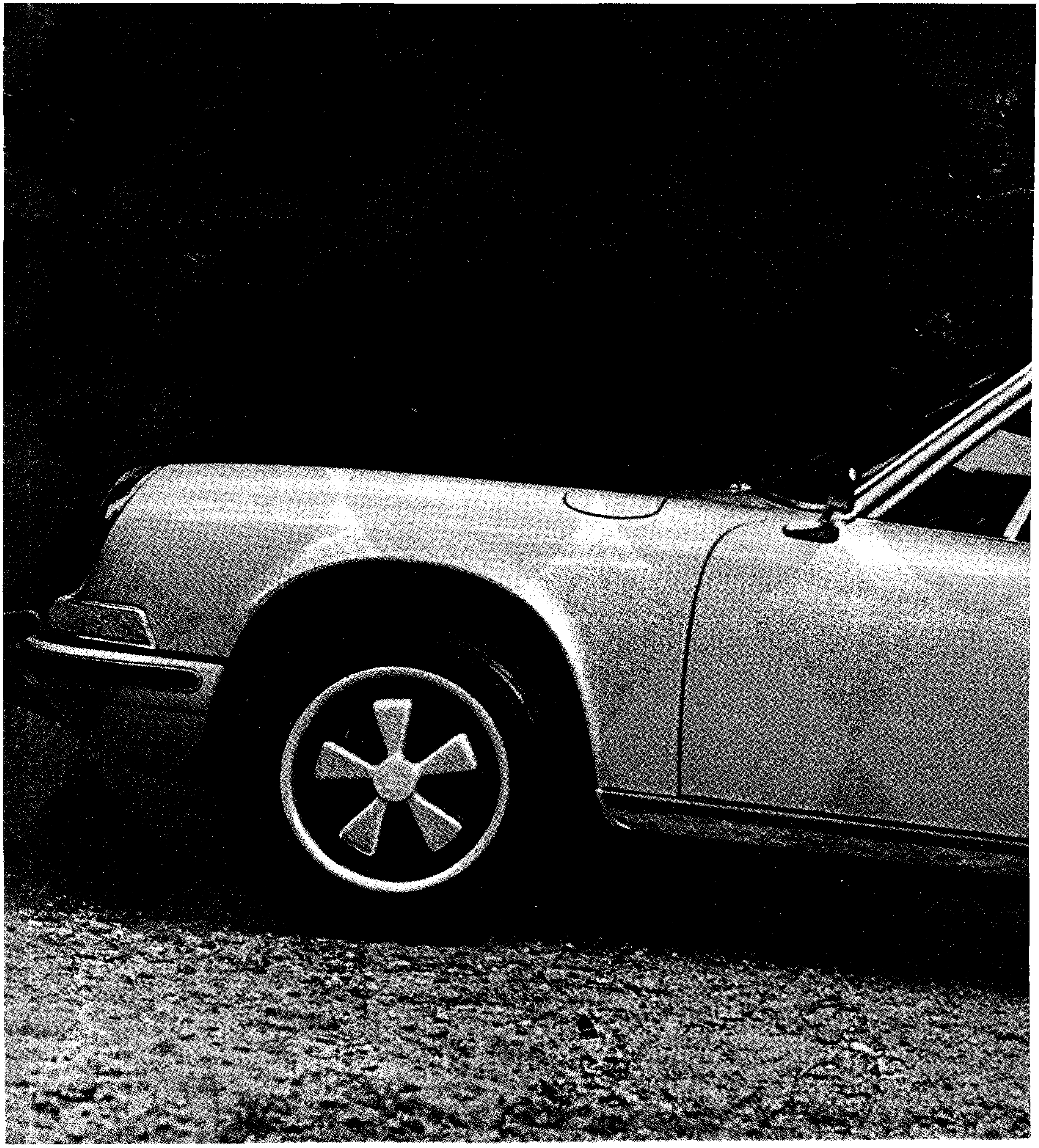

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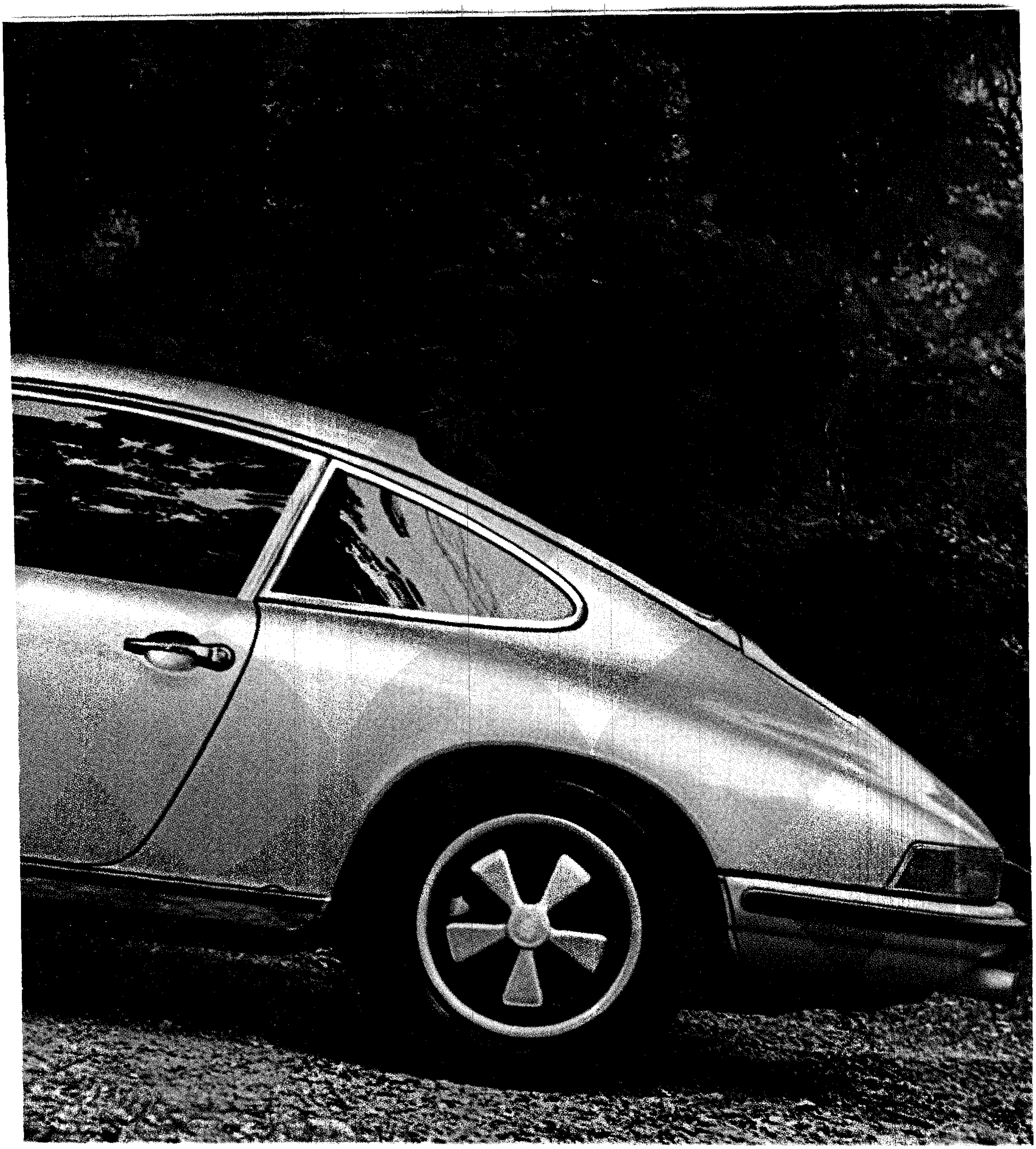

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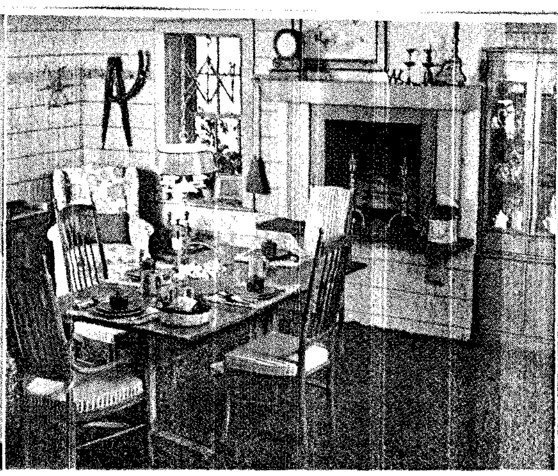

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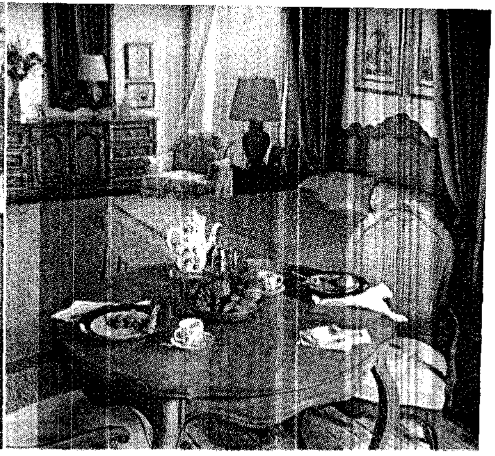

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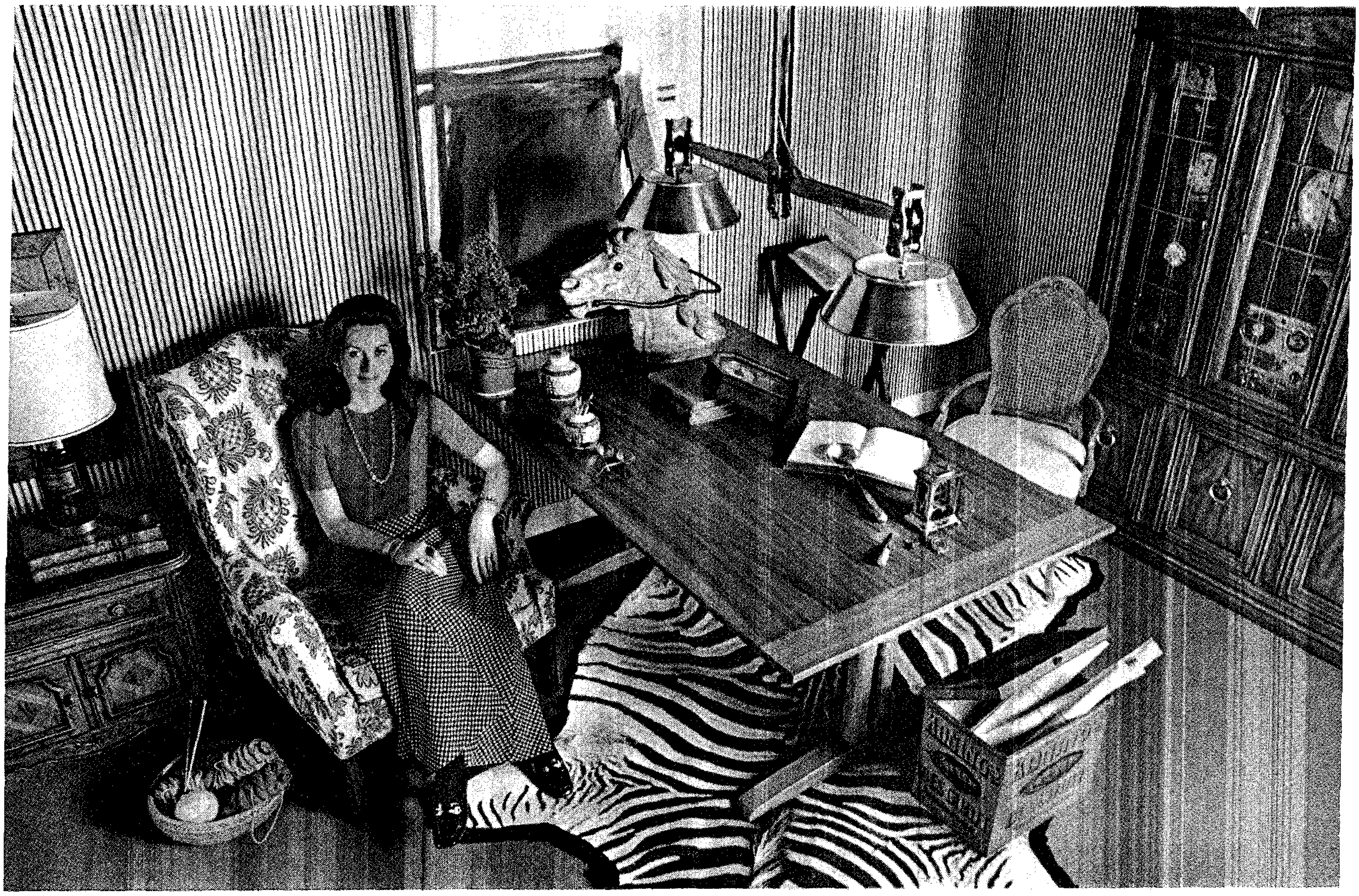

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Rockefeller brothers playing Monopoly with the world. They were wearing oil wells for hats, and David had just won South Africa. J.D.R. stopped to look. 'Why don't you give all your money away?' one of the actors said to him; he seemed kind of amused. Then we went on to the hall, and he made his speech. It was like a performance of 'Hair' except that the hair was in the audience. He got a standing ovation. Then there were questions. 'If you had been Krupp in Hitler Germany,' one of them ran, 'what would you have done?' He handled the questions with good humor. He acted well under fire. He kind of won his audience over. They liked him."

Mrs. Rockefeller's reaction was not as urbane as her husband's. "The skit was a guerrilla play, with wicked, cruel gibes," she says. "One boy was impersonating Johnny, making fun of his use of words. At the speech, the students sat very quietly and listened to him. During the question period, the president of the college withdrew from the platform and Johnny sat there alone. There were some pretty nasty questions. They didn't want any tainted Rockefeller money—what strings were attached? Johnny never got angry, never raised his voice, answered as if they meant him well. He completely took the wind out of their sails. *I* got *very* angry."

The *Times* also got very angry; it ran an editorial in which it referred to "a small group of destroyers," and asked "whether the young ingrates had taken leave of their senses." The Boston *Globe* proclaimed "J. D. Rockefeller 3d unruffled." *Time* said he acted "gamely;" *Newsweek* treated him to an "If there's an award to anyone as best sport of the year, how about John D. Rockefeller 3rd?"

The young ingrates accepted the tainted twenty-five thousand dollars a few weeks later, but the Connecticut River Valley project still hasn't accomplished much of anything.

Mr. Asia and Mr. Population are, or is, still going strong, but Mr. Activist Youth is in the ascendant. The JDR 3rd Fund has published a weighty treatise on "Youth and the Establishment" and one on "Youth's Agenda for the Seventies." A survey made for the Fund—over a thousand interviews on more than fifty campuses—has recently been printed in a two-hundred-and-forty-six-page Pocket Books paperback, "The Changing Values on Campus." This gets down to such brass tacks as "Phrases Which Best Describe Current Student Mood." These

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phrases, in descending order of applicability, are

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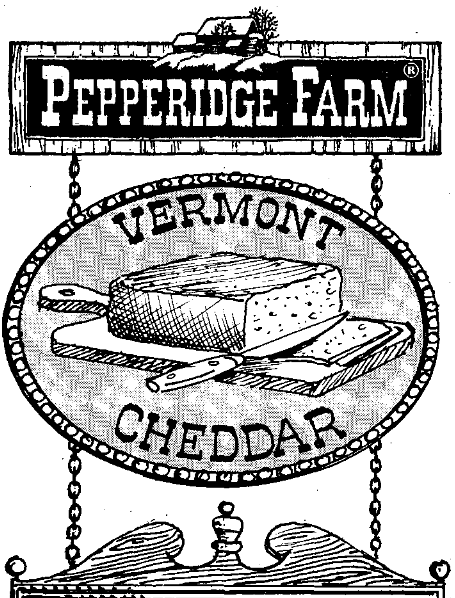
Worried
Skeptical
Encouraged
Involved
Frustrated
Satisfied
Stimulated
Serene
Weary
Disgusted
Discouraged
Quiet
Bored
Depressed
Apathetic
Cynical
Agitated
Withdrawn
Angry
Full of hate and violence
Not sure
None

The Current Rockefeller Mood may best be described as Happy, Involved, Optimistic about the future, and slightly Agitated. "A new John may be emerging" is the consensus of Room 5600. "In his latter sixties, he's becoming young. It's quite a wonderful evolution in a man to take on new interests at this stage of life. In a way, this may be his first youth." What triggered this? "Alida was the spark," a friend has said. "She came home from Stanford University two or three years ago in tears. 'Daddy, why do they hate us so?' she said. Some of her classmates, who she thought were her friends, had turned on her for being a Rockefeller. J.D.R. is a deeply concerned and affectionate father. Alida's experiences at college had a big influence on him."

If Alida was once Discouraged, Depressed, and Confused about the future, she is now Serene. "I went to Stanford because it was a large coeducational institution three thousand miles away from home in sunny California," she told a friend the other day. "I had a heavy exposure to radical ideology there. I worked with some friends on a small educational project with underprivileged kids in Palo Alto—art projects, camping trips, and so on. I was in this double bind. My friends and I respected each other as human beings, but they'd say, 'Could we trust you when it comes to the barricades?' They still couldn't see me as a person. I cried a lot in sophomore year. They seemed to know much more about my family and Standard Oil than I did. I came home very accusing of my parents, denouncing everything they stood for. My mother was almost in tears. I really



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didn't want to ask my father—I thought he wouldn't be objective. But I lunched with some of his associates. Since then, I've got some perspective. My father was really incredible. He was totally calm about it. He took the whole thing in his stride. In the end, I came around to respecting my parents even more. I knew they weren't really that cliché—what my friends in Stanford said they were—but I'd never tested them. I don't think Daddy would ever say anything he didn't believe. He's the most honest. I just feel his values are very pure. I still love Stanford. I feel grateful for my experience there. I was pretty sheltered till that time.

"I've always felt really honored that my father took my advice seriously when I was very young," Alida went on. "In 1962, he took me into his library and let me read a rough draft of his Lincoln Center inaugural speech. I must have been thirteen. I told him a couple of words that weren't very good, and he fixed them. It's been amazing to me to see him change, just within the last five or six years. He's more relaxed; he enjoys himself more. He has a radio upstairs in his dressing room that's usually tuned to a news station, but a few years ago, when I went in there and turned on the light, it was tuned to a rock-and-roll station. I thought it was great. I thought maybe there was some hope for him after all." —Geoffrey T. Hellman

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It drives the chambermaids almost crazy.

•

CHORUSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHORUSED

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

Sir,—I have every sympathy with Barry Norman's excellent piece (Guardian, August 14) on London's usurpation by tourists. Only the other morning I walked down these steps into an ambush of American Amazons.

"Say, what is that building you've just gotten out from?" they chorused. . . .

J. Clement Jones

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"PIPPIN," at the Imperial, is simultaneously a great show and a poor musical, and the gifted inventors of this paradox are quickly named. They are Bob Fosse, the director and choreographer; Tony Walton, who designed the sets; Patricia Zipprodt, who designed the costumes; and Jules Fisher, who designed the lighting. Among them, they have succeeded in outwitting the skimpy book, which is by Roger O. Hirson, and the competent but not very interesting music and lyrics, by Stephen Schwartz. From first to last, in a long evening that can afford no time for an intermission, Fosse and his colleagues fling one marvellous theatrical coup after another into our astonished faces; the intention is to stun us with delight and thus prevent us from taking thought, and the intention is triumphantly fulfilled. Mr. Hirson's plot pretends to concern itself with Pippin, son of Charlemagne; the time is noted as being "780 A.D. and thereabouts" and the place "The Holy Roman Empire and thereabouts." Since there has been no detectable need on Broadway and thereabouts for a recounting of the imaginary early life of a man who, in history, conscientiously carried out his father's bidding and failed him only once, by predeceasing him and thereby upsetting the succession, it is just as well that the plot has been encapsulated within a framework of magic and horseplay. This framework is treated with a Pirandelloesque disdain for conventional dramaturgic make-believe—the actors often step outside their roles to comment on the action and exhort each other by their own real first names. I am rarely amused by such devices, but in a production that could easily have been called "Hellzapippin" every calculated outrage adds to the general merriment; one gasps and laughs at trifles, and some of the trifles are tremendous.

Ben Vereen is brilliant as the so-called Leading Player, who darts with devilish high spirits in and out of every scene, and John Rubinstein makes an unexpectedly vulnerable and touching Pippin. One wants him to have a happy life, and one knows different, and so, alas, does he. Eric Berry is superlative as the hard-living and hard-praying Charles, and Leland Palmer has some comical moments as his dowdy queen—an eerie combination of Hamlet's mother, a Brooklyn housewife, and Blaze Starr. Jill Clayburgh has pitifully little to do as a young widow bent upon ensnaring Pippin, and she must envy Irene Ryan, who, as Pippin's grandmother, brings the show to a full stop with a single rousing song. Still, the chief glory of the occasion belongs to the Messrs. Fosse, Walton, and Fisher, and to Miss Zipprodt; they have ransacked their fancies, farther in and deeper down than perhaps they realized, and in doing so they have devised a world incomparably daft, joyously habitable.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Seamstress and the Baker

IN "Wedding Band," by Alice Childress, at the Public, Ruby Dee and James Broderick play a pair of lovers no longer young. She is black, he is white; she is a seamstress, he is a baker named Herman. The time is 1918, while the United States is still at war, and the place is a city in South Carolina. The setting (a marvel, by Ming Cho Lee) is the back yard of three frame houses in the black section of the town, with a view of the interior of the heroine's house. Her name is Julia, and for the past ten years she has been having an affair with Herman, moving from neighborhood to neighborhood in an effort to find someplace safe and comfortable where he can visit her. Herman's family—a mother and a sister, described by him as "ignorant" and "rednecks"—have social pretensions, and are especially edgy right now because of their German background. The climax of the action comes when Herman has an attack of influenza in Julia's room, and her neighbors, uneasy and somewhat scandalized by the situation to start with, refuse to allow her to call a white doctor, for fear of the police. She gets in touch with the mother and the sister, who do come down (skirts lifted) but insist on waiting until after dark to smuggle the sick man out. Crazed with fever, he exits shouting some of John C. Calhoun's repellent racial pronouncements, but next day, temporarily in better shape, he returns; although she has said that she is through with him, she is, of course, not. The ending is both heartening and sad, but no surprise.

Much of the wealth of "Wedding Band" is in the small scenes of byplay among the neighbors. For the most part, Miss Childress and the actors, between them, succeed in creating a whole style of life at that time and in that place. In one of the most enchanting scenes, an innocent, illiterate woman (a lovely performance by Juanita Clark) receives a letter from her common-law husband in the Navy, and as Miss Dee reads it aloud to her she quietly and lovingly responds to every sentence in it. Another neighbor, pious and prayerful, has an adopted son, now grown and in the Army and about to go overseas, whose advanced ideas about blacks and whose general assertiveness frighten her, proud as she is of him. All through the action, things are on the move: two little girls run around and scream and play, a nasty white peddler wanders in and out, and everyone minds everyone else's business, sometimes in a very kind and supportive way. The first act is splendid, but after that we hit a few jarring notes, when the characters seem to be speaking as much for the benefit of us eavesdroppers out front in 1972 as for the benefit of one another. At one point, when the young man leaves for the war, Miss Dee, in a farewell toast, talks of her hopes for the future, when blacks will be free to go to "parks and museums." It is a dreadful speech, made straight to the audience, that sounds like something out of a bad Russian movie. Whether these spurts of spuriousness are the fault of the writing or the direction I cannot say, but—in large measure because the actors are so good—they do not spoil the evening. The cast is one of the best in town. Mr. Broderick and Miss Dee play with such truth and artistry that their scenes together have a kind of permanent power and dignity. Supporting them, Clarice Taylor is funny as a pesky landlady, and Albert Hall and Hilda Haynes are fine as the young soldier and his foster mother. Polly Holliday, Jean David, and Brandon Maggart also do well as Herman's sister and mother and as the peddler.

ARCHIE SHEPP, who a few years ago composed the score for LeRoi Jones' "Slave Ship," among other shows, has now written most of the

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bold, original jazz score for "Lady Day: A Musical Tragedy," which opened last week at the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn—a week after the movie "Lady Sings the Blues" opened on Broadway. The Brooklyn show presents the life of Billie Holiday in free-form style, as a segment of an Amateur Night at a Harlem theatre, presumably the Apollo. The action goes off on any number of tangents, and although it is always lively and never boring, it does tend to get out of hand every once in a while, and I think it runs too long. The curtain rises; we are at the Apollo. The first contestant, a wriggly singer, comes on. Then the second, an extraordinary harmonica player named Psyche Wanzandae. When the third, an excruciating tenor, appears, an immense, raggedy old woman—right out of burlesque—comes racketing down the aisle, leaps onto the stage, and shoots the singer. Then, as the old woman's baggy clothes are shucked off, there stands revealed Flim Flam—Roger Robinson, elegant in a bright-blue satin suit—who is the Apollo's m.c. and our compère and guide through the life of Lady Day. It is he—bitter, scathing, ironic, always entertaining when he chooses to be, and sometimes very touching indeed—who sets the tone of the whole evening. The role is something like Joel Grey's in "Cabaret," and Mr. Robinson is wonderful. After a few moments of fast patter, some of it in rhymed couplets, he steers us through Billie Holiday's life, scene by scene, from the night when she went out into the streets, over her mother's tearful protests, and got her first job singing in a cheap restaurant, through the successful times and the terrible times with the men, black and white, who used her and gypped her and hooked her on drugs, right up to the scene of her death, chained to a bed in a hospital in Harlem. And always near at hand is Flim Flam, sometimes playing roles in the story of that dying fall, sometimes back on the stage of the Apollo as the peerless m.c. By the way, when the black actors of the company are called upon to play white roles, they take the efficient shortcut of sticking white patches on their faces, and at one point an actor named Maxwell Glanville, with patched face and playing a gangster, assumes a very creditable Italian accent.

Aishah Rahman has written a rich, lively script, in which everything that is invented works beautifully. The factual material does not. Billie Holiday herself is nowhere around, and we nev-

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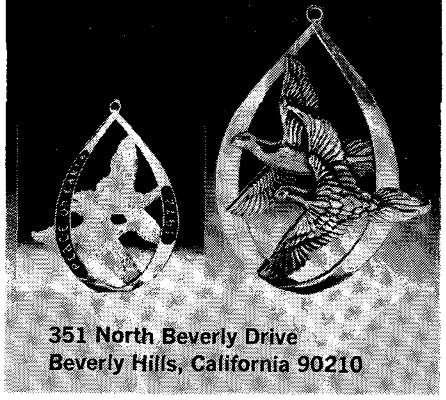

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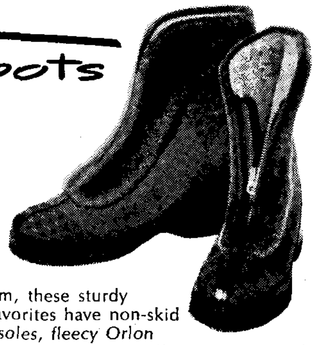

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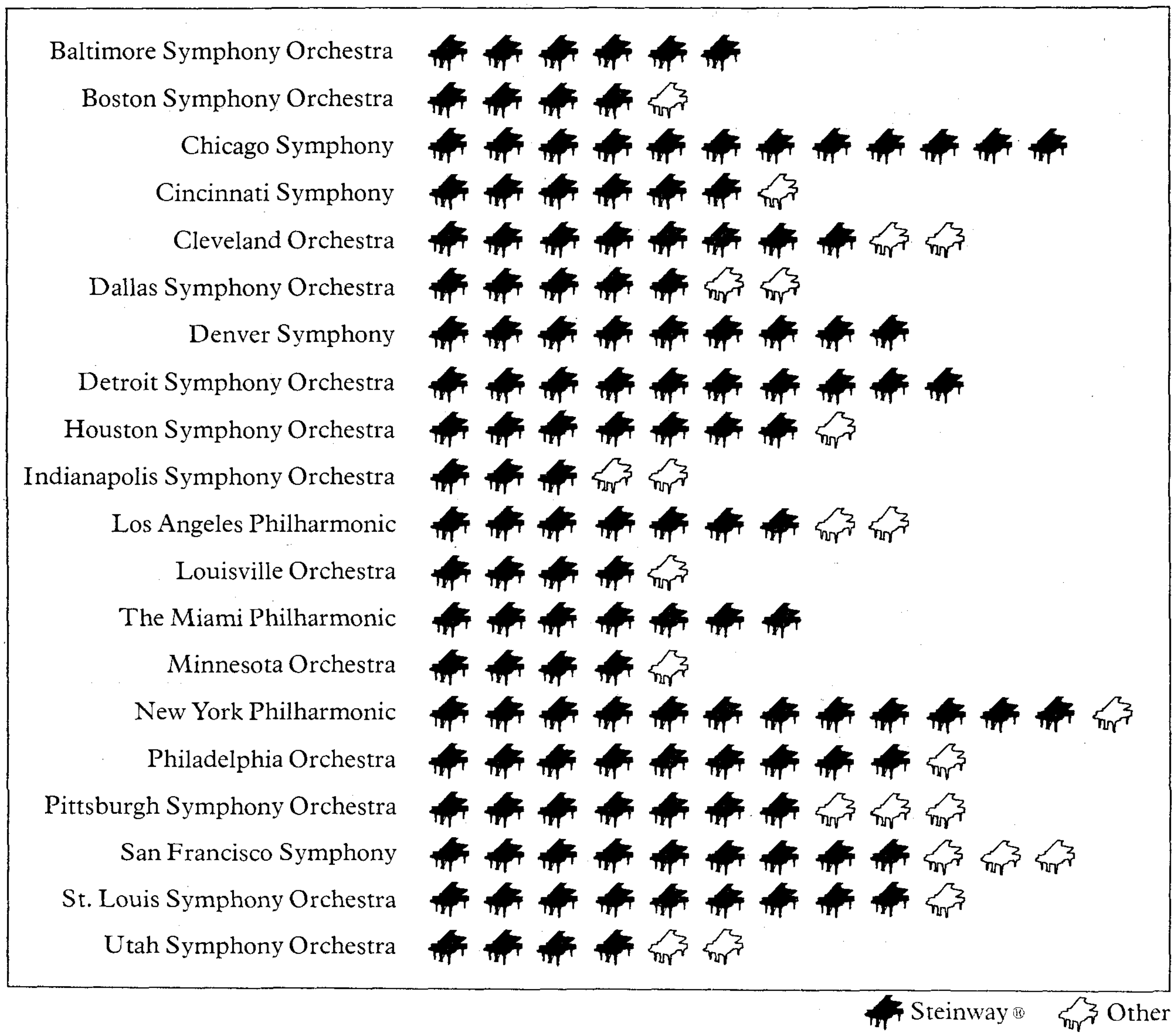

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er stop missing her. That this should be so is certainly not the fault of Cecelia Norfleet, a charming actress and singer (though hardly galvanic), who gives a performance in the part and never an impersonation. If only the play could have been *suggested* by the life, and the lady given another name! As it is, we are always left thinking, Well, yes, but it's not Billie Holiday. A more important objection is that the playwright, hewing to the stated theme of "the story of a beautiful black queen and what the country did to her," depicts her heroine as entirely the sweet, innocent victim of the prejudice and wickedness of others, without much flavor or complexity or stature or weakness of her own, and this diminishes both play and character from tragic to just pathetic. These reservations aside, the show goes well, and all the performances seem right to me. Particularly good are Rosetta Le Noire as Billie's mother and as an old conjure woman; Clifford Jordan, Jr., who gives us brief, lovely samples of saxophone music as Lester Young; and Don Jay, Al Kirk, Onike Lee, Frank Adu, and Madge Sinclair in assorted roles. Paul Carter Harrison was the director. —EDITH OLIVER

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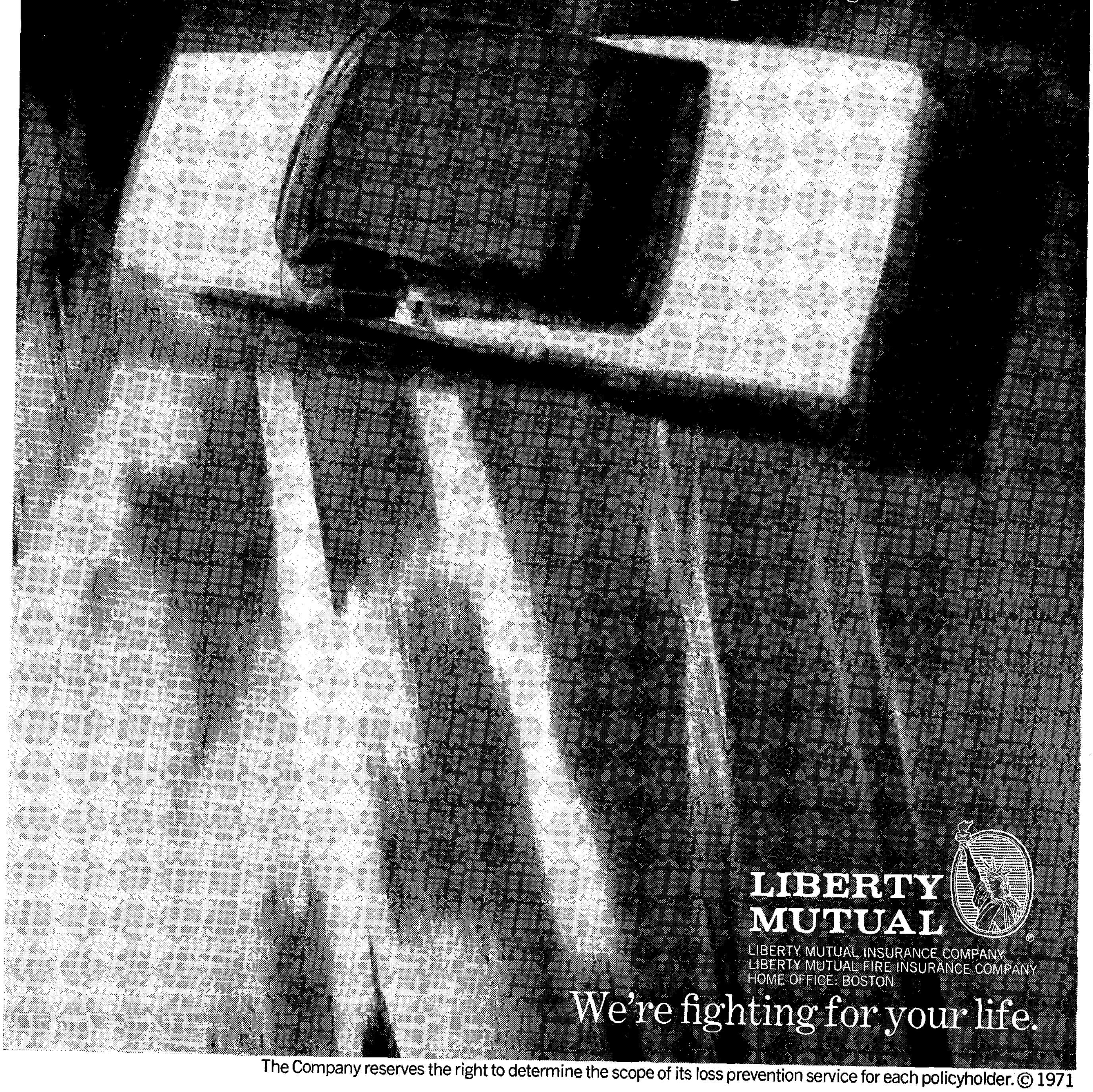

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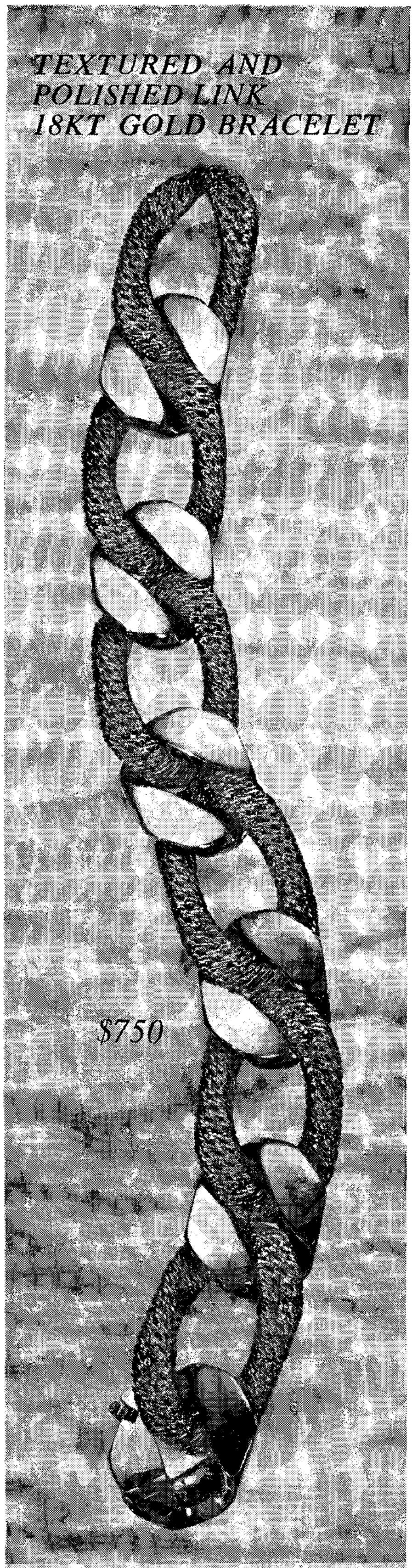

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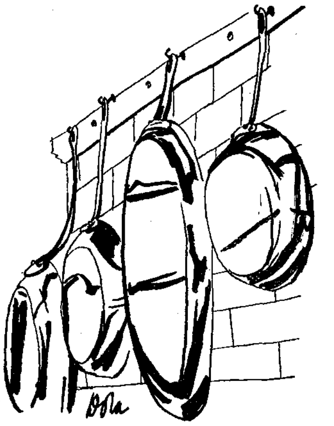

I RECENTLY stopped in at one of the stores of the Furniture-in-the-Raw chain and was struck afresh by the excellence of the unpainted birch-veneer furniture the company introduced a few years ago, which has become its best-selling line. I use the word "excellence" in its contemporary sense, meaning bare adequacy, but in comparison with most other unpainted furniture available today (including some for sale at Furniture-in-the-Raw) the birch pieces are outstanding indeed. These cabinets, chests of drawers, bookcases, and storage beds have good, plain lines, their drawers don't stick, their drawer pulls are comely white porcelain knobs, an almost infinite number of sizes are available, and finishing is currently being offered free of charge in a choice of paint or wood stain. A substantial piece called a triple chest, which could serve equally well as a kitchen counter, a dining-room sideboard, and a place to put clothes, has twelve drawers arranged in vertical units of four drawers each. It is sixty and a half inches wide, thirty-three and three-quarters inches high, and sixteen inches deep. The center column of drawers is half the width of those flanking it, and these proportions are very pleasing. The price is $159, and nine- and six-drawer versions are available, for $139 and $109, respectively. Finishing for the twelve-drawer chest would have cost $88 before the new dispensation. In a combination chest-cabinet, twenty-six and a quarter inches high and forty-seven and a quarter inches wide (the birch case pieces all come in both twelve- and sixteen-inch depths), a two-door cabinet abuts a three-drawer chest; the price is $102, and numerous other sizes are available. Single chests of drawers start at $36, for a two-drawer chest fourteen inches wide and eighteen and three-quarters inches high, and go up to $108, for a six-drawer chest thirty inches wide and forty-eight and a quarter inches high. A handsome storage bed called the Captain's Bed has three deep pullout drawers at the base; with the addition of wedge bolsters, it can serve as a living-room couch. A bed thirty inches wide is $119, and a version thirty-nine inches wide is $145. The Commodore Bed is higher than the Captain's by a tier of three shallow drawers above the deep ones; it costs $229 in the thirty-inch width and $275 in the thirty-nine-inch width. Mattresses and bolsters are available: $30 for a thirty-inch Polyfoam mattress, $39 for the thirty-nine-inch, $10 for a pair of Polyfoam bolsters, $55 for a thirty-inch Latex-rubber mattress, and $75 for a thirty-nine-inch Latex mattress. Trundle and bunk beds are also offered. Bookcases begin at $32, for a specimen eighteen inches wide, thirty inches high, and nine and a half inches deep, and go up to $184, for one forty-eight inches wide, ninety-six inches high, and twelve inches deep. Everything cited so far is birch veneer, made at the company's own plant in Long Island City and finished free.

With a few exceptions, the other furniture sold at Furniture-in-the-Raw—which comes from various manufacturers, among them the Seventh-Day Adventists—is not of the same calibre as the birch line. In some cases, it is not well constructed, and in others it is made in some ersatz period style. ("The magnificent Boston Bookstack . . . re-created by Furniture-in-the-Raw in all its original splendor. . . . Painstakingly authentic Early American styling in smooth-sanded knotty pine" is how the catalogue describes one piece.) A noteworthy exception is a classic bentwood side chair with a plywood seat, made by the Thonet company and sold for $25.95 unfinished and $15 extra when it is finished.

I went out to the Furniture-in-the-Raw factory in Long Island City the other day and learned from the company's owner, a mild-looking forty-three-year-old former high-school English teacher named Donald Archer, that this nearly two-million-dollar-a-year business owes its existence to Dwight Macdonald. Mr. Archer said that he had been unhappy as a teacher, "because, frankly, I had been a mediocre student, so I wasn't much of a teacher." He longed to get out of teach-

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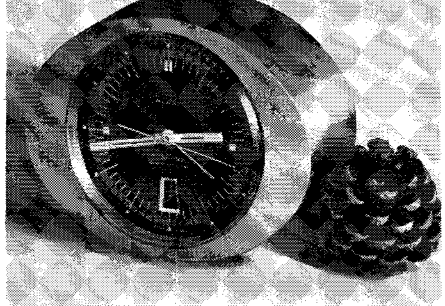

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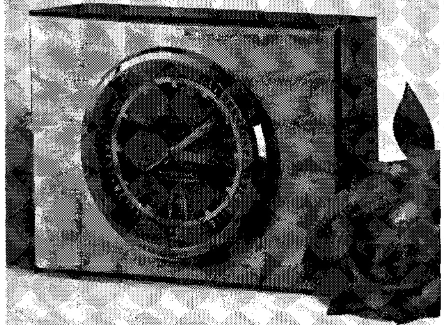

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ing and go into business for himself, but he couldn't reconcile this with his anarchist beliefs. Then, one fateful day in 1960, Mr. Archer read a piece by Macdonald in which the phrase "the anarchy of the marketplace" leaped out of the page, making him see that he could become a businessman without betraying the ideals of Bakunin, of whom he had made what he told me was "an in-depth study." Mr. Archer started with a small retail unpainted-furniture shop in Greenwich Village, on an initial investment of $800. In 1963, Mr. Archer took a step that he believes to be the crucial factor in his success: he moved his business to the comparatively posh East Fifties, where everyone told him it was crazy to open an unpainted-furniture shop. But Mr. Archer had noticed downtown that many of his customers were elegantly dressed, and the East Fifties proved to be exactly the right place for his store. "Our customers are bright young professional people—lawyers, doctors, engineers—who know they are going to be better off. In the meanwhile, they make do with our stuff." There are also people who are already very well off indeed and who serenely patronize Furniture-in-the-Raw, but the men who work in the plant at Long Island City "wouldn't touch the stuff," Mr. Archer reports. "This is not a blue-collar business."

I asked Mr. Archer the name of the designer of the birch line. "We have no designer" was the reply. "We just kind of decide what will work and what people want. We're not here to change taste." This unorthodox way of proceeding—nowadays even clothespin manufacturers employ designers, or "stylists"—belongs to an older tradition, one that produced the handsome relics of the industrialization of the last century which are now exhibited in museums and sold in antique shops. The tradition was first isolated by John Kouwenhoven, who named it "the vernacular tradition" and found it in American literature, art, and architecture as well as in furniture and product design. Within the past decade, this tradition has become a source of inspiration to designers, and many examples now exist—some good, some not so good—of studied imitations or adaptations of the unself-conscious mass-produced objects of the nineteenth century. But few instances exist today of pure vernacular design such as Mr. Archer offers, arrived at on better-mousetrap rather than on design-school principles. He has somehow sniffed out what people want, and

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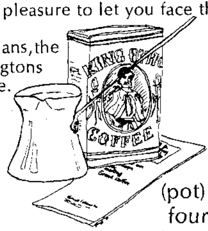

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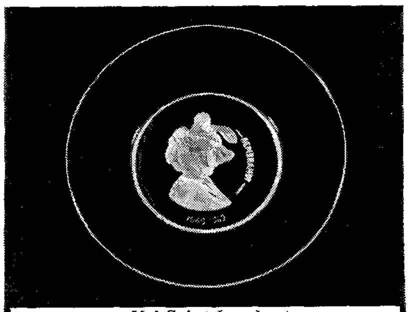

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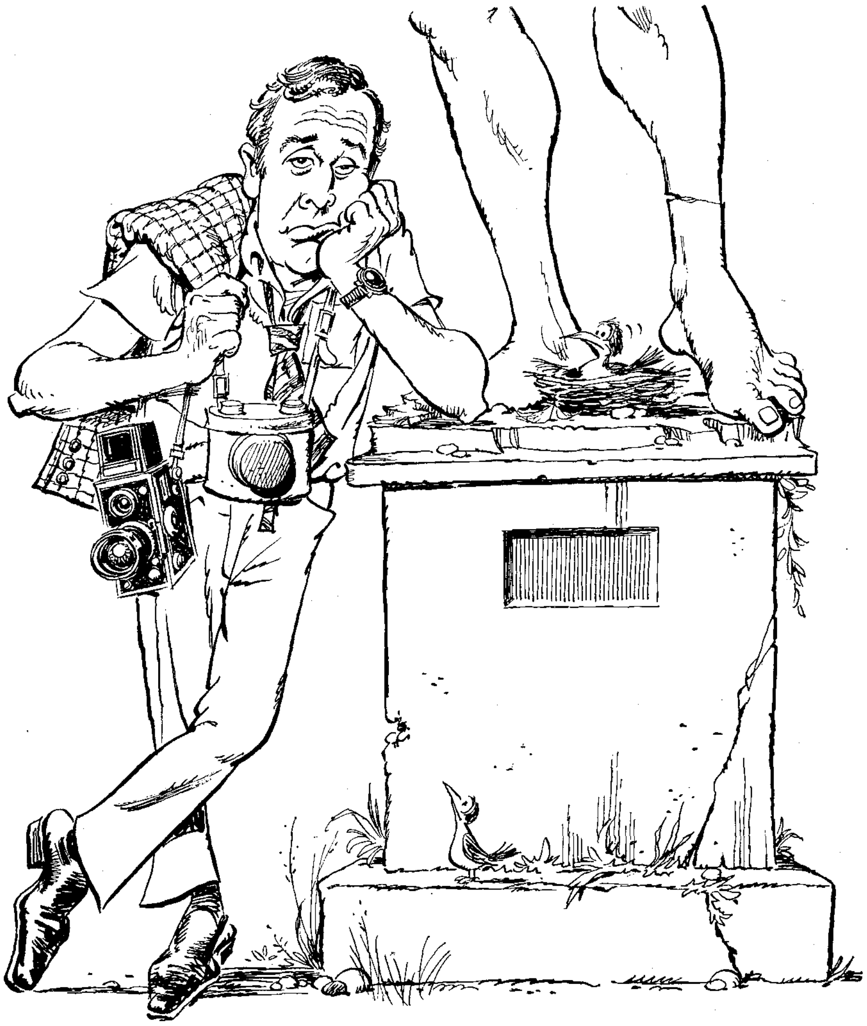

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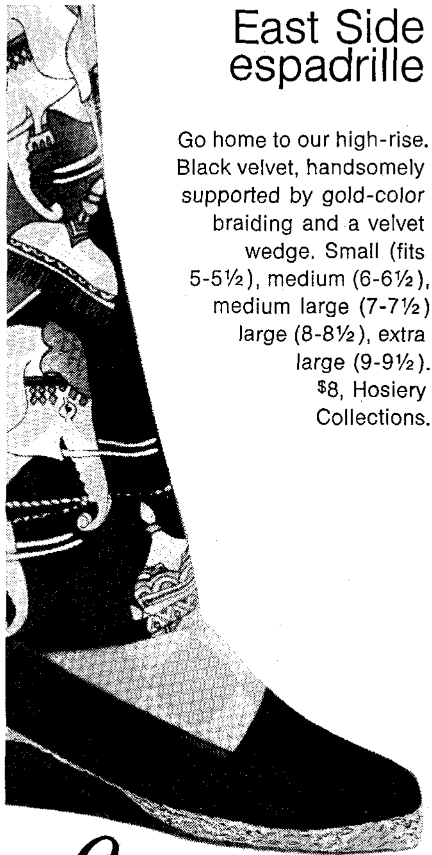
his pieces, in their unadorned bluntness and their obvious affinity to Shaker furniture, have an aspect of contemporaneity which is conspicuously missing from so much of today's name-designer furniture.

The Manhattan Furniture-in-the-Raw stores are at 1015 Second Avenue (53rd), 1038 Third Avenue (61st), and 18 West 8th Street; there are stores in Scarsdale, Eastchester, Queens, and Manhasset; and there is a franchise showroom in Boston.

A SHOW at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, entitled "Objects for Preparing Food," consists of close to five hundred pieces of kitchen equipment, old and new, displayed on all three floors of the museum. Examples of nineteenth-century vernacular, twentieth-century industrial design, primitive art, and contemporary crafts are included, and the objects are arranged by function (heating, brewing, cutting, mixing, freezing, etc.), as they are in stores. Indeed, entering the museum is like walking into one of the tasteful kitchen shops or "gourmet" departments in specialty stores. One covets a lot of what one sees, and for the convenience of the acquisitive the museum provides, for fifteen cents, a mimeographed "Availability List," giving the commercial sources of all the items that are for sale. For the person who goes to a museum not to shop but to "see," the show is a disappointment. It is too late in the day to exhibit ordinary objects of use as design prodigies, and the fact that primitive people cooked in clay pots and nineteenth-century cooks used tin and we use Pyrex is well known to graduates of Montessori nursery schools and hardly warrants the reiteration it receives at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts.

Still, there are things in the show that can't be seen at Bloomingdale's, and among some nineteenth-century relics lent by the Smithsonian Institution are objects of such weird charm as to almost compensate for the dullness of the exhibition's general conception. An electric hot-dog cooker made around 1910—a mysterious, clinical arrangement of six glass test tubes arising from a white porcelain stepped platform, and surmounted by six pale-green porcelain Art-Deco-like covers—ranks with Duchamp's "Mutt" and Cornell's boxes as a notable work of avant-garde art. An Eastlake-style icebox is a parlor piece of Victorian furniture, and an early Hotpoint oven, though made of metal, still tries to look



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like furniture and stands on sort of cabriole legs. A 1910 electric marshmallow toaster is a perforated metal boxlet that accommodates two marshmallows and trails a gross electric cord. From the Smithsonian collection come some of the most graceful as well as some of the most peculiar objects in the show, such as an oval two-tiered covered tin baking dish of beautiful proportions, which is a patent design of 1872, and a tin coffeepot of 1895 that has a sturdy canisterlike body and a lovely fluted serpentine spout. An elegant two-part upright aluminum asparagus cooker with brass handles has stylistic affinities with the above-mentioned baking dish and coffeepot. It comes not from the Smithsonian, however, but from Bazaar de la Cuisine, here in town, and it reminds us of the place that nineteenth-century vernacular design still occupies in present-day kitchen-equipment manufacture. Many of the bowls, baking dishes, measuring cups, knives, and implements that we buy and use today are (like the Thonet chair at Furniture-in-the-Raw) nineteenth-century designs that someone has simply never left off manufacturing. Other objects, like the Bazaar de la Cuisine's asparagus cooker, are successful re-creations of the utensils scrubbed by our great-grandmothers' kitchenmaids. For each utensil of this kind on view in the museum, there are scores of others of comparable handsomeness for sale all over town.

In contrast, the specimens of modern electrical equipment in the show are isolated instances of inoffensiveness in a field where hideousness is evidently rated next to godliness. Behind the sleek Braun toaster in the show are scores of ugly American models (many of which, one is bound to add, work just as well as the skinny German toaster, if not better). The Ronson Corporation's new Foodmatic Console Cabinet with Food Processing Attachments reflects the influence of the Braun Kitchen Machine, and solves the problem of storage. The compact Ronson cabinet—white enamelled metal with a butcher-block top—houses a blender, a knife-and-scissors sharpener, a juicer, a mixer, bowls, a meat grinder, a shredder, an ice crusher, a coffee mill, and on top there is a "stirring cooker." Everything is white and well shaped, and the whole thing has a faint air of parody.

There are many plastic utensils in the show that were designed within the last decade and have achieved a genuine style. These cold, smooth, hard-edged, bright-colored objects are the

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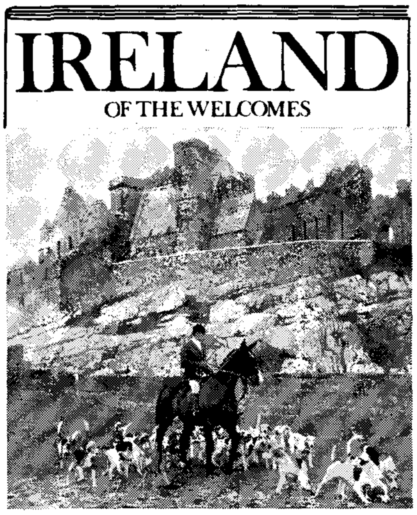

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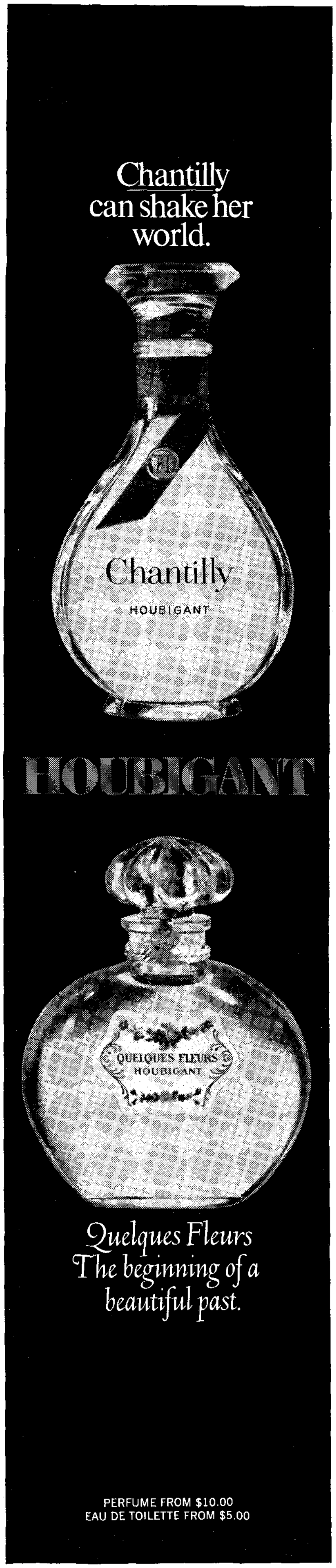
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true vernacular of our time. But the general feeling of rue about the world's dwindling natural resources has, paradoxically, created a demand for the very materials most endangered and a dislike for the synthetics that are the solution to the problem of depletion. This craving for the "natural" is an element in the appeal of nineteenth-century vernacular—in one's preference for a wooden mixing spoon to a plastic one—and it lies behind today's crafts movement. Contemporary craftsmen are well represented in the show, and their work falls into two categories. There are the conventional pots and bowls and dishes made mostly of stoneware, which are handsome in many instances but, in most, less handsome than their mass-produced counterparts. And, significantly, in no case are the craft objects competitively priced. This problem—the dependence of the craftsman on the existence of a rich class—plagued William Morris and caused him to become a Socialist. Few of today's craftsmen have followed his example. Most are content with the status quo that supports their counter-cultural style of life. Some craftsmen have solved their problem of conscience by changing their name to artists and calling their productions art objects. (It's all right for art to be expensive.) Specimens of this genre are the second category of handmade things at the show, and I must say that some are magnificent. William J. Evans' "Great North American Steamer Championship 1972" is nominally an "asparagus steamer in a laminated wood case" and actually a memorable work of slapstick comedy. Morris's dubious definition of art as "the expression by man of his pleasure in labor" accurately describes this amiable monstrosity.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

> Anthony Newman does not
> o much play music as con-
> ume it. The young virtuoso
> ave a harpsichord, pedal
> arpsichord and piano con-
> ert on Tuesday night at Phil-
> armonic Hall that left one
> stonished, as in the past, at
> is tireless fluency and ability
> o gobble up famously diffi-
> ult pieces. Whether Mr. New-
> an digests everything is
> pen to question, but his
> ifts, lavishly displayed in
> his mostly Mozart Festival
> rogram, are extraordinary.
> Mr. Newman was to have
> layed the piano as well, but
> hanged his program

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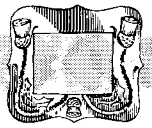
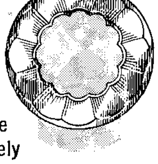
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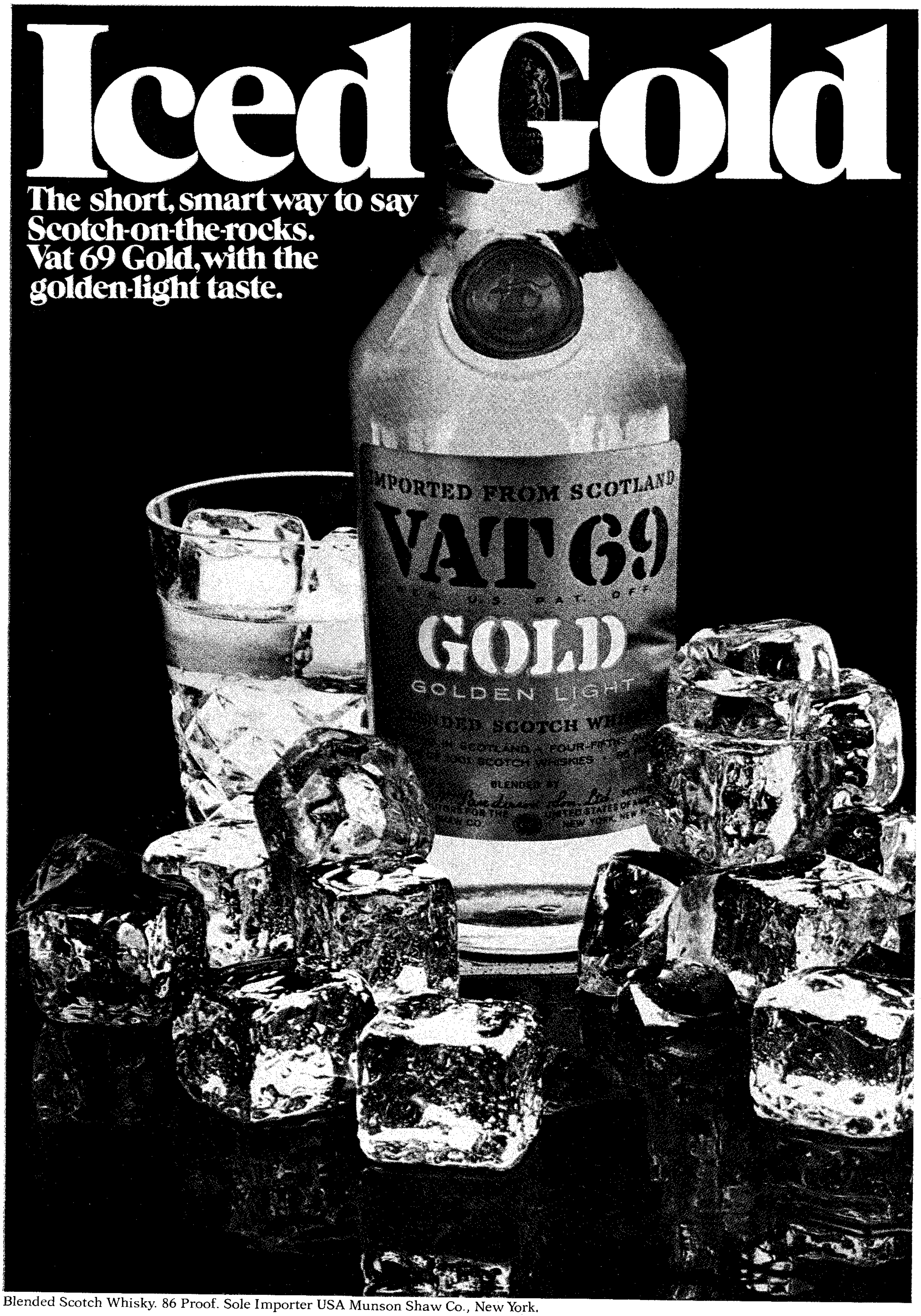
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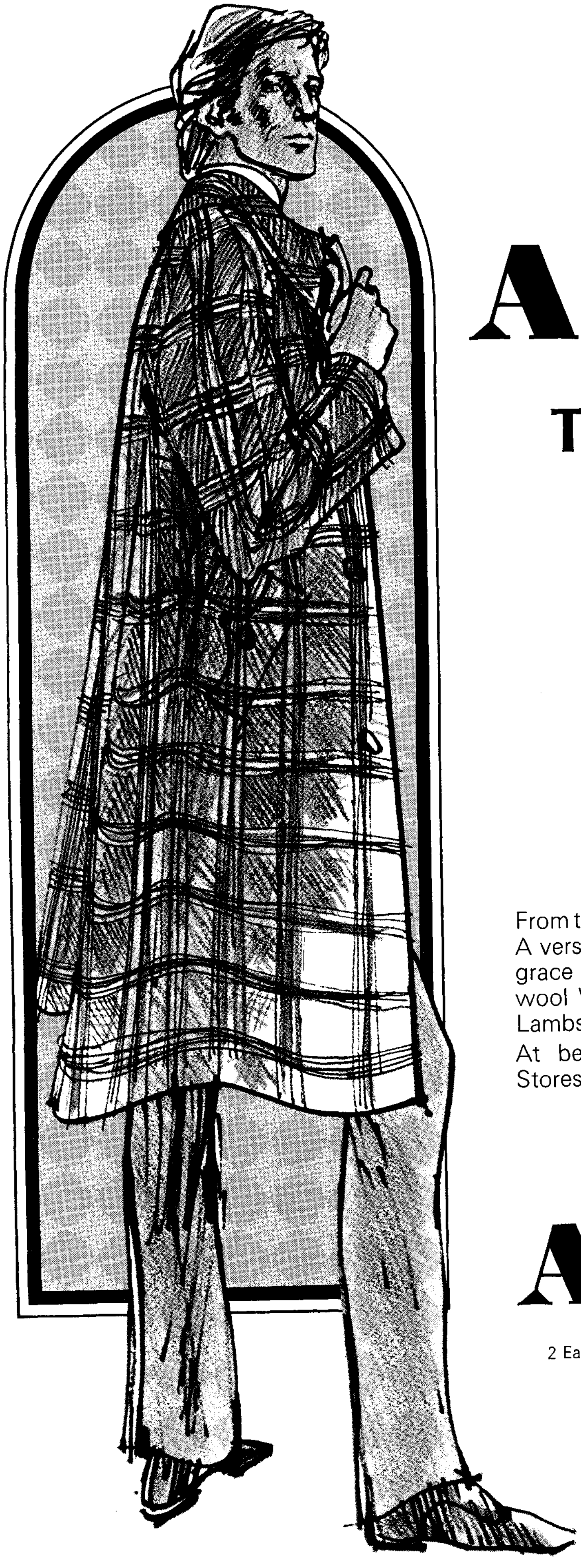

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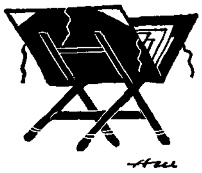
Trials of Eros



SINCE art lives by contradicting its immediate past, it was logical throughout the late sixties to expect that the cool, impersonal abstractions, hard-edged or soft, that occupied the galleries would be followed by creations seeking to arouse the strongest feelings. Aesthetics and formal art history would be forced to accommodate themselves to politics, religion (metaphysics), and sex. Of these, sex held the lead, owing to the prevalence of the theme in the work of surviving leaders of Pop Art—for example, Segal's plaster casts of friends making love, Wesselmann's "Great American Nude" series, Warhol's deliberately platitudinous sex symbols (pistols, blurred mouths). As far back as 1966, the Sidney Janis Gallery, continually sifting the moods of the art world for the glitter of a new fashion, opened the season with a display of what it hoped would be pictorial scandals under the forthright title of "Erotic Art." As proof of the catholicity of this theme, the cover of the catalogue was ornamented with images of embracing couples—from the art of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, through Rembrandt and Poussin, to Brancusi and Delvaux. Another boost to sex in art was the group of cartoons of copulation produced by Picasso as part of his celebrated 1968 series of prints; so graphic was this reaffirmation of the tradition of Eros that the Art Institute of Chicago, where the series was first unveiled, withheld these salacious etchings from the general public. To the photorealists of the turn of the sixties, nudity, reproduced to the last pore and hair curl, ranks with automobiles and storefronts as preferred data of painting and sculpture. This year's international Documenta exhibition, in Germany, blandly dissolved any surviving distinction between erotic art, obscenity, and pornography by representing sex in all its modes—from sadomasochism, with chains and self-inflicted wounds, to lifelike plastic nudes committed to an eternal round of investigating each other's bodies. A stimulant to the erotic in art is the women-in-the-arts movement, at least in connection with its talk of "female imagery" and the desire of some to even the score with males for their enjoyment of pictures of unclothed ladies. Though it may be incorrect to conclude that the erotic has assumed as prominent a role in painting and sculpture as it has in film, the theatre, and fiction, there is no doubt that a strong surge of interest in it has arisen in both new art and the art continuing out of the past—as is evidenced by the bodies ecstatically disintegrated into movement in de Kooning's recent paintings and sculptures, at the Janis Gallery through this Saturday.

TWO books published this year attempt to give an account of erotic art and to sum up its present situation and its future. Edward Lucie-Smith's "Eroticism in Western Art" (Praeger) begins with glimpses of the exaggerated sexual parts of the prehistoric Venuses and demigods of the caves and the orgiastic perversities of the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. recorded on the rims of cups and vases, takes a side glance at façades in India crowded with coupling gods and their attendants, and, after a summary of Renaissance eroticism, arrives at the contributions to visual sexual excitation of the twentieth century, both in and outside of art. "Erotic Art Today," by Volker Kahmen (New York Graphic Society), a translation from the German, concentrates on the variegated sexual fantasies of artists of the twentieth century—a subject that has to a large degree been excluded from the consciousness of the American art public by recent criticism, which has trained it to see paintings exclusively in terms of depth and flatness. Lucie-Smith and Kahmen are both Freudians, but of different types. The first restricts himself to the psychoanalysis that has become a species of folklore, in that some of its concepts have entered into the common vocabulary and that everyone knows that certain objects stand for sexual organs and activity or that torture can be pleasurable not only to the torturer but to his victim as well. Thus, Lucie-Smith confines his interpretations to unmistakable symbols; almost all his illustrations are patently erotic—pictures of naked people doing things or having things done to them, watching or being watched. In present-day art, he is also concerned with overt sex as it is exemplified by such items as Francis Bacon's "Two Men on a Bed" and George Segal's "Legend of Lot."

In contrast to Lucie-Smith, Kahmen is a systematic Freudian, to whom all art is erotic at bottom and requires psychoanalytic elucidation—ex-

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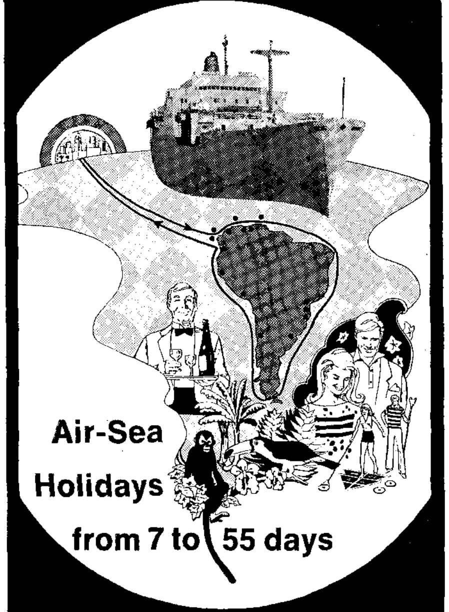

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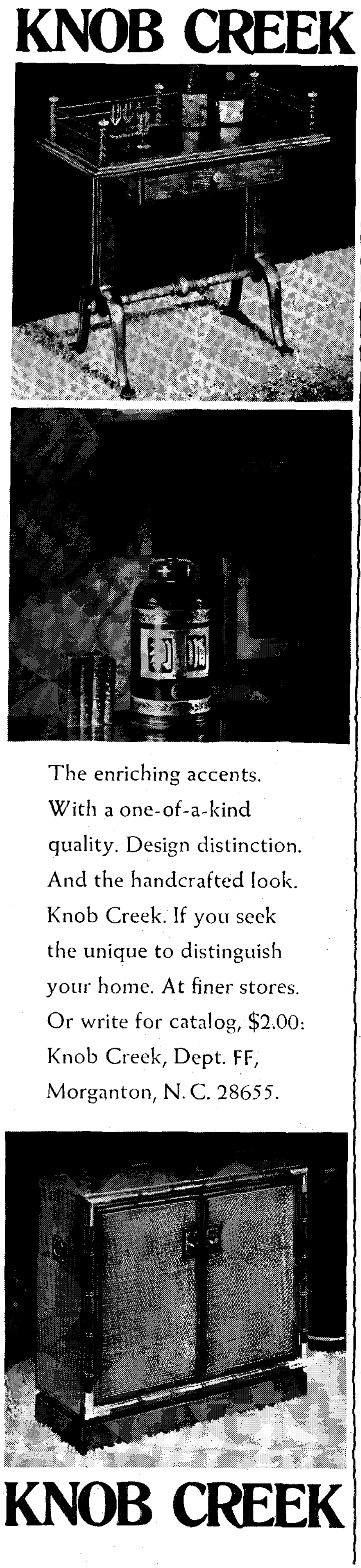

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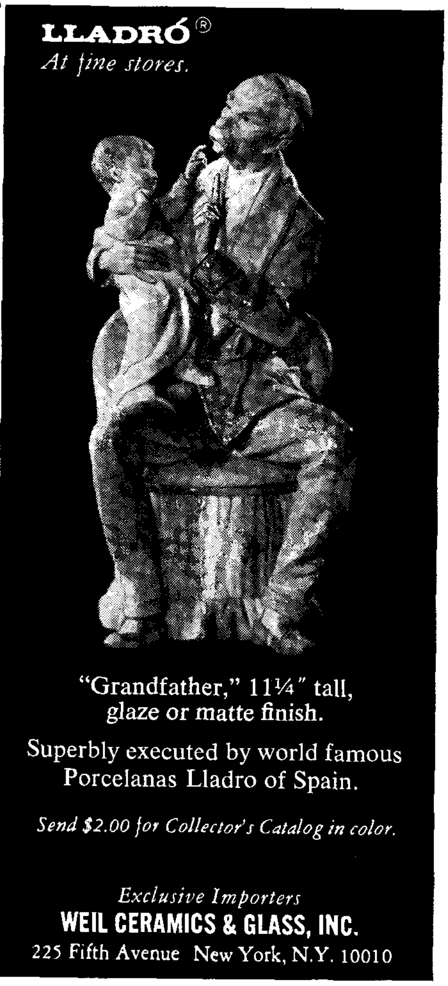
cept, perhaps, pornography, which in his opinion is too engrossed in the physical to be art. That is, any interpenetration, such as of planes by Albers or Vasarely or of chevrons by Noland, stands for an erotic act. In one category or another, such as "concealed erotic stimulus producing works which do not seem erotic" and "sensual tension created through the arrangement of forms," "Erotic Art Today" includes the whole range of twentieth-century art, from lustful graffiti by Picasso, Dali, Bellmer, and Dubuffet to austere abstractions by Mondrian, Newman, Tony Smith, and Larry Bell. Each of Kahmen's three hundred and forty-nine illustrations is subjected to an analysis designed to disclose its erotic content. Thus, sexual desire would appear to be the animating force of art in our time, as it has been in all the centuries since the caves.

In the context of Kahmen's translations of symbols, modern art seems rich in erotic feeling and invention. This impression is, however, deceptive. Many of the works in "Erotic Art Today" are erotic only in the author's Freudian version of them, or in the sense that towers, trees, and lagoons are acknowledged sex symbols, though we are not normally excited by them. In art, at any rate, a distinction must be made between paintings and sculptures whose erotic content is discovered by the analyst and those that arouse erotic feelings by merely being seen. To interpret a Newman abstraction or an Albers geometrical demonstration as erotic is similar to the distortion of imposing a Cubist structure upon a *frottage* by Ernst. The substitution of psychoanalysis for the formalist criticism of the sixties does not promise much of an improvement. A primary attraction of an overtly erotic art work is that it can dispense with interpretation. It delivers its matter directly to the senses: the usual response to it is an interval of wordlessness. In evoking silence, the erotic image provides a model for aesthetic appreciation—one the art world is especially in need of after its long siege of critical overanalysis. For the Freudian, however, works of art are inseparable from his system of symbolic references. Granted that today we are all ideologists of one sort or another, it is all the more important to avoid mistaking concepts for feelings and perceptions.

Besides including images that would excite no one, "Erotic Art Today" unjustifiably expands the quantity of sex imagery in contemporary painting and sculpture by failing to distinguish between erotic art and erotic photographs



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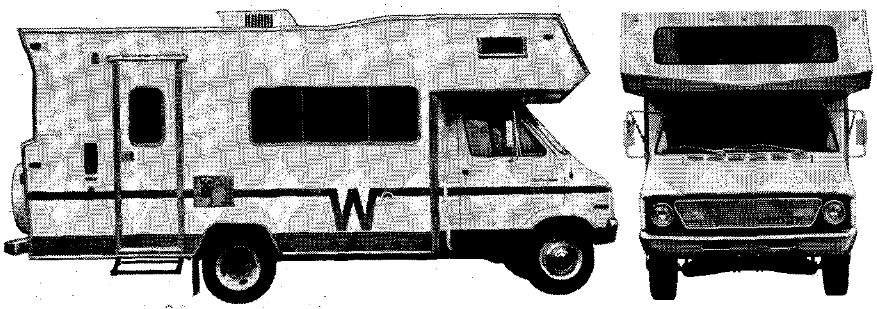

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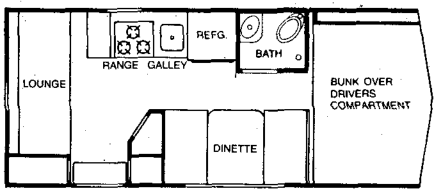

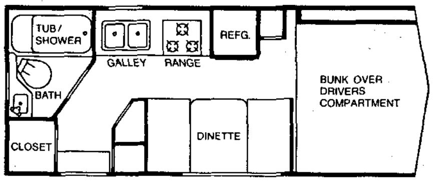

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of art: the photograph of Heizer's trench cut in a lawn bears a resemblance to the sexual furrow of Gerhard Richter's "Female Student," but the actual earthwork would create no such association. Similarly, the slashed canvas of Fontana's "Concetto Spaziale—Attese," which in the reduced size and closeup shot of a photograph seems an erotic statement, instead calls to mind (as it is seen on the wall) the spatial concept, suggested by its title, of the picture surface and the rule against violating it.

Kahmen's collection of illustrations leads to the conclusion that an outstanding feature of art in our day, even in its most uninhibited expressions, is an almost total absence of sensuousness. In contrast to the opulent bodies that fill the pages of Lucie-Smith's "Eroticism in Western Art" from the sixteenth through the nineteenth century, sexuality in current erotic art consists for the most part of caricatures, suggestive scrawls, and more or less lewd visual jokes. In Picasso's etchings, the artist charges upon his pinheaded mistress, all breasts and buttocks, with a brush in one hand and a palette in the other, while a wrinkled voyeur, generally taken to be the aged Picasso himself, soberly scrutinizes the performance. Dubuffet does his best to match the nastiness of drawings on fences and in the lavatories of a mental institution. Mario Merz retaliates for the Fall and the fig leaf by placing a patch over the crotch of a tree, and Marisol's "Love" consists of a plaster mask with a Coca-Cola bottle jammed into its mouth.

MORE than forty years ago, the Surrealists saw that in our civilization the erotic could no longer survive except at night and in the darkness of the unconscious; as soon as it emerged into daylight, it either dissolved or was reduced to physical data. Breton exalted Nadja as the dissolving dream of Eros that manifests itself on a street corner, then vanishes into the traffic; Delvaux's sleepwalking nudes on railroad platforms and boardwalks, and Magritte's faces and bodies, reconstituted as sexual images, retain the idyllic sensuality of the romantic residue of Surrealism. As antithesis, the pulpy humanoids of the Surrealist Bellmer emanate from a quicksand realm where organs grow together in disregard of normal function, so that a pair of legs grafts itself onto another pair to form a libidinous organism without a trunk or a head. The association of sex with nightmare, indicated in the myths and paintings of

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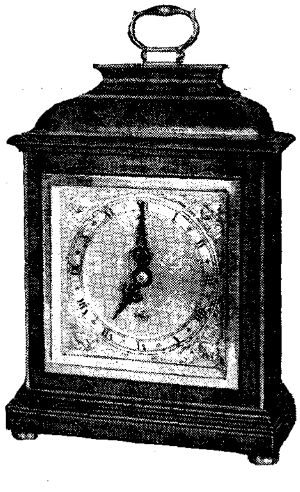

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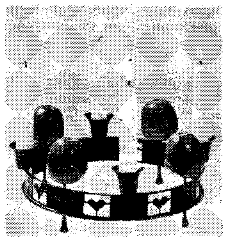

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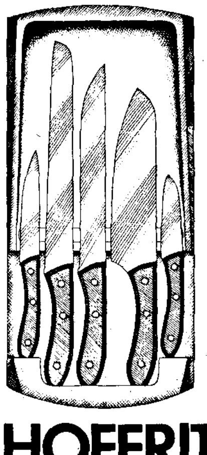

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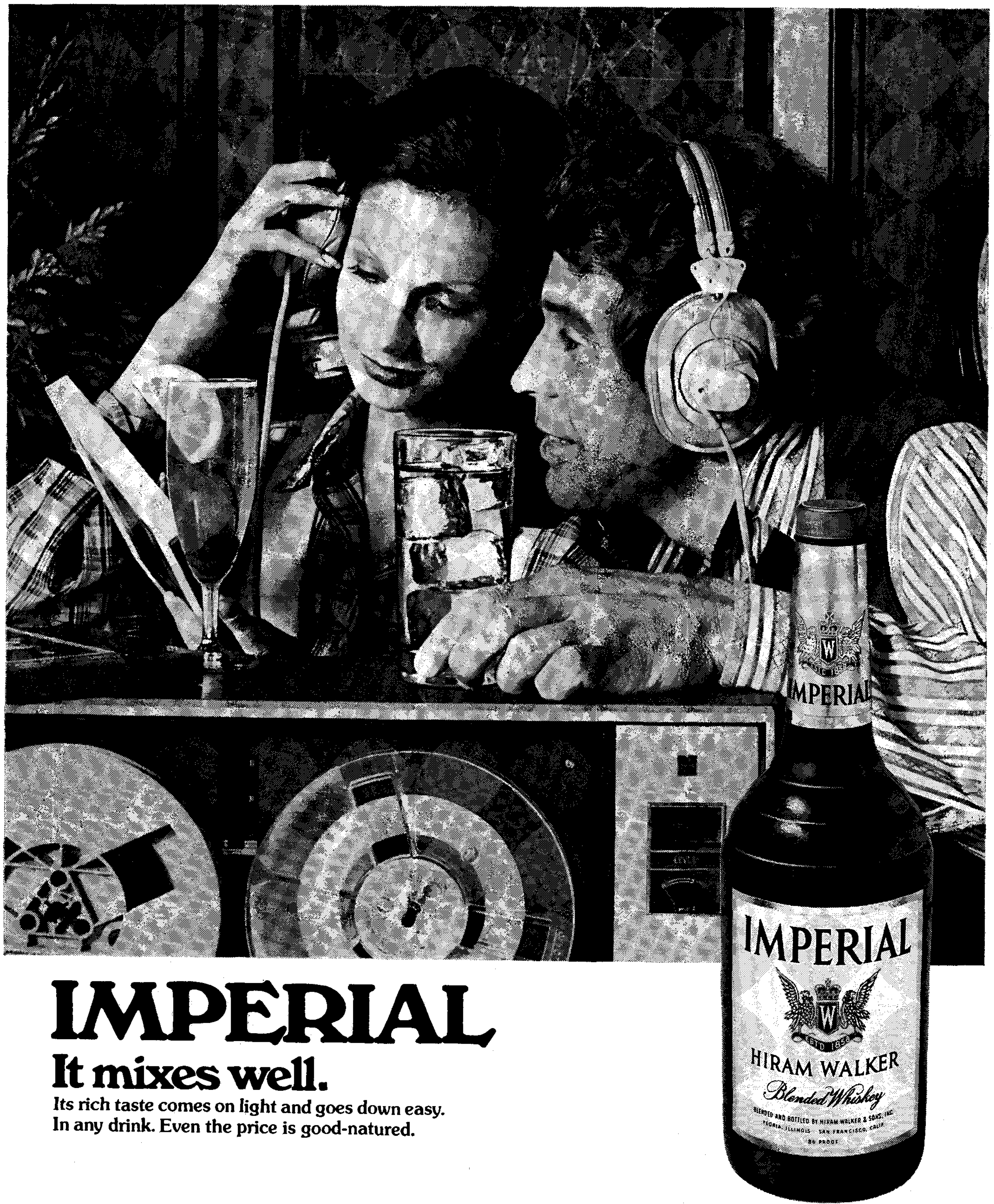
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aborigines, as in the tragic poetry of Western culture, becomes in Bellmer a threat of biological excrescences, a society of cancers.

Except for the photorealists, sex in contemporary painting and sculpture avoids the visual and emotional forthrightness with which this theme is handled today in novels, movies, and plays. "Sublimation," in the Freudian sense of a disguise of sexuality, is built into the history of art; Lucie-Smith points out that until the Romantic movement sex in painting always required a mythological or satirical "excuse." In some degree, sublimation still persists in fine art, though today the disguise is formal, and not provided by narrative. George Segal's "Legend of Lot," reproduced by both Kahmen and Lucie-Smith, is a literal enactment of the Biblical rape of the sleeping Lot by his maternity-inspired daughters, and the figure of the female nude mounting the recumbent male is almost guaranteed to arouse libidinous feelings. But the effect is substantially reduced by the otherworld whiteness of the artist's characteristic plaster casts and by their rough, unfleshy texture. Here, style is no longer a vehicle with which to stimulate a response to an imagined event; its primary purpose is to affirm itself. Despite the literalism of his approach, Segal sublimates his theme—the total effect of the tableau is one not of illicit sex but of dramatic reverie—through an aesthetic consciousness more extreme and rigorous than is to be found in the current novel, film, or play.

Another "classic" of present-day erotic art, Lindner's "Angel in Me," which was included in the 1966 "Erotic Art" show at the Janis Gallery, also represents an aesthetic sublimation, though of a different order. This huge armored, buckled, and masked giantess, with her private parts exposed, is a Moloch of sexual aggression, frontally poised to overwhelm the spectator. With its hard-edged shapes and flat areas of color, however, the image of the menacing police-state female has actually the effect of an emblem rather than of a bad dream: it stands at a distance, like a poster warning males against being taken into custody and crushed. In "Angel in Me," the erotic is diluted by memories of art and politics: the painting says more to the mind than to the senses; it awakens emotions attached to problems and ideas, not to bodies. It invites the spectator to reflect on its meaning and to identify its aesthetic mode—a cross between Surrealist fantasy and abstract divisions of the picture plane. In his more recent

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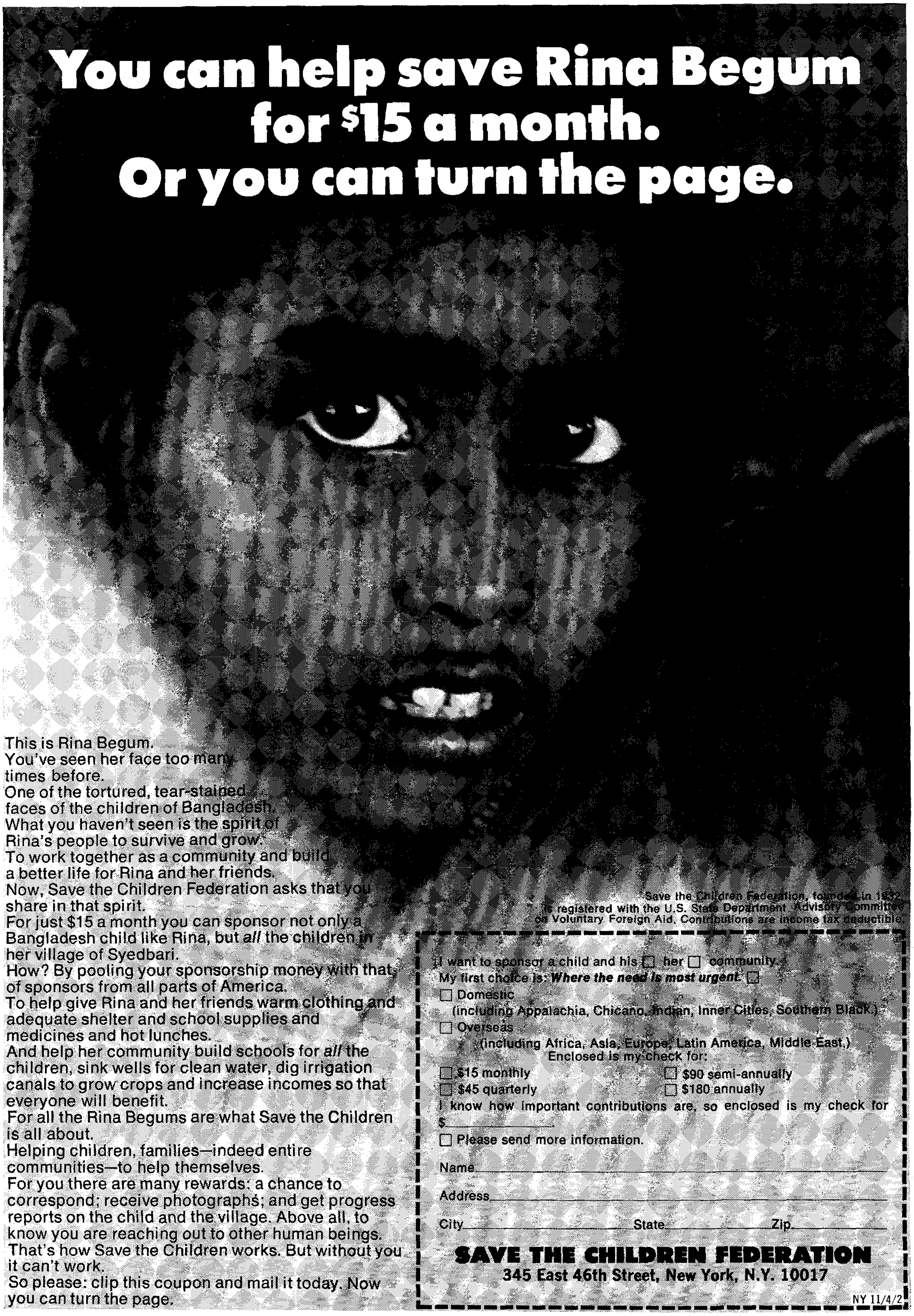

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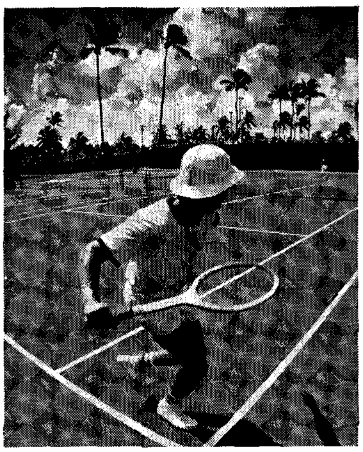

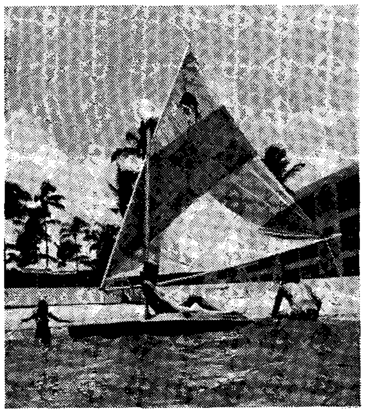

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work, Lindner's erotically derived shapes (circles, slits, oval mouths) have developed into an increasingly disembodied alphabet of signs.

Arman's "Le Couleur de Mon Amour," also reproduced by Kahmen, combines Eros and art to a degree comparable to Picasso's brush-wielding lover. The "color" in the title of this assemblage consists of tubes of paint implanted in the torso of a transparent plastic Venus and pigment from the tubes flowing down into the groin of the nude. Given the shape and size of the paint tubes, Arman's message may be that he makes love with paint. Or, perhaps, he wishes to convey that paint is his true love, in preference to the cliché glassy goddess through which anyone can see. In any case, in Arman's sculpture art explicitly calls attention to itself as being at least equal to the erotic in interest and vitality. As in traditional art, the impact of the sexual is neutralized, or sublimated, by being subordinated to the aesthetic consciousness. In this respect, Arman, and Segal and Lindner (and Picasso, too), are old-fashioned artists by the measure of the modernist conception that seeks not sublimation but the purging of experience of everything but tangible fact. The aim of "advanced" modernism is not to put reality at a remove through art but to use art to remove barriers to reality. This type of art conceives of the erotic as registerings of nakedness and sex as is. It was represented at Janis's "Erotic Art" show by Warhol, Whitman, and Watts. Significantly, in order to handle the assigned theme, all three men turned to film. Film not only restores the illusion of the third dimension banished by modernist painting but enables the nude body and sexual activity to appear as objective visual fact, with the least danger of aesthetic idealization. To the degree that it rejects or ignores the potentialities of art, film can outdo painting and sculpture in simulating actual sexual encounters and setting off the erotic reflex. In comparison with the complex and masterly inventions of Segal, Lindner, and Arman, Watts' close shots of thighs and breasts, Whitman's film strip of a nude in a shower, and Warhol's blurred visions of a perverse sex act are pathetic in their poverty of emotion and imagination. But in dealing with the erotic, the poverty of unembellished fact is an advantage. As was demonstrated at Documenta, the logic of the erotic in film is to move toward pornography.

In "Eroticism in Western Art," Lucie-Smith arrives at the judgment that, with the competition of photogra-

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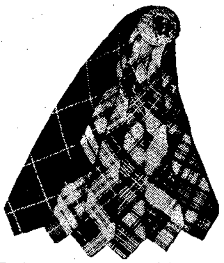

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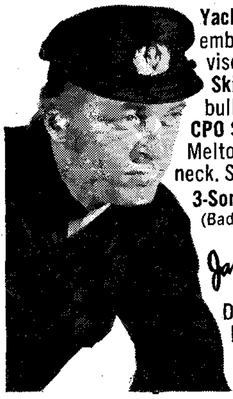

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phy and the impulse to introduce physical fact into painting and sculpture (as an example of which he unjustifiably cites Segal's "Legend of Lot"), "erotic art in the European tradition [is] now apparently coming to an end." And Kahmen, though his reason is not apparent, concludes with a metaphorical prophecy that the erotic itself has become fatally weak. On the other hand, Morse Peckham, in "Art and Pornography," has confidently proclaimed that "by the twentieth century European culture had created, for good or bad, a pornography, both in literature and the visual arts, which for its imaginativeness and productivity, its savagery and violence, its beauty and charm, its perversity and its normality, is unmatched in human history." Plainly, Lucie-Smith and Kahmen, on the one hand, and Peckham, on the other, are speaking of two different things—and the key to the difference is aesthetic sublimation. To the extent that art modifies sexuality with its own conceits, it is out of tune with the times. By all evidence, this epoch wants its sex straight. The relation of art to this universal subject is thus proof that art has become an esoteric activity whose interests are in conflict with the popular taste; perhaps art ought unequivocally to accept itself as such. It is unlikely that the Museum of Modern Art will ever be able to compete with Times Square.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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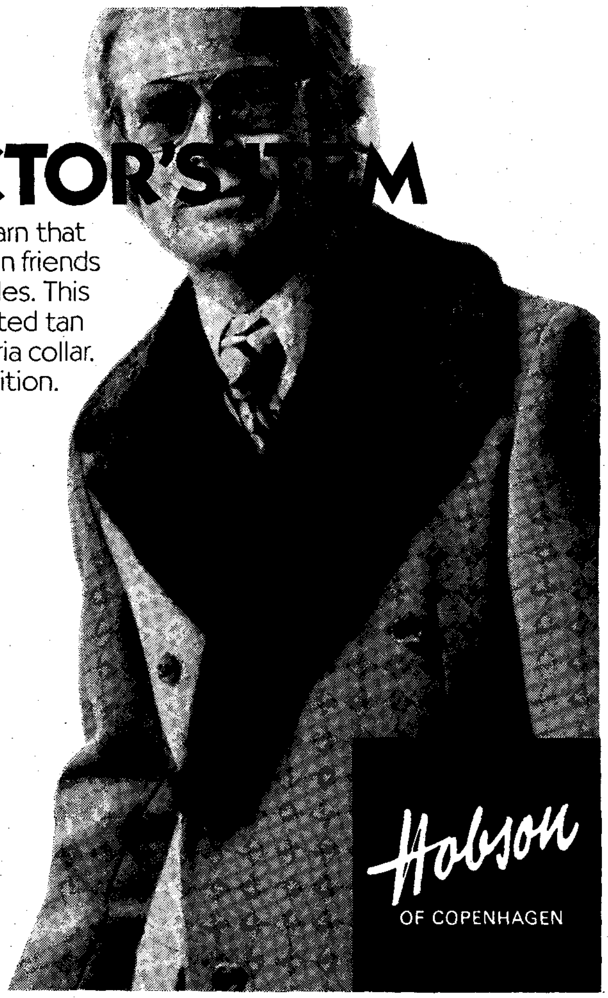
But it would be saying too much to call Richard Nixon a railfan. It would be more accurate to call him a rail romantic. Although he has neither the time nor the inclination to grab a camera and head for the nearest fan trip, he still pauses as the Santa Fe freights rumble past the Western White House at San Clemente, Calif. (The Los Angeles-to-San Diego main line runs a few hundred feet away between the Nixon compound and the beach.) "He's mentioned to me several times that he likes the sound of the wheels clicking," said Herbert Klein, Nixon's communications director.—*From an article entitled "Richard M. Nixon: Rail Romantic," by Don Phillips, in Trains, November, 1971.*

PERSONALITIES. Although California's Governor Reagan cut $253 million from his state budget, he permitted the town of San Clemente to finance a railroad relocation study with $100,000 of state funds. San Clemente can hire a consultant to study the cost and feasibility of moving the Santa Fe's coastal tracks further inland, further away from President Nixon's "Western White House," reports Robert A. Swan, catalyst, Box 1866, Long Beach, Calif. 90801.—*Railroad Magazine, October, 1972.*



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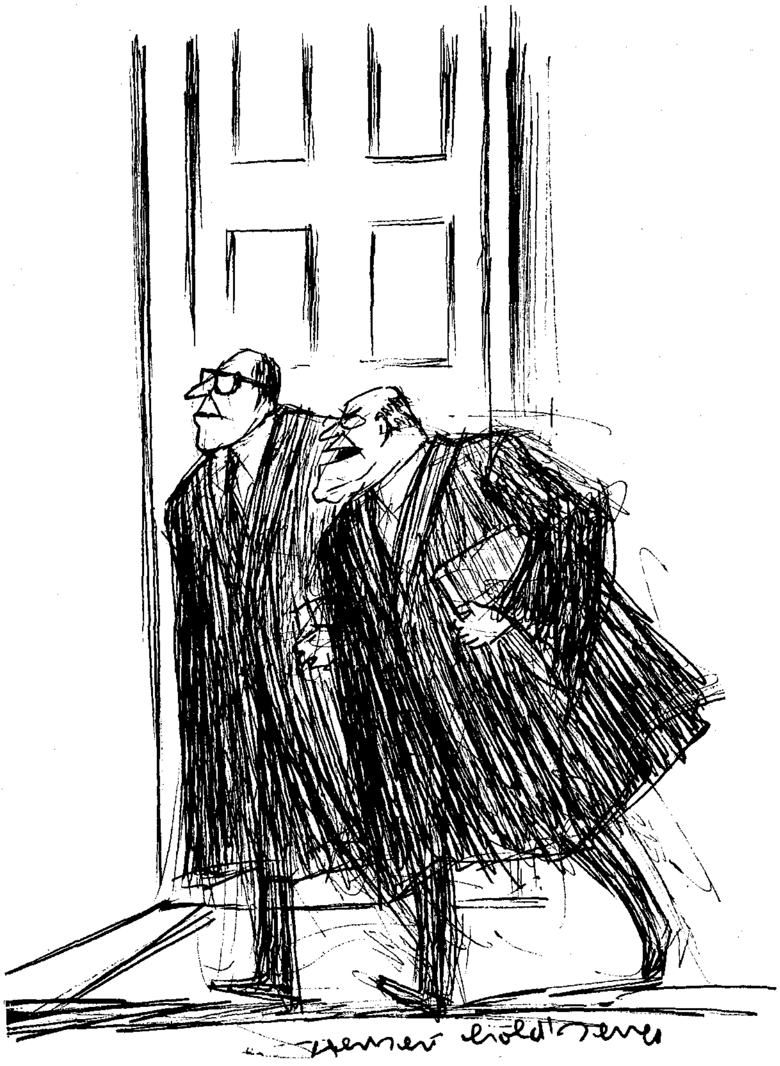

"If it turns me on, it's smut."

On a hot, dry summer day nearly seven years ago, I went down to the corner of West and Cortlandt Streets to witness the initial tests of some basic equipment for the construction of the main foundation walls of what would be the biggest building job ever attempted—in height of the structures, size of the foundation and excavation, and almost everything else. I was there to witness the test with Robert E. White, who is executive vice-president of Spencer, White & Prentis, a firm of foundation experts that is almost always called in whenever architects and builders think anything complicated or unexpected may occur below ground. Robert White and his brother Edward, president of that firm, are old friends of mine, and when I had mentioned not long before that I had always wondered what kept the tall buildings in New York anchored to the ground or whatever was underneath it, they suggested that I observe some of the steps in the construction of the foundations for the Trade Center. I knew that besides the two skyscrapers, each thirteen hundred and fifty feet high, at least three other buildings would be erected on the sixteen-acre site: an eight-story structure for the United States Customs Bureau and two nine-story ones for exhibits, meetings, and trade activities, around a five-acre plaza. To accommodate this extraordinary new assemblage within fourteen blocks of jammed lower Manhattan, the Port Authority had condemned a hundred and sixty-four buildings then standing on the site—including the big, rambling headquarters of the old Hudson and Manhattan Railroad, now the Port Authority Trans-Hudson System, known as PATH—and had closed off parts of five streets that ran through it. I had studied the map, and knew their names—Cortlandt, Dey, Fulton, Washington, and Greenwich. I also knew the names of the four streets bordering the site: West Street, running parallel to the dock area and beneath the West Side Highway along the bank of the Hudson River; Liberty Street, to the south, which is only a brief walk from the Battery; Church Street, a step from Trinity Church, on the east; and, to the north, Vesey Street, where the New York Telephone Company has its headquarters. The city had made a neat bargain with the Port Authority. In return for municipal assistance in obtaining the huge site, the Port Authority was going to add about twenty-four acres of new real estate to New York City by dumping the dirt and rock that would be excavated—more than a million cubic yards, or enough to make a pile about a mile high and seventy-five feet square—inside a great riverside cofferdam, or bulkhead. On this man-made peninsula, with a base extending from the old Pier 7 to the old Pier 11 and the Central Railroad of New Jersey ferry slip along the Hudson, plans called for streets, parking facilities, sewers, mains for water, electricity, and steam, and, eventually, apartment houses, stores, and various other buildings—parts of a complex to be known as Battery Park City.

The backbone of Manhattan is a rock ledge, which actually can be seen in Central Park and a number of other places. Starting at Fourteenth Street, it goes gradually beneath sea level, and extends under Governor's Island, Staten Island, New Jersey, and possibly as far as Pennsylvania, where similar rock—known here as Manhattan Schist—has been found. At the World Trade Center site, the rock is seventy feet below sea level, and above it is a nightmare for all construction engineers—filled land. Two hundred years ago, New York

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City was a little colonial town at the tip of the island, with docks and piers reaching like fingers into the rivers on either side. As the city grew, the dirt and rock dug out for cellars and, later, for subways and other underground installations, was dumped into the rivers to create new real estate, and it is estimated that the island's shoreline was pushed out about seven hundred feet in the area around the Trade Center. When a heavy building rests on bedrock, its engineers can sleep peacefully. Once they have dug to such rock, that's as far as they have to go, which made Manhattan a superb location for many of the first skyscrapers. The bedrock is so close to the surface in midtown—only eight feet down at Rockefeller Center—that sometimes it has to be blasted out for basements.

As Robert White and I were walking toward the test site, he said, "Some foundations, like those of the Empire State Building, are so routine they aren't interesting. A one-story service station built on a swamp could be more exciting. But on this kind of filled land there is nothing but trouble," he said, looking pleased. "For a typical downtown New York skyscraper, you normally dig down thirty or forty feet, but this foundation will have to go anywhere from sixty to a hundred feet. Around here, there's usually ten or fifteen feet of fill near the surface—rubble, old bricks, old anything. Then you have five to twenty-five feet of Hudson River silt—black, oozy mud, often covering old docks and ships. Down here we may hit parts of an old Dutch vessel called the Tijger, which burned off Manhattan in 1614. Below the silt, there's maybe a dozen feet of red sand called bull's liver, which is really quicksand—the bugbear of all excavating. The more you dig in it the more everything oozes into the hole. We expect to find it here, but we know how to deal with it. Under that is hardpan—clay that was squeezed dry by the glacier and its accompanying boulders. Finally, beneath the hardpan, there's Manhattan Schist."

As we entered the lot where the test was to take place, I noticed water running from a small pump into the gutter. White said, "People passing by complained that we were wasting water, so a city inspector came around. He laughed when he found that we were pumping out tidewater. We're working below the level of the Hudson, with the same tides as the Battery—varying from two to six feet." The lot was bare except for an enormous green crane on red wheels, a pile of bags

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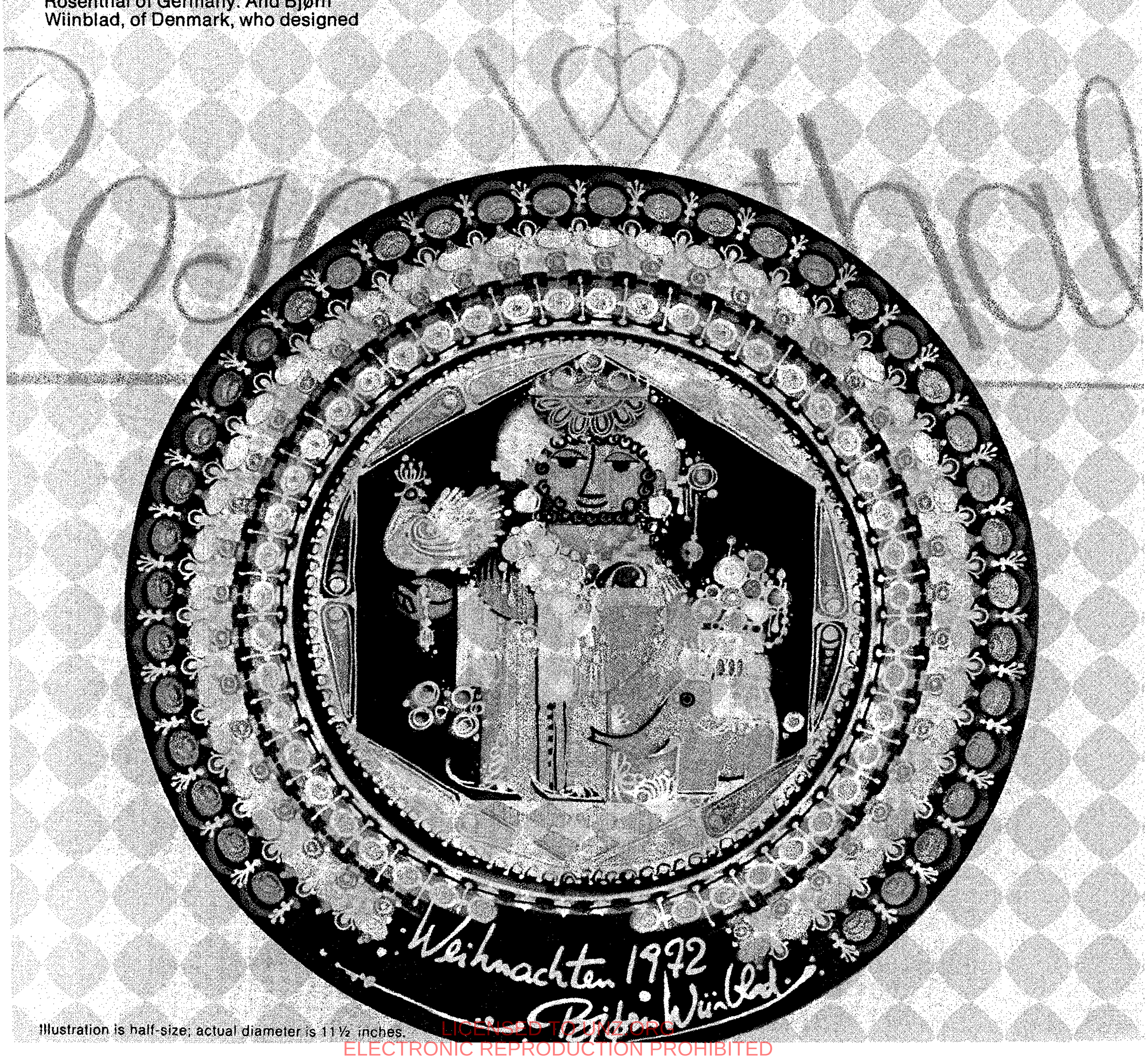

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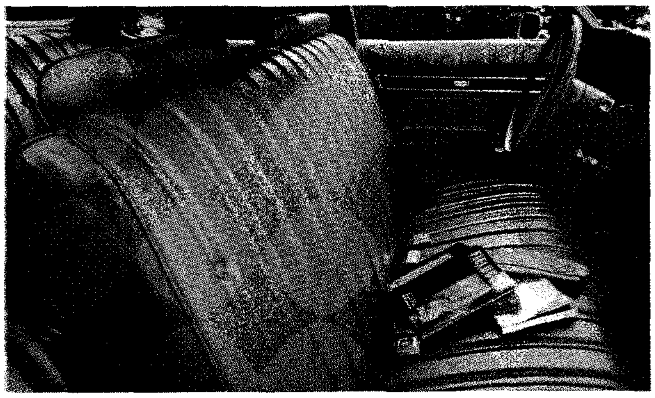

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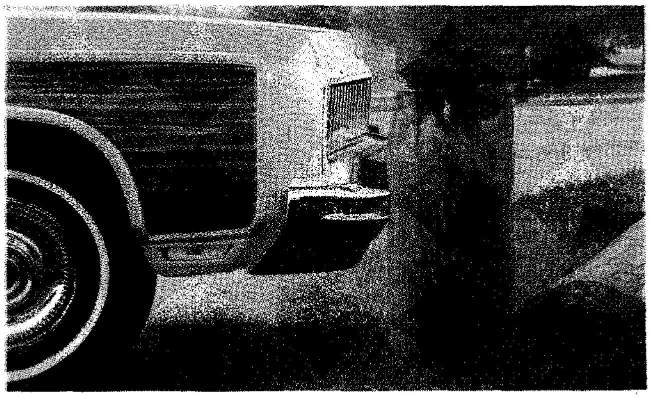

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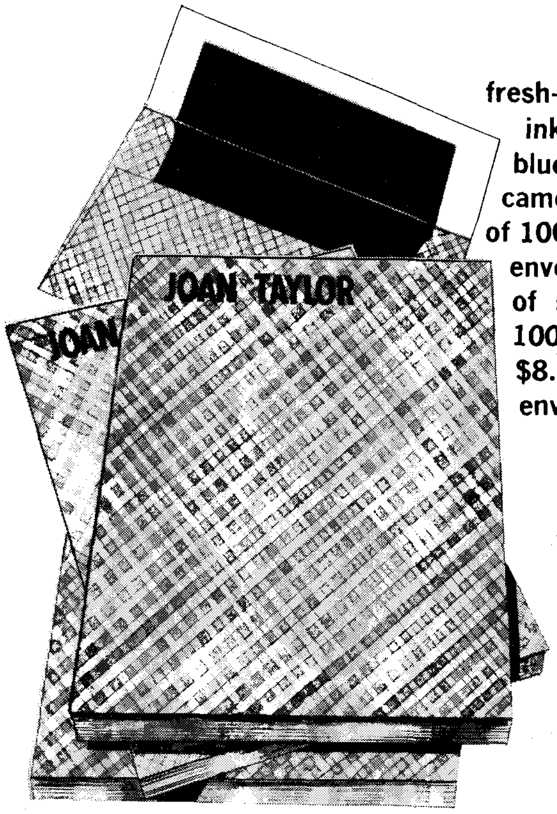
1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A. Chevrolet marked "Bentonite," several oxygen tanks, a large gray hydraulic jack, and a blue box, which White said was for cutting wires. A dozen men, some in business suits and some in grimy work clothes, all wearing hardhats, stood next to a strip of concrete about twenty-five feet long and the width of a small sidewalk. White explained that the concrete strip was the top of a sample piece of foundation wall, extending about ten feet below the ground, and that what I was going to see demonstrated was part of an unusual system of foundation construction that would be used on this job. Projecting from the concrete slab, at a forty-five-degree angle, were three pipe casings, inside which, he explained, groups of rods, wires, or cables, all known as tiebacks, extended, unseen, a hundred and thirty feet down, where they were anchored to bedrock. Concrete for the permanent walls making up the foundation's perimeter, thirty-one hundred feet long and about seventy feet deep, would be poured into trenches dug to the walls' width and depth before any other excavation began. Then workmen would dig down to install tiebacks, such as those here, and they would be stretched to a tension greater than the underground pressure behind the walls, to hold them up while all the earth, rock, and other matter they enclosed was removed. Ultimately, a complex system of interior concrete partitions and floors, extending six stories below the level of the street, would take over the job of supporting the outside foundation walls. Then the fifteen hundred tiebacks would be de-stressed and cut off. The purpose of today's tests, said White, was to determine which of the three different sorts of rods, wires, and cables inside the pipe casings would make the most effective tiebacks.

The group gazing at the section of wall opened ranks for us. Several of the men proved to be Port Authority officials: John M. Kyle, the Chief Engineer, who was a short man in a white helmet inscribed "Lincoln Tunnel, Third Tube, Last Bolt, June 28, 1956;" Arne Lier, the structural-design expert; Martin S. Kapp, head of the soils division, a big friendly engineer in overalls; Harry Druding, the engineer in charge at the site; and Leon Katz, the Port Authority's information officer. (Both Kyle and Kapp, who succeeded him two years ago as Chief Engineer, died of heart attacks before they could see the Trade Center completed.) The rest of the men were from West Street Associates—a group of five heavy-construction com-



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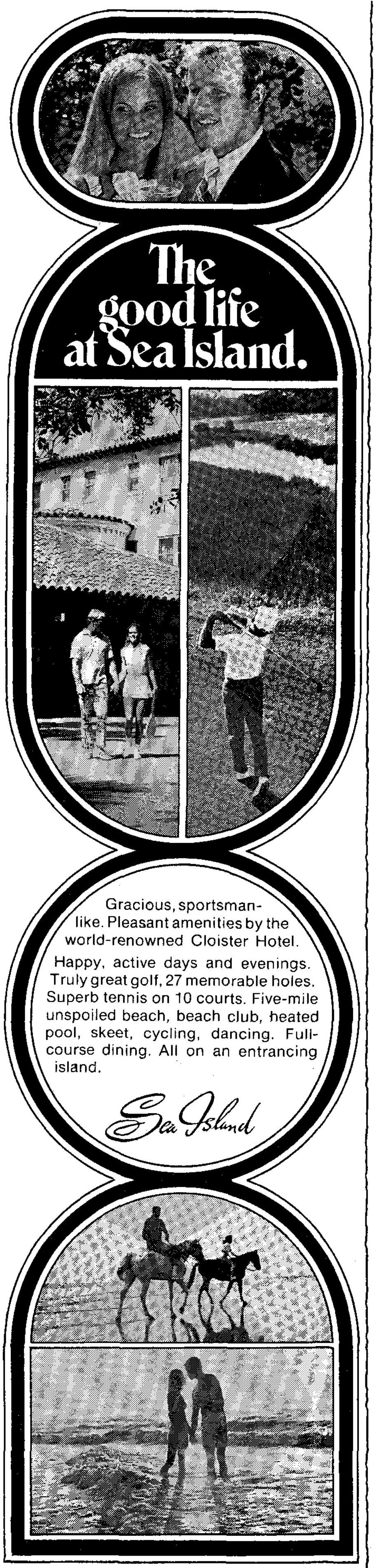
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panies (of which the Whites' outfit was one) that had banded together with Slattery Associates, Inc., the lead contractor, to take on most of the technically tricky, financially risky twenty-seven-million-dollar job of underpinning the World Trade Center.

Protruding from one pipe casing were more than a dozen cables, now slack, whose far ends were cemented underground. Each of these was now to be pulled taut separately by the hydraulic jack exerting as much as twenty tons of tension to test the tieback's strength. This machine was moved into a position where its wedge-shaped jaws could grip one of the cables, and it began drawing the cable up tight. As we watched, the pressure gauge on the jack moved to two thousand pounds per square inch—which represented a quarter of the cable's theoretical breaking point—and White explained that the steel cable would be stretched about eight inches, like a rubber band. The needle crept to three thousand pounds, then four thousand. When it was at five thousand, someone said, "Get back in case the wire snaps." Everybody moved back a few feet, and White said, "I saw two steel rods break during this sort of test in West Virginia, and they shot like spears halfway across the Monongahela River." Everyone moved back a step farther. Then Kyle called out, "Sixty-seven hundred pounds per square inch! That should be enough. That's twenty tons on the cable." It was announced that the wall was taking the load well, having moved a mere seven-eighths of an inch. If it had moved substantially, that would have meant that the tieback had pulled away from its anchorage. The jack went to work on a second cable, then a third, and within an hour or so it had been ascertained that all the different tiebacks stood up well under the strain. The contractors therefore decided on the one that they believed would be the most economical—a seven-wire cable about a half inch in diameter.

AFTER the test, I accepted Kyle's invitation to accompany him to his office at Port Authority headquarters, at Eighth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, for further enlightenment. I remember his saying, as he showed me in, "Maybe the Walls of Jericho fell down because they weren't built on good foundations." In his outer reception room, he halted before an old topographical map of Manhattan Island—published by Egbert L. Viele in 1865 for the use of sewer engineers—which showed the island's natural springs,

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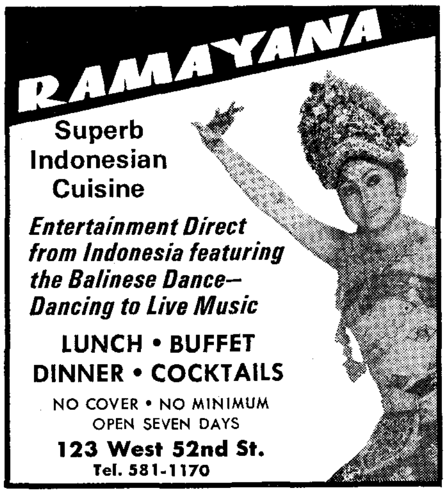
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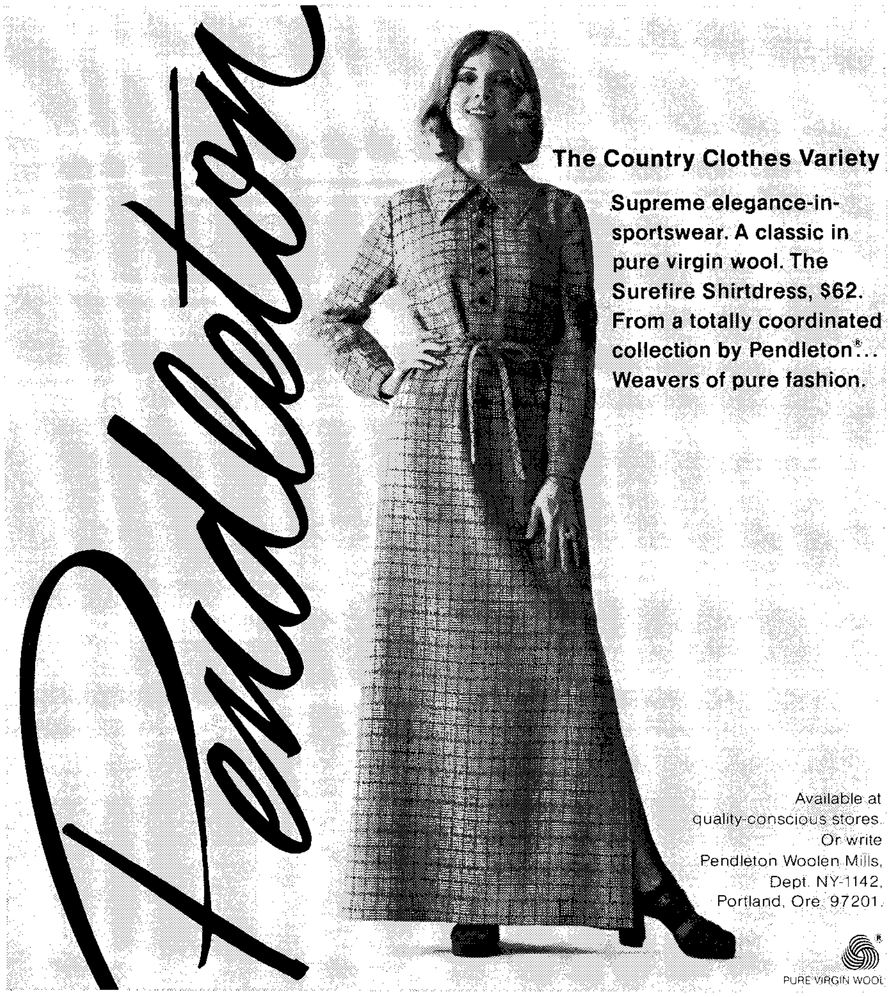
streams, and marshes before they were covered over by building projects. Kyle told me that this map has been a basic reference source for all underground planning and construction in New York for years. Kyle said, "Engineers make large-scale map blowups from it of the areas where they're working. Every existing stream in Manhattan shows up on the Viele map. There's the one at Forty-first Street that we hit when we were building the Port Authority Bus Terminal, and there's Minetta Creek, in Washington Square, which comes out in a hotel lobby as a fountain. And there you can see that we have a spring right under this building, whose water we use as a coolant in our air-conditioning system to save city water, and to wash down the Holland Tunnel during droughts."

Kyle told me that the World Trade Center foundation job was the most difficult and most interesting he had ever faced, and went on to explain why. Conventional deep foundations for tall buildings in New York, he said, are built by excavating the site, driving steel sheeting down to bedrock, propping it with heavy braces inside the cut, building wooden wall forms next to the sheeting and pouring concrete into them, removing the forms, installing basement floors, and, finally, removing the wall braces and the sheeting. If the ground contains excessive moisture, a mammoth, heavily reinforced slab of concrete, sometimes as thick as fifteen feet, is poured as a bottom floor, to counteract any upward pressure from the underground water. None of these orderly procedures could be applied with reasonable economy to the Trade Center site, he said. The original shoreline of Manhattan runs close to Greenwich Street, which bisects the site north and south, and this is a dividing line between good and bad foundation-building land. The area that had concerned the engineers from the outset was the western half, beyond the original shoreline, where borings eighty feet apart indicated that what was below was Hudson River silt loaded with underground obstructions—wharves built with wooden cribbings, foundations of stone and brick, crisscross timbers or piles, boulders, riprap, rocks that had been used as ballast in sailing ships coming empty from Europe to take on cargo, and even some of the ships themselves. Both of the Trade Center's skyscrapers, the Customs Building, and half of the plaza would occupy this part of the site, Kyle said, and their total weight would come to a million and a quarter tons,



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In a foundation of orthodox design, skyscraper towers, with special concrete-and-steel footings in the rock, would have sufficient weight to stay put in ground as watery as the tidal fill around the Trade Center, but the *surrounding streets might fall in* and the smaller buildings might settle down, or, worse, pop up. Insufficiently anchored tunnels have risen from river bottoms to haunt engineers who miscalculated the force of underwater buoyancy, and buried gas tanks are notoriously jumpy. However, it is doubtful whether conventional foundations could have been built at the Trade Center without the contractors' going broke from cave-ins and other difficulties, such as the slow pace of excavating the entire site before starting construction, the need to pump tidal water out the whole time, the tortuous process of driving piles or steel sheeting down to bedrock through the accumulated debris, and the obstacle for other construction imposed by the huge braces needed to keep the peripheral walls from falling in until the inside floors were in place.

In addition, Kyle said, the World Trade Center had a problem that, as far as he knew, no foundation engineer had ever before faced: a railroad had to be kept running inside the foundation area while digging went on around and beneath its tracks. Actually, two railroads go through the site—the I.R.T. local subway line to South Ferry and the PATH System, a fourteen-mile line running between Newark, Hoboken, Jersey City, and Manhattan through tunnels under the Hudson River. PATH crossed the site in two five-hundred-foot cast-iron tubes, almost three-quarters of a century old, resting on beds of mud. Some way had to be found to jack up the tubes, through which about a thousand trains rumbled back and forth daily, carrying more than eighty thousand passengers, without disturbing either the trains or the passengers. Ultimately, the tracks would be relocated under the Trade Center and the old tunnels removed.

The solution to all this was a daring one: to build one huge basement, sixty-five feet deep in some places, a hundred feet deep in others, that would take the form of a watertight box (but what a box!) occupying eight acres on the treacherous eight-block western half of the site. What the engineers were *really* doing was building a four-sided dam

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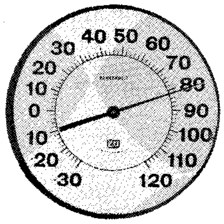

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around the troublesome part of the site. The bottom of the box would be bedrock, into which the walls would be tightly socketed to keep water out. During the construction of the walls, water trapped inside could be removed as the filled land was dug away and the bedrock emerged. Then the work of digging beneath PATH and constructing the basement area—containing a new PATH terminal, the underground home of the Trade Center's maintenance and air-conditioning equipment, an emergency electric generating plant, garages, and truck docks—could proceed with maximum efficiency. As it took shape, this box, the largest single basement that Kyle or any of the West Street Associates knew of, came to be called the Big Bathtub, and, finally, just the Bathtub.

While planning the Trade Center foundation, Kyle told me, he inspected subways and other underground work in Paris, Brussels, London, and, finally, Milan, where a new subway was completed in the late nineteen-sixties. In all these places, a Milanese firm named ICOS, which specializes in building walls in wet areas to keep water from flooding construction sites, had used a new process called the slurry-trench method. In Montreal, Toronto, and at a dam in Pennsylvania, an affiliate of the Italian company, the Icanda Corporation, Ltd., of Canada, was doing the same kind of work, and Icanda was eventually hired to work jointly with the West Street Associates and actually construct the Bathtub wall. To a layman, the idea of building a multimillion-dollar foundation wall anywhere from sixty-five to a hundred feet deep underground, blindly, without excavating on either side of it, is bound to seem the height of folly, and I told Kyle so that afternoon. He laughed, and said he would try to explain why it was the most practical solution. The key to the slurry-trench method is the use of a volcanic ash, or clay, called bentonite—after Fort Benton, in Wyoming, where deposits of it first were found, in the eighteen-forties. The peculiar property of bentonite, a powdery clay, is its ability to absorb enormous quantities of water in an excavation, after which it is strong enough to hold back the surrounding earth. The petroleum industry began using bentonite instead of metal casings in oil-drilling holes around 1900. When mixed with water, bentonite creates a counter-pressure to the push of surrounding earth and water, and prevents cave-ins—just how is not understood, though some experts believe that an undetectable electric

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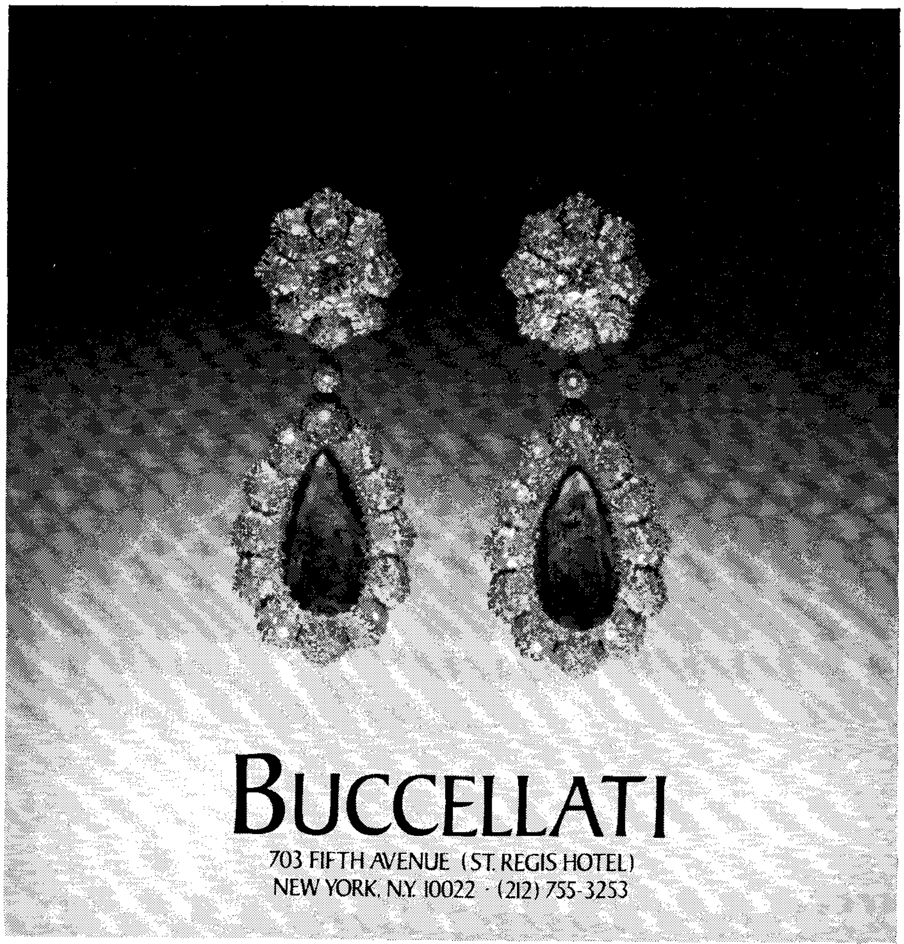

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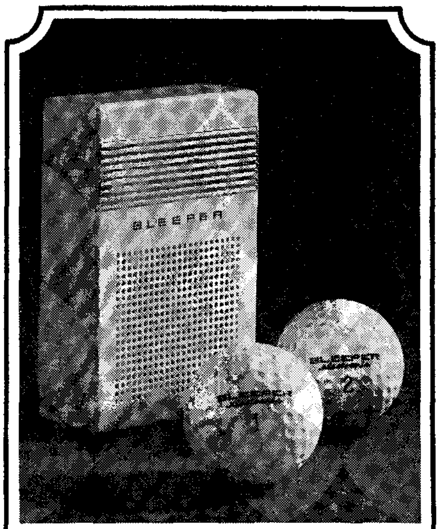
charge may be involved. "If you dig a trench and put down bentonite in the right mixture, it will hold up the banks," Kyle said. "The bentonite that is attached to the earth will stay attached even when concrete goes down and displaces the water in it. The stuff acts like a membrane, and the part that sticks to the wall holds the wall up. It annoys hell out of you when you can't figure out why that is, but, basically, we aren't interested in the theory. The important thing is that it works." The Bathtub wall, he said, was to be constructed in sections. Trench segments twenty-two feet long, three feet wide, and seventy feet deep would be dug and filled with slurry—a mixture of six per cent bentonite and ninety-four per cent water. As dirt was removed it would continuously be replaced by slurry, so that the trench would always remain full and the sides would not fall in. The digging would continue down into bedrock, with about two feet of the rock itself chipped away to give the wall a proper footing. Then a great cage of steel rods—shaped to fit into the full length of each twenty-two-foot segment of trench and holding a number of forty-five-degree-angle steel guides for the installation of tiebacks—would be dropped into the soupy mix to reinforce the concrete. Next, the concrete itself would be poured into each section. As the liquid concrete rose to the top of the trench, it would displace the slurry, which would be pumped into the next section of trench. As each section of concrete wall was completed, the workmen would excavate on the inner side of it to install tiebacks reaching diagonally down through the soil behind it. Then the earth inside that section of the Bathtub could be removed. With ten or fifteen machines moving simultaneously along the perimeter, Kyle figured, the outside foundation would take about a year to complete.

Before I left him that day, Kyle remarked that, of course, all kinds of sewer, water, and steam pipes and electric and telephone lines running through the site would have to be rearranged, adding that such work was normal in new construction, but this would be the biggest relocation job in the history of the New York Telephone Company. The company's main office was right next door to the Trade Center, at the corner of West and Vesey Streets, he reminded me, and the principal trunk lines for all phone communication between major cities in the United States and to the world outside—including the hot line to Mos-



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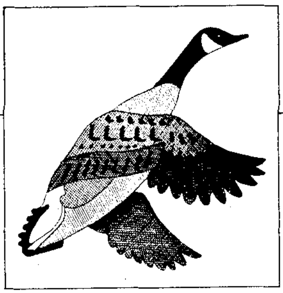

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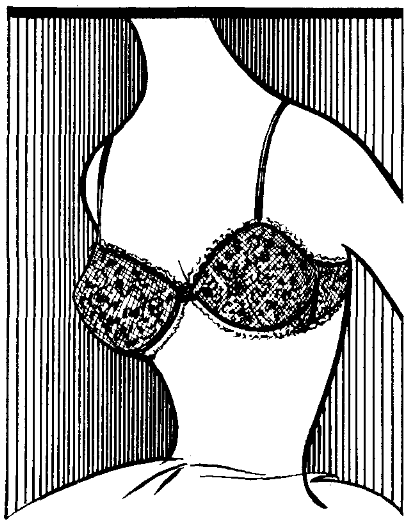

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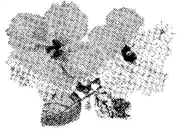
cow—were under what had been Greenwich Street, in the very middle of the site. Local telephone lines customarily run under public thoroughfares, too, and these would all have to be moved to the West Street boundary. As for the long-distance lines, two huge manholes, or vaults, opening into the two tunnels of PATH were to be constructed, to reconnect these lines inside the tunnels for their route across the Hudson. The vaults underneath West Street would also serve to pin the cast-iron PATH tubes to bedrock.

In order to connect the new telephone wires, one by one, to sections of cables that would be brought into the new manholes and thence dropped into the tunnels, splicers would work in shifts, sitting on benches inside the vaults and splicing each cable progressively without interfering with telephone service. Such splicing "alive" could be done so skillfully that conversations would continue, with the customers unaware of what was happening.

IT took more than a year to clear the Bathtub site of condemned buildings. This had been an area of small shops, many engaged in selling hi-fi equipment, and many of the store owners left reluctantly. There were also two residential tenants in no hurry at all to depart—one of them a penthouse dweller who loved the river view from his eighty-five-dollar-a-month apartment atop a five-story office building, the other a monkey that escaped from a pet shop when it was about to be torn down, built a nest in a pile of beams, stole enough bananas daily from a nearby fruit stand to stay alive, and eluded workmen for months. In any such huge project, the pattern of logistics demands immensely precise timing and coördination. Before the demolition of the old structures was half completed, therefore, construction of the Bathtub wall had begun, excavation inside the sections of wall that were in place was under way, and the cofferdam at the river's edge was receiving excavated fill. Wherever twenty-two feet of perimeter land had been cleared, Icanda's workmen jumped ahead and built another section of wall, so that practically the entire wall could be completed before the last of the condemned structures inside the Bathtub was demolished. The steel framework for the two skyscrapers, anchored in bedrock, began to rise aboveground while workmen underground were still digging out boulders from corners and dirt from underneath the PATH tubes.



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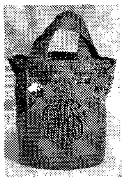

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Construction engineers groan at the prospect of finding relics when they are excavating an area with a complex history, for fear their work might be delayed while archeologists poke through the rubble, but nothing worth that effort turned up. The sunken ship Tijger never appeared—at least, not in any recognizable form—perhaps because powerful shovels smashed through underground obstructions as the excavations for the wall were completed. Timber cribbings were particularly wicked to break up, because lumber underwater can be just as hard after two hundred years as it was when it was sunk, though it may disintegrate a week after it hits the air. A cannister from the cornerstone of the old Washington Market turned up, full of newspapers and the cards of the produce people who had taken stalls there. A century-old bedroom slipper came to light, as did an eighteenth-century forged nail, several clay pipes, a large Portuguese fishing gaff, and a variety of antique tools and ship fittings, including rudders and several anchors of a pattern not made after 1750. An enormous iron anchor, weighing about a thousand pounds, required nineteen men to carry it up out of the site, and it now rests against a concrete wall in the Trade Center's heating-and-refrigeration plant, in the sixth-level basement—the very bottom of the Bathtub. Ancient cannonballs and bombs, the muzzle of a cannon, old bottles, bits and pieces of old china, and one small gold-rimmed cup with two hand-painted lovebirds on it turned up in the digging. Of all the china objects found, it alone was intact. A lot of coins were rumored to have been dug up, but they did not materialize in the front office.

FROM time to time, I dropped by the site to watch the activity in the cut far below—ants in perpetual motion to the throbbing of a chorus of heavy machines. Seventy feet above, the ground where I stood vibrated. One summer day a couple of years after my initial visit, Kyle suggested that he take me on a formal tour, since the operation had reached a point where demolition, excavation, and construction were going on simultaneously, and the Telephone Company was about to finish its splicing in the ducts inside the recently completed manholes. I stepped out of a cab on West Street in the middle of the afternoon and stopped for a moment, facing the river, struck by the beauty of what was left of an old ferry slip that was being demolished between the Trade Center and the

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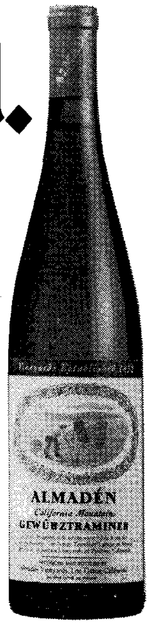

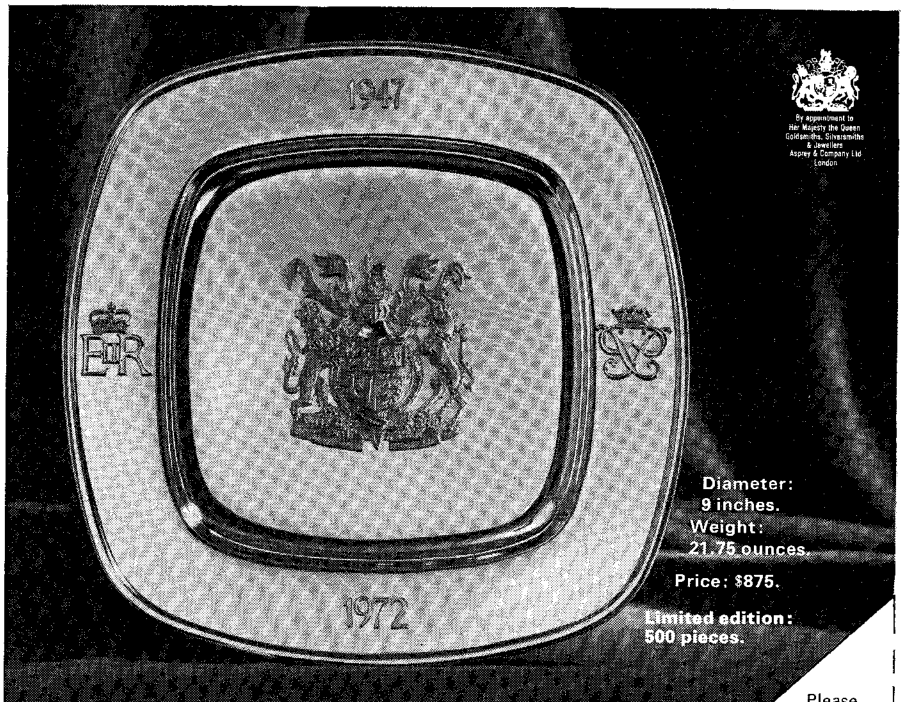

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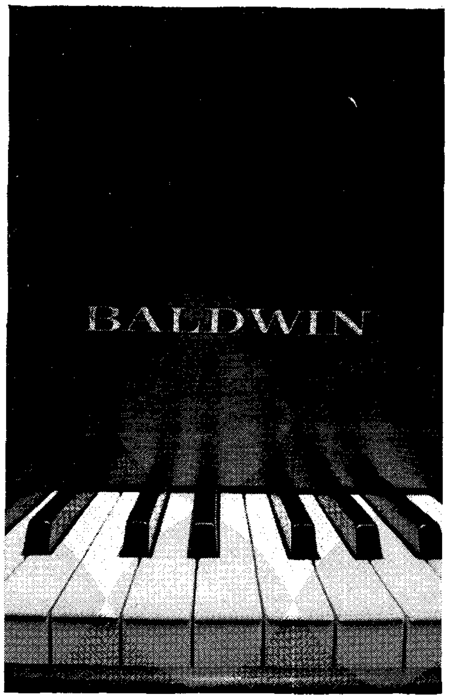

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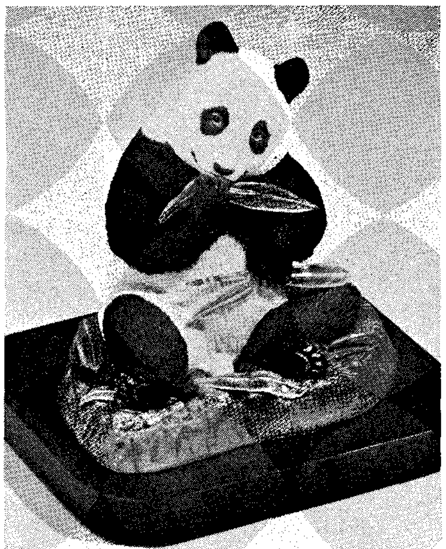

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new landfill in the river. Only the façade was intact, with high Victorian windows and a handless clockface. At the sides, the steel and wood of the old walls were falling away, dripping down like lace, and the sun was reflected hotly in a second-floor window that still had glass in it. This dreamy remnant looked ready for instant collapse. Beyond, I could just see the tops of the large cylindrical caissons that made up the cofferdam bounding the huge twenty-four-acre rectangle of new Manhattan real estate in the river. The center of the rectangle was a trifle wet, but the cofferdam was well filled with excavated material from the Trade Center foundation. I turned back toward the site, and saw that the surface area of the Bathtub was now almost cleared; there remained only part of a steel building frame with an elevator shaft still clinging to it, and a large stone edifice, the Marine Midland Bank Building, which appeared to have been built to last forever—except that it was not going to; looking up, I saw the iron ball of a demolition crane pounding away at the already roofless top story. I subsequently learned that it took four months to demolish this stubborn old fortress.

Kyle was waiting for me at the corner of West and Vesey, and we walked around the outside of the Bathtub, now clearly demarcated by the sections of wall already in place. Kyle paused to show me a particularly noteworthy machine, an enormously tall blue rig on a blue A-frame that was travelling on rails along the surface, digging the trench for a section of wall. All Icanda's machines were painted blue; this one, called an Adiges, and four or five others like it, had been imported from Italy for the job. A three-ton clamshell bucket hung from the peak of the A-frame and was equipped with jagged teeth to chew away the ground. Icanda, whose contract called for cutting not only through the ground but several feet into bedrock, had discovered that boulders and ancient timber obstructions were more formidable than had been anticipated, so it had then brought in two other pieces of special equipment—a rotary drill from the oil wells of Texas, so big that it had to be disassembled and transported to the site on three trucks, and a rock slicer, which had been air-expressed from ICOS's Milan shop. This monster, which had a giant blade attached to a lofty rectangular rig, could shave off rock wedges an inch thick, like a cheese slicer, but it met its match in Manhattan Schist, which is intermixed with

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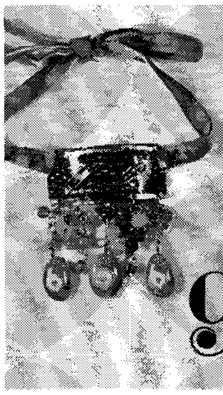

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hard, abrasive quartzite, and quickly dulled the slicer's blade. In fact, neither machine proved useful, and Icanda eventually resorted to old-fashioned methods of drilling, crushing, and hammering rock.

Against the backdrop of exposed brown soil and gray rock, blue, yellow, and orange machines down in the excavation were spots of bright color, and moving trucks of other vivid hues made additional flecks of brightness—especially the red trucks that carried explosives. Varicolored workmen's helmets also dotted the landscape—blue for Icanda, yellow for the Port Authority, green for Slattery, white for PATH, and an occasional silver or other odd-colored hardhat that was a treasured good-luck possession of its owner. Up on the surface, the Adiges machine near me stood next to a mixer pouring wet bentonite into the open trench, whose surface was a runny beige soup. Some distance away, concrete was flowing down a pipe to make a section of wall, and, in between, recovered bentonite was running into another trench, where another Adiges rig worked. On a cleared portion of the site, ironworkers were assembling steel cages to reinforce the concrete. The cages looked like giant bedsprings, and when they were lifted vertically into the air by enormous cranes, sometimes as high as a hundred feet, and then dropped slowly—going, going, gone—into the wet slurry in the trenches, a crowd of bystanders usually formed at the fence around the site to watch.

At what had been the corner of Greenwich and Dey Streets, we came to a graded incline leading to the bottom of the excavation. We walked down, stopping often to let outsize yellow Euclid dump trucks labor uphill past us piled with loads of great boulders or rattle downhill empty after a trip across a temporary ramp under West Street to the cofferdam area. At the bottom of the incline, we crossed a plank over a lot of water and came to a large yellow drilling machine, which was slowly shattering rock. There was the smell of wet sand, and I noticed several varieties of pumps hard at work. We were seventy feet below the street, and, looking up, I saw for the first time finished sections of the new wall, excavated and exposed, with the ends of tiebacks sticking out in rows about ten feet apart. The top layer of tiebacks was in place, and workmen were drilling holes and inserting a second layer. To my surprise, the wall was not smooth and fresh-looking but, rather, full of lumps and quite scruffy, like a

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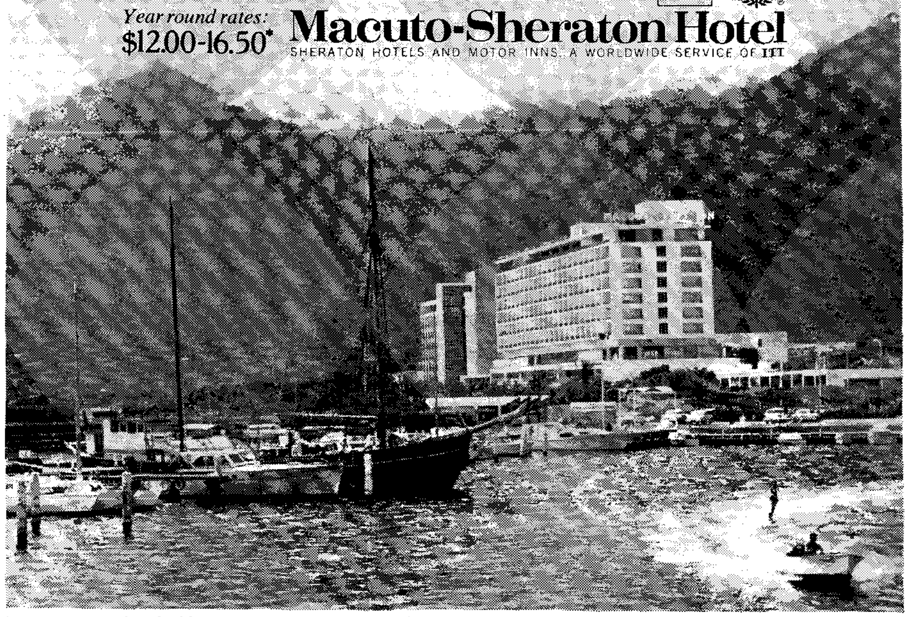

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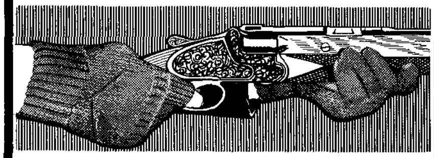

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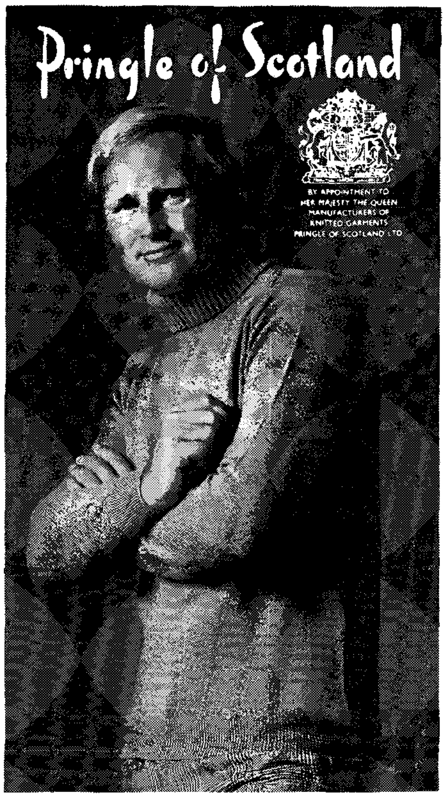
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fairly well-preserved achievement of some much older civilization. I shouted as much to Kyle over the racketing noise of the drills. "We can chop off the lumps and put a masonry wall inside if we want to dress it up!" Kyle shouted back. "But it probably wouldn't be worthwhile for that section—it will be a garage!"

KYLE suggested that we return at midnight to visit the telephone vault, where one man from the Telephone Company would still be splicing wires in the last of the cables to be relocated. PATH traffic would be light at that hour, and when one tube was closed briefly for cleaning we could walk along the track and climb into the telephone vault from below, instead of descending through the manhole from the street. It would be somewhat wet, I was told, and to get out I would have to go up a vertical ladder connecting the vault's three floors—my least favorite form of exercise. Forewarned, I arrived clad in bluejeans and rubber boots as the clock hands reached twelve in PATH's control center, a basement room filled with dials and flashing lights to indicate the position of moving trains. I was handed a helmet, and we started out.

The trains were temporarily halted in the north tube, and we began walking down the tunnel. As I picked my way carefully through the mud and over the railroad ties, I was at the rear of a single file consisting of Kyle, Katz, and several officials from the Telephone Company and PATH. Red and white flashlights carried by the men ahead danced to the swing of their arms as we passed the arch of a spooky, abandoned side tunnel leading nowhere. I looked above me, wondering if I could see the curved top of the tube, but the darkness was a soft shroud. Although it was a hot July night, the air was cool where we were—about forty-five feet below the street, still in Manhattan but close to the riverbank. Kyle stopped for a moment to explain to me what I was about to see. The telephone vault, or manhole—three small, high-ceilinged rectangular rooms, one above another—was a watertight concrete box, which, like the Bathtub, was fastened to bedrock and built partly around the top of the PATH tube. When the vault was finished, a hinged segment of tube served as a trapdoor between the tunnel and the manhole.

Suddenly there was a burst of light. It came through this door, which led into a small, elevated concrete room, in which a man sat working with a large

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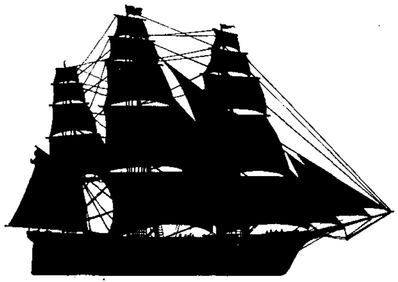

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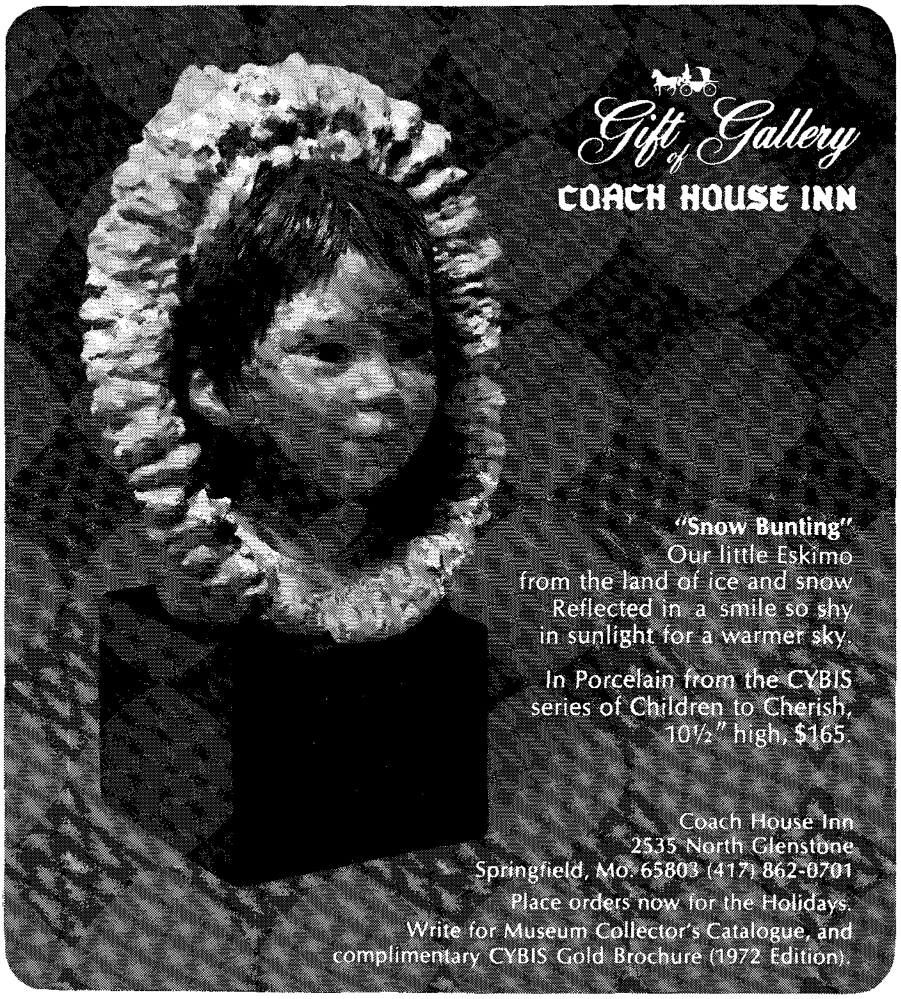
pile of tiny multicolored wires in his lap. He was wearing a yellow helmet, a blue flannel shirt, and a phone headset, but he pushed this aside to introduce himself as Charlie McQuade and to explain that there had been thirty-three splicers working six days a week in the area for the last five months but now he was the only one left. He was about to "throw," or splice, his last cable—one that had four hundred pairs of wires, or conversations, which meant eight hundred splices for him. The wires he was working on went to Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, and Moscow, he told us, adding that he could "throw" an average of two hundred a day. I had been told that splicing was one of the most highly skilled jobs in the Telephone Company, and as he talked and worked I could see why. If the wires weren't spliced with a tight pigtail twist, conversation on the line would be very noisy, and if a short circuit occurred there would be no conversation at all. Just then, someone called out that a train was about to come by. McQuade laughed. "Don't lean back too far, or you'll get a haircut," he said. We hurriedly climbed into McQuade's concrete room, the lowest of three in the vault, and, squeezing past him, we started one by one up the vertical steel ladder. On the second level, I paused to look at the telephone cables, which hung like large black hoses from ceiling to floor. Then I leaned down to see where I had come from. I could see the outer surface of the cast-iron tunnel tube, curved and heavy, with a dull-black finish, and if I had had any doubt about what it was, that doubt would have vanished a second later, when I heard a train rumble through. I started climbing again, and the air became increasingly warm as I neared the street surface. There was a sudden draft of wind from another train passing below, and as I held tight to the ladder I felt my helmet rise about a foot above my head. I grabbed for it, but it settled miraculously back, and I climbed out onto West Street to join the others. The Trade Center site was ablaze with light, and the rock crushers and drills were steadily pounding away.

PART of an engineer's professional skill involves finding ingenious and preferably cheap ways out of trouble, but the solutions for some of the Bathtub's difficulties were expensive. The tiebacks were so much more costly than anyone had expected that less expensive, buttress-style reinforcements were adopted for the base of the wall. Al-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though the design of the tiebacks was supposed to protect them against corrosion from the stray electrical currents that always seem to be present in city ground, corrosion occurred anyway, mysteriously beginning with tiebacks on the third level below the surface. This was serious: if the corrosion persisted, and a substantial number of wires in the tiebacks failed before the inside floors were in, the walls would collapse. As it turned out, corrosion occurred in fewer than a dozen tiebacks, but the rest had to be constantly checked, and strain gauges were installed in the wall at points of known stress; a witch's brew of antifreeze and slurry was concocted to coat the wires that had been damaged. Bad leaks sprang up in the joints where the twenty-two-foot sections of wall came together, and a lot of dirt and water seeped in, contributing to the settling of the ground outside the site. The joints were hastily patched with rubber gaskets and cement. One day, Kyle got a hurry call to come to the corner of Greenwich and Liberty Streets. Workmen drilling into bedrock had suddenly found that they were digging into dirt and silt again. Kyle was fascinated by this phenomenon—an underground chasm in the heart of the city, probably dug out by the glacier. Another time, a crane operator who was filling in an old manhole kept on dumping dirt into what seemed a bottomless cavity, until Kyle's office received an excited message from PATH officials saying that part of the tunnel wall must have collapsed, because dirt was flowing over their railroad tracks. The crane operator had unwittingly dumped dirt into an access manhole to the PATH tunnel. After that, large flags at street level showed where the tunnel was.

When the two PATH tubes were exposed within the Bathtub, it was the first time direct sunlight had touched them since they had been built. They had been resting comfortably underground for almost three-quarters of a century at a steady fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and in the summer heat, which was over a hundred degrees, the iron began to expand. The engineers cut a slot about two inches wide in the tube to allow for expansion. At once, a PATH passenger called the Port Authority, in wild excitement, to report that the tube was breaking apart, so sheet metal was wrapped around the opening. After the tubes were completely in the open, the train engineers complained that there was a thundering noise as the trains passed through the tubes, which

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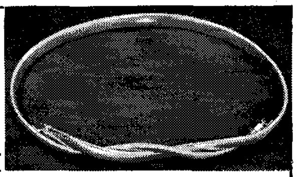

made the engineers think the exposed sections might be dangerous. They were told that the hanging, hollow tubes were simply acting like giant bass drums.

AROUND that time, I went down to watch the process of jacking up the tubes so that digging could be done beneath them for new tracks that would ultimately lead into the new station in the basement of the building. Meanwhile, of course, passenger service had to continue uninterrupted.

I found Jim Hastie, a young Slattery engineer, who was superintendent on the site for West Street Associates, standing in the bottom of the Bathtub, beside one of the two big black PATH tubes. He was wearing a silver helmet, which he kept removing to run his hand nervously through his short-cropped brown hair as he talked about steel saddles and trusses that would support the old tubes until new tracks were completed and the tubes removed. There was a low, rumbling noise, the ground shook beneath us, and a train passed through the tube, on which Hastie was casually resting his hand. He smiled. "I think this is the noisiest place in the world," he said. "I've got used to it, but I automatically talk as if everyone were hard of hearing." He went on, "This has been a bitch of a job. There has always been worry because of all the water. There was a hell of a lot of water in the ground before we got here, coming through the rocks from underneath, and we've had a lot of heavy rains, too. We're always having trouble with the pumps, which never seem to break down on a nice day. I forget whose law that is, but that's what happens. No matter how much experience you've had, water is a real unknown—water from the earth below and the heavens above. If it weren't for the water, we'd have been done long ago. If I had a penny for every gallon I've pumped out of here, I wouldn't be talking to you—I'd be in Hawaii." He took off his helmet and scratched his head. "So far, we've been able to cope with every one of our problems, thank the Lord. On other jobs, somebody has always known somebody who'd had the same problem before, but on this one there are no preconceived solutions—your approach has to be brand-new. You can't compare this foundation to any other—the PATH tubes, the slurry wall, the tiebacks, the size and depth of the hole, the nearness to the good old Hudson River. This is a fascinating job and

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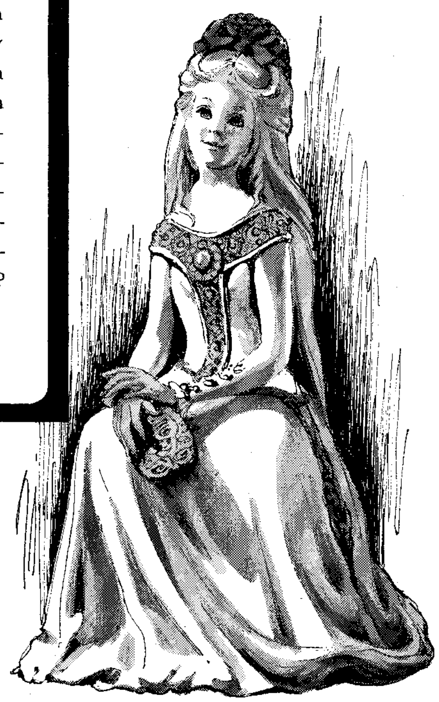

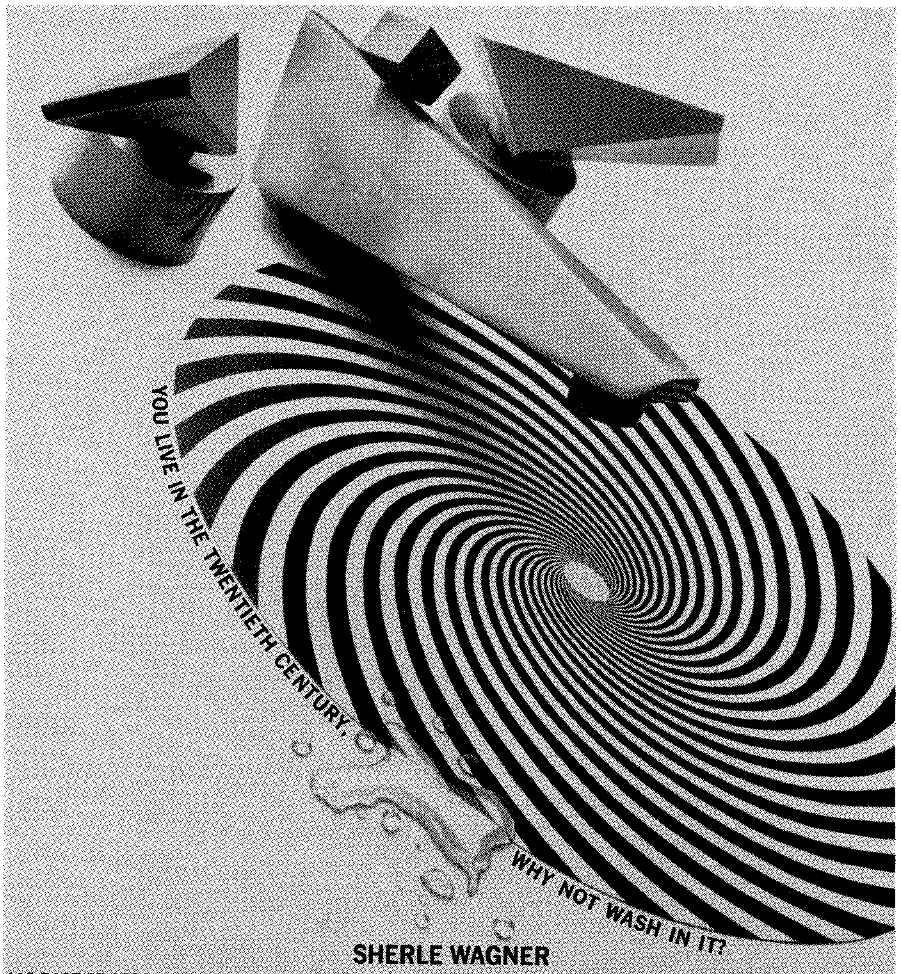
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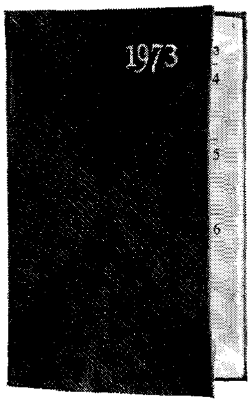
an exasperating experience. You know you won't have one like it again, even if there are a lot of days when you're not too happy about being here."

A while afterward, I went to see Arturo Ressi, a tall, dark, thirty-year-old Italian engineer, who had directed the work of the Icanda crew. At the peak of Icanda's activity, Ressi had had about a hundred and fifty men on his payroll, but now there were only four, including him, and he was getting ready to leave. Now that the job was done, he enjoyed chatting about the Bathtub. He spoke of the terrible obstructions in the ground, which had produced "overbreaks"—the cause of the bumpy appearance of the Bathtub wall. Since all the work was done out of sight, there had been no way of checking on irregularities in the wall until excavation began. Time and again, he said, cavities left in the walls of the trench by the removal of boulders and other objects below ground would produce bumps and bulges in the wall after the concrete was poured. When excavation revealed the irregularity, the crew would smooth out the bumps as best they could, but it was impossible to achieve the even results Ressi preferred. Another difficulty, he said, was communication between highly trained specialists from Italy who spoke no English and the workmen on the site. "We found the curse words in Italian. On the job, we pointed and worked out words phonetically," Ressi said. "Communication was hazardous. But our men work all over the world and are used to making others understand certain things, no matter where they are."

Ressi's departure was a signal that the basic construction of the foundation walls of the World Trade Center had been completed; the only important step still to be taken was to release the tension on the fifteen hundred tie-backs and cut the exposed ends flush with the walls, leaving the buried portions underground. The other day I received word that this process had begun, and I went down to the Center for a visit with Francis Werneke, the present construction manager. His office is in the South Tower, now known as Two World Trade Center. The half-finished lobby startled me; the Italian marble that lined the walls and lofty ceiling was a shiny, stark white—the kind of stone I associate with a particular kind of ornate modern tomb, and there were crystal chandeliers and vertical strips of silvery metal.

On the twenty-first floor, Werneke, a very tall, cheerful man in a short-sleeved blue shirt and black-framed



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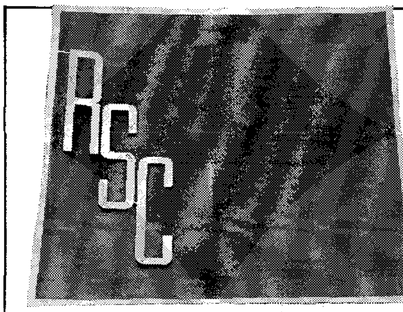

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glasses, congratulated me on following the construction of the Trade Center's foundation for so long. Then he explained that all the tiebacks could be released when the temperature of the whole Bathtub area had been stabilized at seventy degrees plus or minus twenty degrees, which would permit a minimum of contraction or expansion of floor slabs.

He talked about the Bathtub: "That wall was put in the ground blind, with water lappin' on the other side at the same elevation that you can see at the Hudson River right across West Street. But if you go down seventy feet below the surface inside the Bathtub, it's all dry down there. As far as I'm concerned, the Bathtub is a miracle wall."

I looked out the narrow, slitted window at the Hudson River, and then I turned in the other direction and glanced down at the plaza below me. Workmen were filling in the surface with oblong stone blocks around the outline of a circular fountain, where a central sculpture was already in place, covered with a green tarpaulin. Soon the plaza would be transformed by shrubbery and hurrying crowds of people. If I come down here again in another couple of months, I thought, I won't even remember what the Bathtub was like.

—EDITH IGLAUER

•

Maloney has a program to reform our corrections system which fails to provide meaningful rehabilitation programs, encourages recidivism and denies the speedy due process of law to the indigent.—*Campaign handbill for Bill Maloney, Democratic candidate for New York State Senator.*

Well, it can't hurt any.

•

UGANDAN REFUGEES Mrs. Chiman Varu and her infant daughter Kishori arrived in Montreal this week and were presented with a Mountie doll. Asians living in other former British colonies in Africa fear they will suffer a similar fate because of anti-Asian sentiment there. —*Photograph caption in the Toronto Daily Star.*

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•

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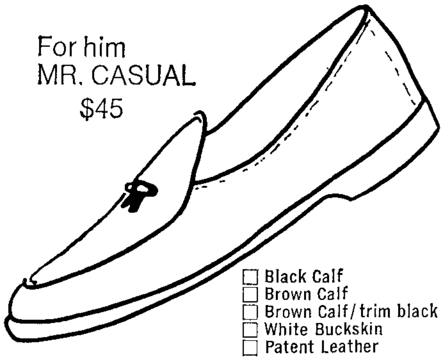

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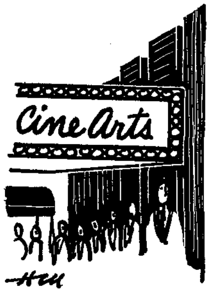
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pop Versus Jazz



"LADY SINGS THE BLUES" fails to do justice to the musical life of which Billie Holiday was a part, and it never shows what made her a star, much less what made her an artist. The sad truth is that there is no indication that those who made the picture understand that jazz is any different from pop corruptions of jazz. And yet when the movie was over I wrote "I love it" on my pad of paper and closed it and stuffed it back in my pocket. In certain kinds of movies, the chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful. You don't want to resist the pull of it, because it has a celebrity-star temperament you don't get from anything else; this kitsch has its own kind of authenticity. It's a compliment to the brand of tarnished-lady realism Motown has produced that one thinks of Warners and such Bette Davis vehicles as "Dark Victory" and "Dangerous" rather than of M-G-M. This movie isn't heavy and glazed. Factually it's a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. It has what makes movies work for a mass audience: easy pleasure, tawdry electricity, personality—great quantities of personality. Pop music provides immediate emotional gratifications that the subtler and deeper and more lasting pleasures of jazz can't prevail against. Pop drives jazz back underground. And that's what this pop movie does to the career of a great jazz singer.

How can you trash an artist's life and come up with a movie as effective as "Lady Sings the Blues"? Well, at one level Billie Holiday trashed her own life, and so her morbid legend works for the picture. Movie-trade reporters say that movies with "lose" or "loser" in the title always make money; a movie about Billie Holiday hardly needs the word in the title. Who could be a more natural subject for a flamboyant downer than Billie Holiday, whose singing can send the cheeriest extroverts into a funk? Good Morning, Heartache. Billie Holiday expressed herself in her bantering with lachrymose lyrics, making them ironic and biting, or else exploiting them for their full measure of misery, giving in so deeply to cheap emotions that she

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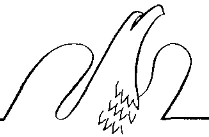
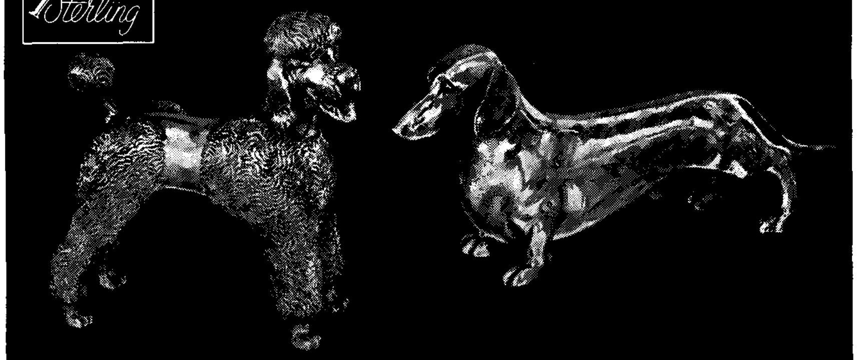
wrung a truth of her own out of them. Maybe not quite a truth but an essence. How many masochists have sated themselves on her "Gloomy Sunday"? And the defiance of her "Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do" was always borderline self-pity: the subtext was "I don't need any of you, I'm so miserable." We've all got a lot of slop in us, and she glorified it, so she was irresistible. She lived so close to those self-destructive suffering-star myths epitomized by the term "a Susan Hayward picture" that only by suggesting the Billie Holiday who was an intuitive innovator and played her oboe voice like a jazz instrument, the artist who was fully happy only when she was singing, could the movie have transcended the old gallant-victim-paying-the-price-of-fame routine. Instead, it stays snugly within commercial confines, relying on the variation of the black sufferer to make it new. This bio-melodrama wasn't made with love for Billie Holiday, exactly (except perhaps from Diana Ross, who plays the role), but "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Love Me or Leave Me" (which we think of as "forties" but which were actually mid-fifties—not very far in the past) didn't show much love, either, and they were made with much less energy and spirit.

Still, it's shocking to see a great black artist's experience poured into the same Hollywood mold, and to see that it works—and works far better than it did on the white singers' lives. There's an obvious, external cause for the torments Billie Holiday goes through, and black experience is still new and exotic on the screen—a fresh setting with a new cast of characters, a new vernacular, and a different kind of interplay. And since you can show almost anything in movies now, you don't have to find euphemisms and substitutions. A whore is no longer a "hostess." But this freedom in language and atmosphere isn't to be confused with freedom from commercialism. The movie prefers invented horrors to the known (and much worse) horrors of Billie Holiday's actual life. Her promiscuity has been jettisoned; the lovers and domestic messes and quick affairs all disappear, and her third husband, Louis McKay (Billy Dee Williams), becomes the only man she loves and wants. It's when they're separated (because of her career) that she's so lonely and unhappy she tries drugs; and she falls back on them again later on when he must be away for a few months. Billie Holiday's music certainly doesn't send us messages about a good man who's





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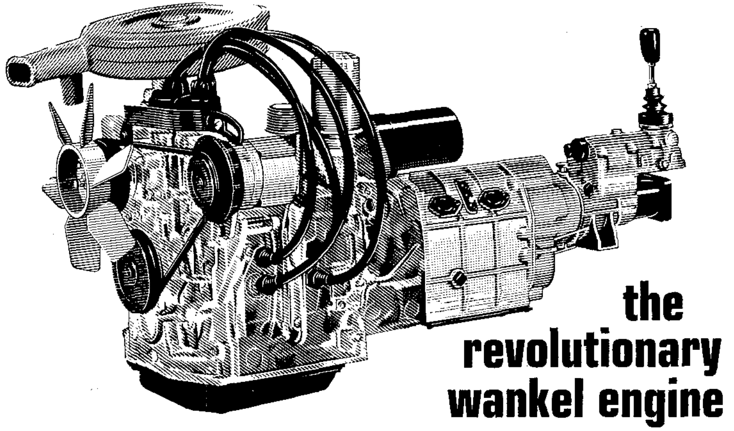

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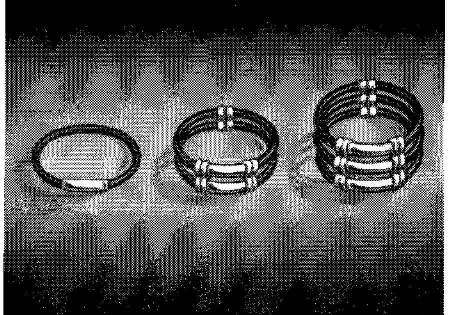

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always there when she needs him; her torch blues express the disorder and dissatisfaction of her human relations. How could anybody listen to her high-wire singing and write this monogamous script? Well, that's not what the troop of writers were listening to.

When this Billie Holiday announces that she is giving up singing to marry Louis and spend her time in the kitchen, audiences cheer. The way they have been conditioned by movies and TV, how else can they react? In terms of the movie, they're reacting *appropriately;* the movie itself can't deal with why Billie wants to go on singing after she has married her fairy-tale prince. The picture is solidly aimed at a mass audience that knows a junkie is damned lucky to get a fine, substantial husband to take care of her, and Louis McKay has been made such a deep-voiced, sexy Mr. Right that the audience's sympathies tend to go to him rather than to her. At times, the movie seems deliberately shaped to make Billy Dee Williams a star. One can almost feel the calculation that swooning teenagers will say to themselves, "*I* wouldn't take dope if I had a man like that waiting for me." McKay is black, but he's an early-model Clark Gable dreamboat. This ridiculously suave, couth man (who is involved in some unspecified business that permits him to be a hot-shot big spender) belongs in another sort of movie altogether. Since he doesn't save her, what's he here for? For black popular romance, of course, and maybe it's only a commercial dividend that he embodies the stability against which Billie Holiday is then judged.

The assumption is that the basic audience will be black, and so the movie plays a few get-Whitey games: you never see Billie with any of her *white* lovers, or in her quarrels with blacks (including her own mother), and she's turned onto dope by a smiling white dude (platinum-blond Paul Hampton, who overdoes the white sliminess). Operating on a scrambled calendar of events, the movie avoids the complexity of the race issues in her life, making her strictly a victim. Her tour with Artie Shaw's band has been turned into the road to ruin for a little black girl who should have stayed with her own people. And with this approach Billie Holiday seems so weak a person that we can't see how she ever made it to the peak of her profession. For reasons that are obscure—possibly in order to sustain the victim image—her records, by which the whole world came to know her, are

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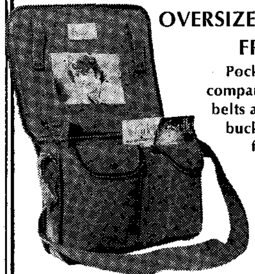

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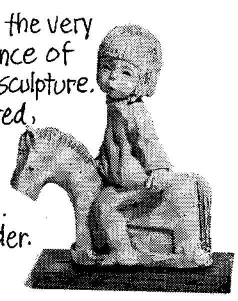

"Easy Rider" (12" high)

omitted. One would never suspect that she began to record at the age of eighteen and that by her early twenties she was an important figure in the world of jazz. How shrewd it is, consciously or unconsciously, to show us not the woman who had made over a hundred recordings by the time she was twenty-five, not the embattled woman who broke down racial barriers while creating a new musical style, but a junkie girl who makes it to the top—the stage of Carnegie Hall—yet at too great a price. A loser. A movie that dealt with Billie Holiday's *achievements* wouldn't be hip; what's hip is the zingy romanticism of failure. "Lady Sings the Blues" is about a junkie who has it made but keeps pulling herself down.

Diana Ross, a tall, skinny goblin of a girl, intensely likable, always in motion, seemed an irrational choice for the sultry, still Billie Holiday, yet she's like a beautiful bonfire: there's nothing to question—you just react with everything you've got. You react in kind, because she has given herself to the role with an all-out physicality, not holding anything back. At times, she reminded me a little of the way Carole Lombard used to throw herself into a role; Lombard wasn't a great comedienne, but she had such zest and vitality that you liked her better than mere comediennes. She was striking and special—an original. So is Diana Ross, and with gifts that can't be defined yet. She couldn't have won us over so fast if the director hadn't shaped and built our interest in her from the childhood scenes. She's knockabout, tomboy angular as an adolescent, and a little later she has a harlequin beauty: huge eyes and a pointed chin and an impishly pretty smile. When she wears ruby lipstick, it's so absolutely right it looks like part of her. She's made up to look uncannily like Billie Holiday in flashes in the latter part of the film—so like that when Billie Holiday herself is on the screen in the sepia enlarged photographs that fill in the plot, there's no visible discrepancy. But Diana Ross is most appealing in the early scenes, when she's least like Billie. The elements of camp and self-parody in Diana Ross's performances with the Supremes and in her TV solo appearances are gone, but, in her whore's orange dress with ruffles at the shoulders and a snug fit over her wriggly, teasing little bottom, she still has her impudence. She's scat-fast with a funny line, she's inventive when she delivers her dialogue like lyrics, and she has a sneaky face for the times when

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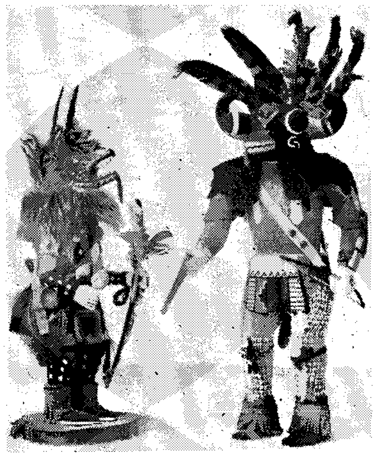

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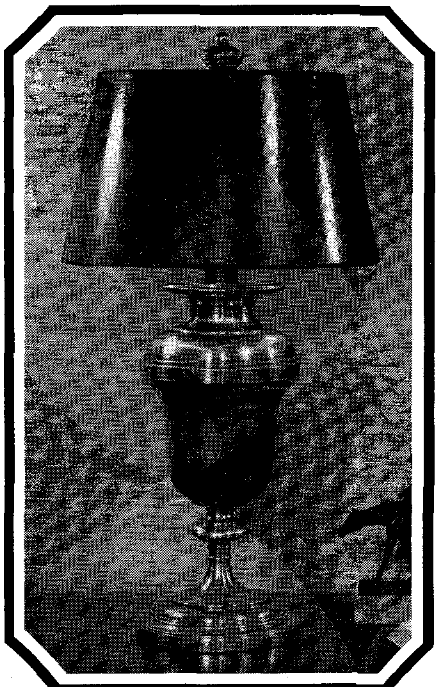

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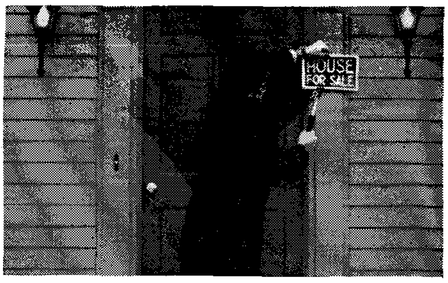
Billie is trying to put something over on Louis. The drugs act like a dimmer: the lights in her voice go down. She differentiates the stoned singing from the "clean" singing by a slight slippery uncertainty (though there's a kitchen scene when she's clean but depressed and she sings—inappropriately, I thought—in this desultory way).

In the established Hollywood tradition, Billie Holiday doesn't have to become Billie Holiday, musically speaking; the first time she sings in public, she has the full Holiday style. But, of course, Diana Ross doesn't pierce us the way Holiday does. She's strong in everything but her singing; as a singer, she's caught in the trap of this bio-melodrama form. "Funny Girl" was a stylized musical comedy, and so no one expected Streisand to sing like Fanny Brice; besides, Fanny Brice isn't on many jukeboxes. But the star of "Lady Sings the Blues" is expected to sound like Billie Holiday. And the key problem for me with the movie is that Diana Ross's singing is *too* close. Her voice is similar—small and thin and reedy, and suspended in air, like a little girl's—and when she sings the songs that Holiday's phrasing fixed in our minds and imitates that phrasing, our memories are blurred. I felt as if I were losing something. I could hear Billie Holiday in my head perfectly clearly as Ross sang each number, but by the time she had finished it, I could no longer be certain of the exact Holiday sounds. What's involved here isn't quite like the vandalism that Stokowski and Disney committed in "Fantasia," with cupids and winged horses cavorting to the "Pastoral" and volcanoes erupting to Stravinsky—wrecking music for us by forcing us to hear it forever after with incongruous images welded to it—or like the way Kubrick played droog to Beethoven, and even to "Singin' in the Rain." But something similar is at work: Kubrick left Moog-synthesized versions of classics echoing in our skulls, and I think "Lady Sings the Blues," by its pop versions of Billie Holiday's numbers, will deprive people of the originals. Yes, of course, they still exist, just as the originals of the Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington records that Time-Life has had imitated by modern bands still exist, but new generations are effectively deprived of them just the same. Movies never use the original voices in these bios, because the contemporary sound always sells better, and so movies use art as grist.

With Holiday, it was as if everything extra—the padding, all the reso-



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nances—had been pared away by troubles: just this thin, wounded sound was left. She made her limited voice yield pure emotion—what jazz horn players sought to do. And her plaintiveness made even her vivacious numbers hurt. There's no pain in Diana Ross's voice, and none of that lazy, sullen sexiness that was a form of effrontery and a turn-on. In song after song in "Lady Sings the Blues," the phrasing has been split off from its emotional meaning. Diana Ross's "Them There Eyes" comes at the happiest moment in the movie and she's charming on it, but it works on a simple, pop level. She sings the showpiece number, "Strange Fruit," very well, and it's pretty, but it lacks Holiday's chilling tautness that keeps you silent until the final word, "crop," flicks you like a whip. Holiday's acrid edge is missing, and her authority. Ross gives you the phrasing without the intensity that makes it dramatic and memorable, and fresh each time you hear it.

What one always knew, with Billie Holiday, was that there was one thing her voice could never do: heal, the way a rich, full voice can—as Bessie Smith could and Aretha Franklin can. Maybe Billie Holiday willed that effect of being a lone, small voice in the wilderness—isolation rooted in the sound—because that was the only way she could make a great instrument out of her limited voice, and because she meant to wound, not to heal. She wasn't hiding anything: her voice was a direct line from her to us, hurting us (exquisitely, of course) because she'd been hurt (and not exquisitely at all). She was a jazz singer; Ross is a pop singer singing in the Holiday manner. It's imitation soul. That was the letdown of Billie Holiday's later singing—her creativity gave out and she was imitating her own style. Diana Ross's imitation may be an act of homage as much as a requirement of the role, but what she had with the Supremes—which was freaky and as commercial as hell—was recognizably hers. Singing in the style of someone else kills her spark, though she has it here as an actress. Perhaps the decision to spare us the dregs of Billie Holiday's life—the club appearances when her voice was shot and she could barely be heard and the scattering of audience was mostly narcotics agents anyway—was based on a recognition that it wouldn't jibe with Diana Ross's lively, quick spirit. She doesn't have the punishing personality of Billie Holiday; she wants to give pure, crazy, hip pleasure.

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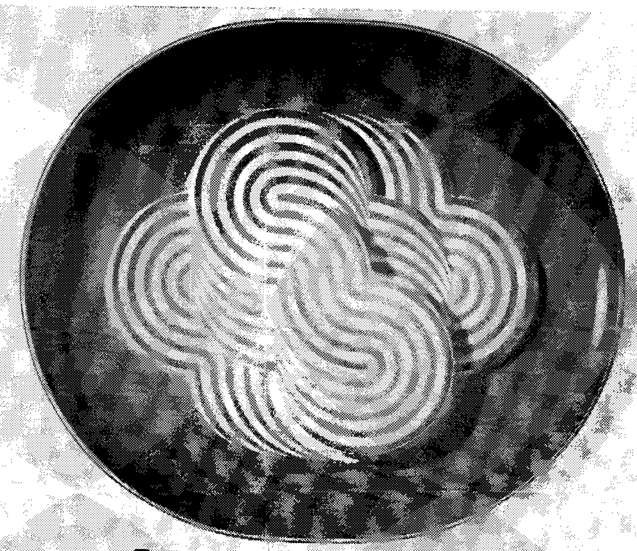

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rector, Sidney J. Furie, the young Canadian with a mottled career of hits and flops ("The Leather Boys," "The Ipcress File," "The Appaloosa," "The Naked Runner," "The Lawyer," "Little Fauss and Big Halsy"). Furie is wily and talented in small ways that count, but sometimes in his pictures it's *only* the small ways that count—the marginal details and minor characters. He hammers out the heavy stuff, such as the hokey-powerful opening scene, under the titles, with Holiday being hauled into jail and tied in a straitjacket while Michel Legrand's hyperactive crime-suspense music cues us in to the overwrought genre, but he also disposes of a lot of second-rate dialogue by fast throwaway delivery and overlaps, and his best sequences are unusually loose. In one, a scene of gruesome comic confusion, Billie and Richard Pryor, as her accompanist, Piano Man, are backstage at a club, with her connection waiting to give her a shot, when she learns of her mother's death; they're in no shape to deal with the situation, and the talk dribbles on in a painfully lifelike way. Pryor, a West Coast coffeehouse comic, has such audience rapport that a shot of him in Los Angeles in fancy clothes and a beret is enough to bring down the house. Billie and Piano Man have a sequence that feels improvised, on a California beach, when she asks him to get her some dope, and then a long unstructured "high" scene together, when they're like two innocently obscene junkie babies. Elsewhere, Furie's direction is often crude (as with the Smilin' Jack villain, and Black Beauty Billy Dee Williams), but he has a sense of pace and a knack for letting the audience know that he wants us to have a good time. The bad side of his hardboiled expertise—the insistence on being modern and tough by not showing too much compassion—is that though Diana Ross wins you and holds you, your feelings about Billie Holiday become uncertain and muddy as the film progresses. The keys to her life are in her art, and that's not in the movie. (It almost never is in movies, because how do you re-create the processes of artistic creation?) "Lady Sings the Blues" is as good as one can expect from the genre—better, at times—and I enjoyed it hugely, yet I don't want Billie Holiday's hard, melancholic sound buried under this avalanche of pop. When you get home, you have to retrieve her at the phonograph; you have to do restoration work on your own past.

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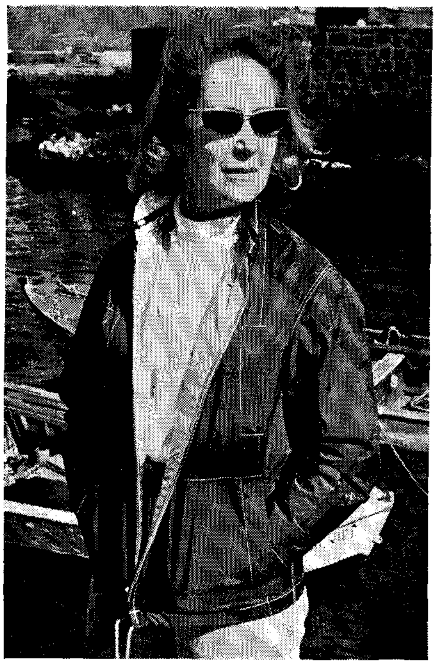
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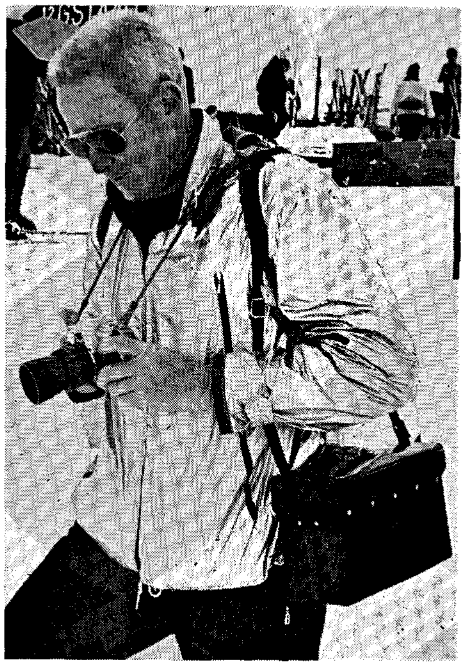
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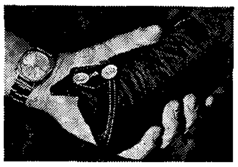
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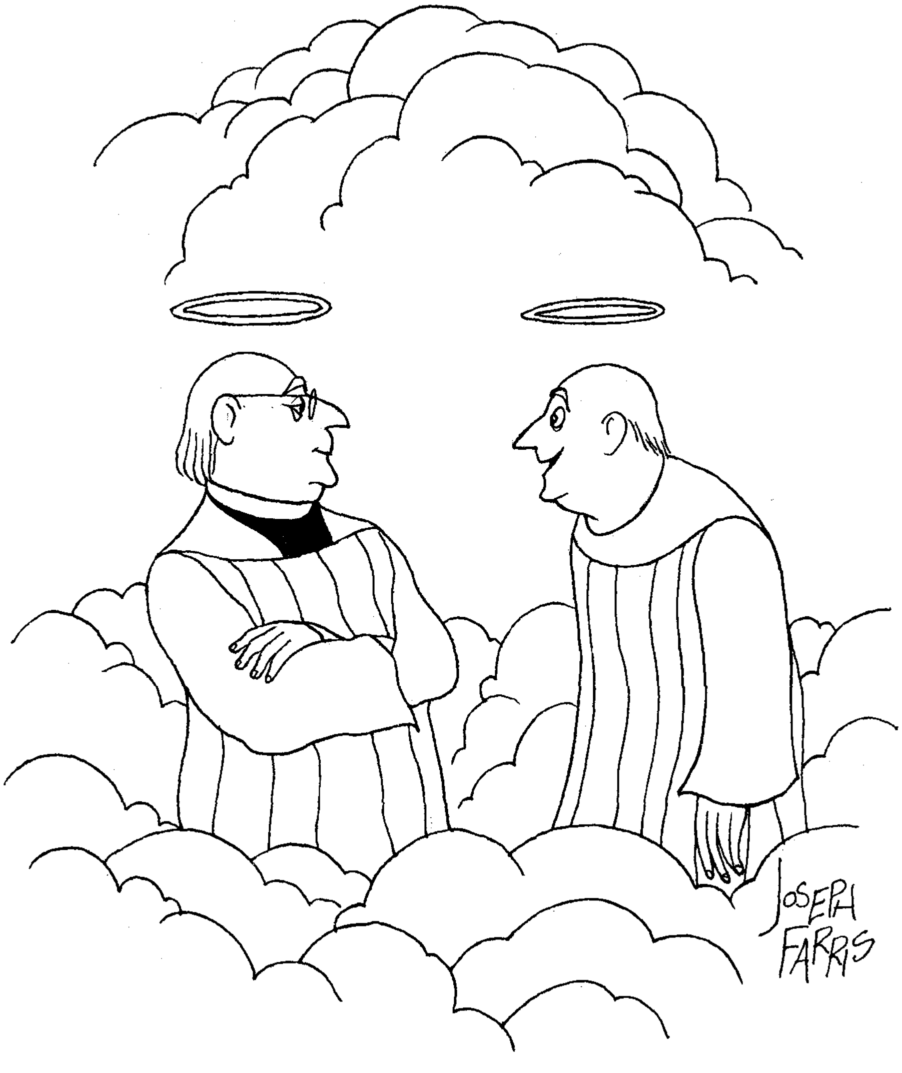
THE Progresul Sports Club, the scene of the final-round match of the 1972 Davis Cup competition—Rumania versus the United States—is situated about two miles from University Square, a broad expanse in the center of Bucharest bordered not only by the fine classical-revival buildings of the University of Bucharest but also by the new Hotel Inter-Continental Bucharest, a twenty-four-story pile of masonry in the shape of a super Fontainebleau Hotel. To get to the Progresul Sports Club from the square, you cross Boulevard Balcescu and take a right down Boulevard Gheorge Gheorghiu-Dej, a wide avenue thick with red-and-white streetcars and buses, and lined, as most of the city's streets are, with linden and chestnut trees. You follow the boulevard past the equestrian statue of Michael the Brave (1558-1601) and the feet-on-the-ground statue of a more modern hero, Spiru C. Haret, a mathematician and former Minister of Education; past the imposing Central House of the Army; on past bookshops, cafés, camera shops, half a dozen movie houses (one of which has been showing "Mary Poppins"), an assortment of municipal buildings, and the lovely Cismigiu Park, with salvia, begonias, asters, and dahlias bordering its long vistas; and, finally, on past a stretch of ochre and gray apartment houses, five or six stories high, to Opera Square and the new opera house, completed in 1953. There you turn left onto a narrow residential street called Costache Negri, and a quarter of a mile ahead, its main entrance flanked by tall eucalyptus trees, lies the Progresul Sports Club, an impressive complex consisting of three soccer fields, two basketball courts, a field-hockey field, a volleyball court, and eight clay tennis courts. What is called the stadium court—it is set apart from the others—is surrounded by stands that have recently been enlarged to hold six thousand spectators. On the afternoons of October 13th, 14th, and 15th, when the Davis Cup final took place there, every seat was filled, the aisles were clogged, and the entranceways were bursting with standees. For weeks, Bucharest had been talking about nothing but the big match, and no wonder. Not only was it the most important athletic engagement with the West in Rumanian history but, more than that, it was quite probably the most significant East-West sports confrontation ever held behind the Iron Curtain, far surpassing, because of the immense prestige of the Davis Cup, the previous encounters in track and field and in ice hockey. Throughout the match, the air at Progresul was heavy with tension. Just about the only people in the area who kept their cool were the city street-sweepers—middle-aged and elderly women clad in orange smocks, who quietly continued to sweep the autumn leaves off the nearby streets with brooms made of twigs bound together.

The Davis Cup, inaugurated in 1900, ranks as one of the oldest attempts to further friendships between countries through sports. Though it is hard to believe, Australia and the United States have so dominated play in recent decades that the meeting in Bucharest this October marked the first time in thirty-five years that a Davis Cup final had been staged in Europe. This year brought another change. From its inception through 1971, the format of the competition called for the nation that held the Cup to stand off to one side the following season while the hopeful contenders battled it out for the honor of meeting the defender in the Challenge Round—which, by the way, was always played in the defender's country. However, in a very generous move, the United States, the victor in the Challenge Round from 1968 on, agreed to a plan whereby, beginning in 1972, the defending nation would have to enter the elimination rounds, just like everybody else, the idea being that this might add a helpful pinch of spice to the old stew. It did. This year, after defeating Jamaica, Mexico, and Chile without much trouble, the American team, up against Spain in the semifinal round, in Barcelona, just got in by the skin of its teeth—three points to two. In the other semifinal, Rumania, which had made its way past Switzerland, Iran, Italy, and the Soviet Union, eliminated



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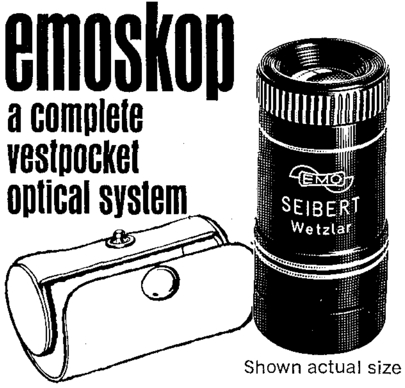

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Australia, 4–1, in Bucharest. Since we had played our semifinal *away* from home and the Rumanians had played theirs *at* home, some of our tennis parliamentarians contended that under the hazily worded statutes of the revised Davis Cup format we were entitled to hold the final in our country. This provoked a terrific howl from Rumania, and with good reason, too. As the Rumanian spokesmen pointed out, in 1969 their team had come to the States and played the Challenge Round in Cleveland—played it, moreover, on a very fast asphaltic-composition surface of a kind that neither of the Rumanians had ever played on until two weeks before the match. Rumanians, like all Continental Europeans, are clay-court specialists. We won 5–0 that year. In 1971, when Rumania again qualified for the Challenge Round, we took them to Charlotte, North Carolina. This time, we did relent a trifle, playing the match on clay, though on a much harder and faster type of clay than is common in Europe, where, if one can believe the stories one hears, there is usually a very thick layer of spongy clay and soft sand between the surface and the first evidence of the crushed-rock base, or whatever porous material is used for a base. In any event, Charlotte produced a much closer match; we scraped through, 3–2. This autumn, the prospect of being maneuvered by legal chicanery into playing yet another final in the United States particularly enraged the veteran two-man Rumanian team of Ion Tiriac and Ilie Nastase. It was Rumania's turn to hold the final, they asserted. They said they wouldn't play if the match was not held in Rumania, and they said it as if they meant it. The United States Lawn Tennis Association thought the matter over carefully and at length decided that, O.K., Bucharest it would be. Things then began to happen fast. Two weeks before the opening day of the final, Dennis Ralston, the captain of the American team, flew his charges to Paris, so that they would have ample time to shake off the effects of jet lag and get used to European clay. Ten days or so before the match, he took them on to Bucharest, so that they could get the feel of the deep red clay at Progresul. By that time, the windows of dozens of stores in Bucharest were filled with photographs of the ranking national heroes, Nastase and Tiriac, and a de-luxe confectionery shop had one of its artists create a model of the stadium court at Progresul in colored icing.

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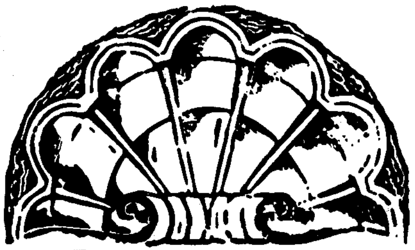

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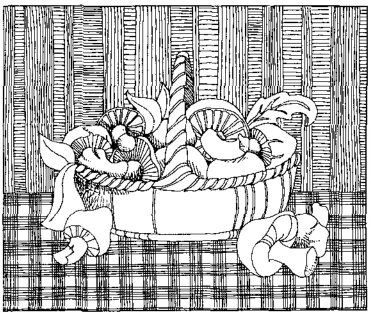

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of the Cupa Davis (the Rumanian language, surprisingly, has a Latin base), brought a cloudless blue sky and weather so balmy that the male spectators soon discarded their jackets. The way the draw had worked out, in the opening singles, scheduled to start at eleven o'clock, Nastase, the current United States Open Champion and the Rumanian No. 1, would be facing Stan Smith, the current Wimbledon Champion and the American No. 1; in the second singles, it would be Tiriac against Tom Gorman, the latter having been selected over Harold Solomon, who had played the second singles for us against Chile and Spain. (In the Davis Cup, as every tennis fan knows from the time he is old enough to distinguish between "rough" and "smooth," the doubles match takes place on the second day, and on the third day there are the two concluding singles, the players switching opponents.) Before the draw had been made, the betting had favored Rumania, but the feeling in Bucharest after the draw was that America's chances had been considerably enhanced, since Nastase would probably have preferred to meet Gorman first, and not Smith. During the last eighteen months, Smith, a tall (six-four), blond twenty-five-year-old Californian, has gained a good deal of maturity. As he demonstrated in defeating Nastase at Wimbledon in a final that could have gone either way, he stands up very well under pressure—and there is no greater pressure in tennis than representing one's country in the Davis Cup. A victory by Smith over Nastase in the opening match could be pivotal, because, in the final analysis, Rumania's chances depended largely on Nastase's being in such brilliant form that he would take both his singles and combine with Tiriac to take the doubles. However, with Nastase nothing is ever certain. He is an emotional, mercurial young man of twenty-six (the son of a Bucharest bank teller), who on some days is capable of the most inspired kind of whirling, imaginative shotmaking and on others performs with a weird listlessness, his thoughts apparently kilometres away from tennis.

The Progresul Sports Club was all decked out for the big day. Up above, along the east, south, and west sides of the stadium, the flags of fifty-odd nations fluttered in the breeze. On the north side, a line of Rumanian flags—handsome blue, yellow, and red tricolors—waved above a large rendering of the national coat of arms, a busy design that features a red star above a

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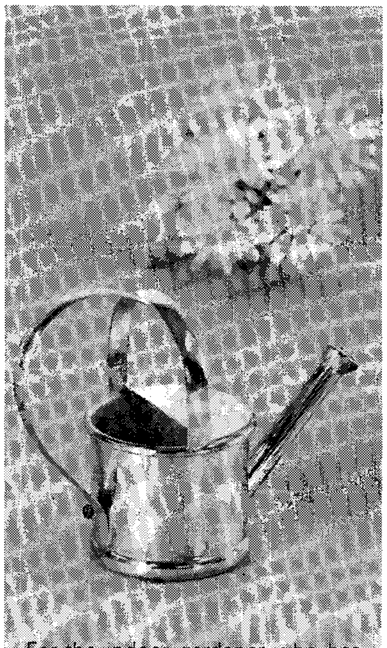
multirayed sun, some green forests and pinkish mountains, and an oil derrick, all framed by encircling sheaves of wheat. There were a few commercial notes: at the foot of the stands, banners advertised Martini, Marlboro, and the Assicurazione Ausonia, an insurance company, while the cloths draped over the cold-drink facilities provided for the players bore the trademark of S. Pellegrino mineral water. Perched in the umpire's chair, we had an official of the Rumanian Tennis Federation. Calling the lines, we had Rumanian linesmen—a final quashing of the persistent rumor that the U.S.L.T.A. had insisted on neutral linesmen to guard against overly patriotic decisions, which, under the stress of Davis Cup pressure, have been known to happen not only in Rumania but in most European countries. Completing the cast, a referee—Enrique Morea, a tall, dignified veteran internationalist from Argentina—was seated at mid-court, next to the umpire's elevated chair. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, in an effort to keep things under control, the Davis Cup nations ordained that in Cup play—provided both teams agreed to it—there should be a referee from a neutral nation who would have the power to overrule or confirm a decision by the umpire or a linesman. On with the match.

Nastase, it was soon evident, was in a nervous mood. A lean young man with long black hair and the look of a bony Joe Namath, he was not covering court with his customary speed, and there was no sharpness to his strokes. Smith broke his serve in the sixth game, but three games later, when Smith was serving for the set, Nastase suddenly snapped to life and broke him back with a succession of crisp attacking shots. The stands erupted in appreciation, chanting "Na-sta-se!" in unison after each winning thrust. When Nastase then held service to tie the set at 5–5, the chanting became louder, backed by heavy rhythmic clapping. Both men were now playing beautiful tennis. In the thirteenth game, Nastase saved two set points, to the loudest chanting yet. In the seventeenth game, he broke Smith's service. Delirious chanting. And then, serving for the set, Nastase, inexplicably, seemed to lose his concentration. He let three games drift away with unforced errors and presented the set to Smith, 11–9. In effect, he presented him with the match, for once Smith was safely past the first set he really opened up. He served with explosive power, he blasted Nastase's serve for outright winners, and he ranged swiftly around the forecourt, hitting one biting



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volley after another. While the clay at Progresul turned out to be a bit faster than we had been led to expect, I have never seen a man hit his shots on clay with the pace that Smith maintained in winning the next two sets, 6–2 and 6–3. He played exactly as if he were playing on grass—fast grass.

PROGRESUL cannot offer you strawberries with Devonshire cream, as Wimbledon does, but it had made excellent preparations for the gala occasion. In the twenty-minute interval before the start of the second singles, the tennis crowd moved around the grounds buying cold meats and pickles, sausages, midget frankfurters, beer, and soda pop, and there were two garden cafés where fancier food and drink was obtainable. At a number of souvenir shops, crowds lined up to buy racquet covers, tablecloths, lighters, drinking glasses, shoulder bags, T-shirts, silk scarves, and chocolate bars, all imprinted with the glamorous legend "Cupa Davis, Bucuresti '72." Whatever else they were doing, they were all discussing Nastase's disappointing showing. The explanations covered a wide range of views. (A) The pressure of the Davis Cup had again been too much for him. The year before, at Charlotte, he had played a remarkably similar opening match against Smith. After dropping the first five games, he had rallied to sweep the next five, and had then collapsed totally. (B) Nastase, many Rumanians felt, could not get "up" for the match, because it did not mean enough to him. In their opinion, he had become too Westernized over the last four years and wasn't spending enough time at home. (In a way, the Rumanians are an old-fashioned people, and a large percentage of them do not like the idea that Nastase is going to marry a gorgeous Belgian fashion model instead of a nice Rumanian girl.) (C) Fred Perry, the great English player, and other veteran observers felt that the Rumanian Tennis Federation should have ordered Nastase back to Bucharest immediately after his victory at Forest Hills in mid-September. That way, he would have had time for a good rest before preparing himself for the Cup match. Instead, Nastase had stayed on in the United States for two more tournaments, and was physically and psychologically run-down when he finally arrived home. That was the player we had seen.

The Gorman-Tiriac singles started out as if it would be short work for the American, a burly, pleasant all-round

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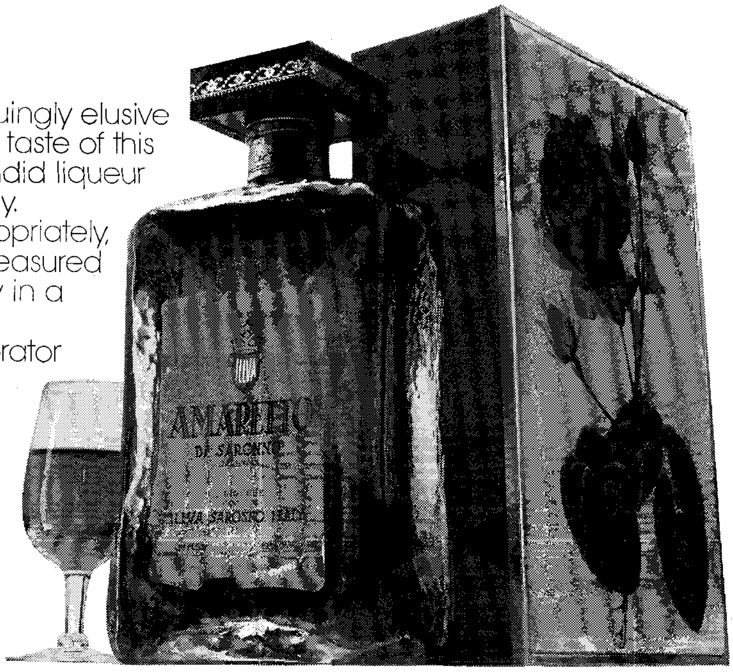

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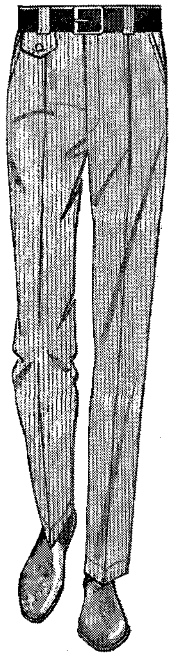

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athlete from Seattle University (Class of 1968), who has been a semifinalist both at Wimbledon and at Forest Hills. In winning the first set, 6–4, and the second, 6–2, Gorman led off each time by breaking Tiriac's opening service. In the third set, impatient to wrap it up, he began hurrying his shots, and before he realized it he had lost the set, 4–6, and had let Tiriac back in the match. That is always a dangerous thing to do, even though Tiriac's talent for tennis has conspicuous limitations. A big, ponderous, hunch-shouldered man of thirty-three, he is very slow afoot. While he has an adequate spin service, his overhead is erratic, and his ground strokes are ordinary, his backhand especially—an ungainly inside-out push on which he either slices the ball or pulls it at the last instant with a quick twist of the wrist. As John Newcombe, the Australian star, has put it, "you always feel you should walk right through Tiriac, but he's much tougher to beat than you think." One reason is that Tiriac is a very experienced competitor; he has played top-level Rugby and basketball, and he was a member of Rumania's Olympic ice-hockey team in 1964. In addition to all this, he is a tenacious fighter and, depending on how you look at it, one of the most resourceful or one of the most disgraceful gamesmen in all sport. He has the look of a "heavy," all right. His hair is a mass of Brillo that droops in a sort of Transylvanian Prince Valiant style. Beneath beetle brows, his eyes slant downward, giving him a mien both dolorous and forbidding. The rest of his face is overpowered by a thick black Fu Manchu mustache. Tiriac comes from Brasov, northwest of Bucharest, where his father was a clerk in the mayor's office. He himself, one hears from time to time, is a member of the secret police. Anyway, he speaks eight languages and is straight out of Eric Ambler.

In the opening singles, Morea, the neutral referee, had been called on to make only a couple of decisions, but he had his hands full throughout the Tiriac-Gorman match. Early in the first set, to cite one example of the Rumanian's bagful of tactical ploys, Tiriac sat down on a linesman's platform behind the baseline after a first serve by Gorman which Tiriac thought was out had not been called out. At the request of the Rumanian captain, Stefan Georgescu, Morea walked out and inspected the area under discussion. (On a clay court you can see the mark a ball makes, but there is no certainty that the mark you are looking at is the

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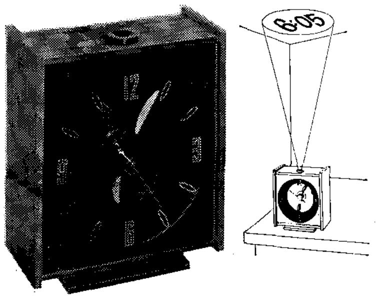

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one made by the shot in question.) Morea, bending low, his hand on his chin, ultimately ordered the point to be replayed. It should be brought out emphatically, though, that Morea proved to be a hard man to intimidate; throughout the meeting at Bucharest there were many, many occasions when he coolly overruled the Rumanian linesmen's calls and refused to yield to the protests of Tiriac, Nastase, and Georgescu and to the clamor of the partisan crowd. In the Tiriac-Gorman match, this was not an easy thing to do, for by the fourth set, with Gorman beginning to fade and Tiriac coming on, the gallery was roaring out its chant of "Ti-ri-ac!" with a fervor that would put the Notre Dame cheering section to shame. During that set, which eventually went to Tiriac, 6–3, he had pulled out all the stops. For example, to break Gorman's rhythm when the American was serving he would stand with his eyes fixed on the ground; when he at length looked up and Gorman prepared to start his service motion, Tiriac would look down at the ground again. He also acted as if he were running the match. I particularly remember one point on which, after a linesman had made a questionable call of "out" on a drive by Gorman, Tiriac bestowed on him a lordly nod of confirmation. Still, to give the devil his due, Tiriac clearly outplayed Gorman in the fourth set. The young American was holding his poise admirably in the wild atmosphere, but his concentration was shot now, and so was his confidence.

As the fifth set got under way, I looked around at the spectators at Progresul. The majority struck me as essentially friendly, good-natured people, delighted to be present at such an exciting event. However, as the set wore on and the prospects for a victory by Tiriac grew, the extremists in the stands really turned it on. Previously, they had been applauding each error by Gorman. Now they applauded whenever he failed to get his first serve in, and, in an effort to distract him further, they started to cough when he was about to toss the ball up on his second serve. This rather surprised me, and so did one other display of bad manners by the extremists. Whenever the small enclave of American rooters—no more than a hundred were on hand—cheered Gorman on, these super-Rumanians expressed their resentment splenetically, almost as if to say, "Either you cheer for our man or you don't cheer at all." (I have thought back to this often. Maybe this is what happens

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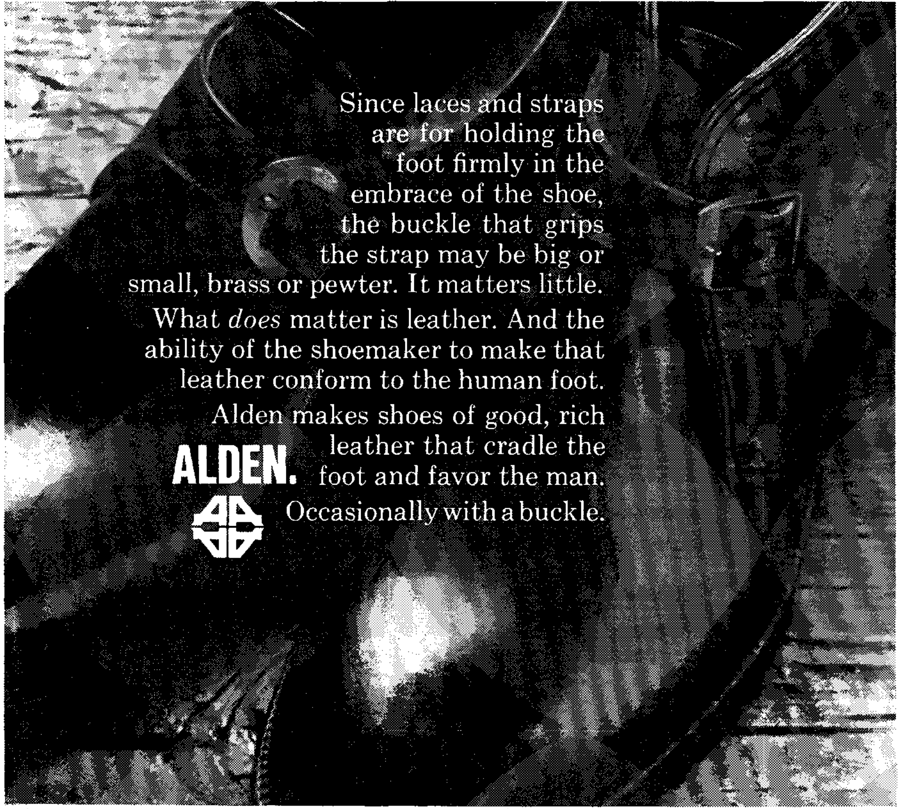

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to some people when they have been forced for many years to adhere to one prescribed point of view.) In any event, down on the court it was Tiriac all the way now. Stalling, protesting, grimacing, baiting, he ran out the set at 6–2 to cap a thoroughly remarkable comeback. Pandemonium. He was instantly mobbed. Someone threw a gigantic white towel over his head, and, covered like a tent, the victorious gladiator left the arena to booming shouts of "Ti-ri-ac! Ti-ri-ac! Ti-ri-ac!"

WITH the score locked at 1–1, the doubles assumed increased importance. It was played on a warm Saturday afternoon beneath a mottled gray sky, and familiar melodies from "My Fair Lady" floated out over the stadium's loudspeaker system as the two pairs warmed up. (The day before, we had been treated to everything from French ballads to sweet rock.) The Davis Cup was being televised nationally, and before entering the stadium I spent a few minutes watching the warmup over a TV set in one of the garden cafés. The Rumanians' picture is a little sharper than ours, and there is nothing wrong with their camerawork.

The general feeling in Bucharest—and elsewhere, no doubt—was that the United States would be darned lucky to win the doubles. Our team of Stan Smith and Erik van Dillen, a slim twenty-one-year-old Californian, had performed more than creditably this year in reaching the final at Wimbledon. Nevertheless, the two had been playing together for only sixteen months, whereas the solid, sophisticated partnership of Tiriac and Nastase went all the way back to 1966. Also, who could forget that in the Cup match at Charlotte last year Nastase and Tiriac had destroyed Smith and van Dillen in straight sets? After that debacle, there had been a movement in some quarters to find a less flighty partner for Smith, but in the end nothing had been done about it.

The doubles turned out to be no contest. From the outset, Nastase and Tiriac, as expected, went after van Dillen, who, as it happened, served the first game. They broke him, at fifteen, but not because of any errors on his part. Tiriac served the second game. Knowing Nastase's propensity for "poaching," van Dillen and Smith played two returns of service straight down the line, right through the area that Nastase had vacated; after that, Nastase was a lot less adventurous at net. In the third game, with Smith

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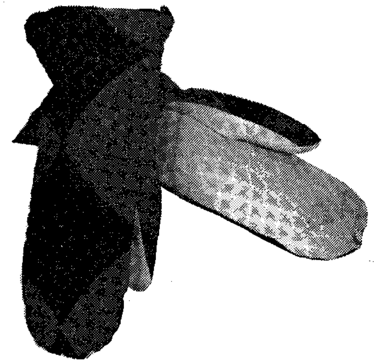

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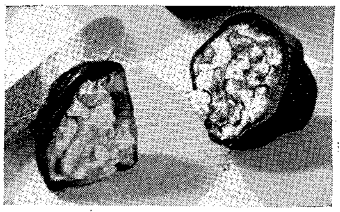

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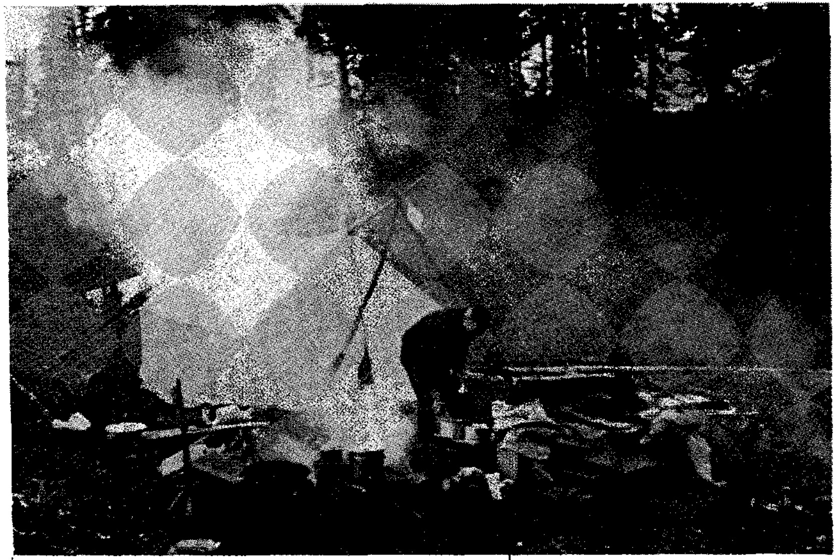

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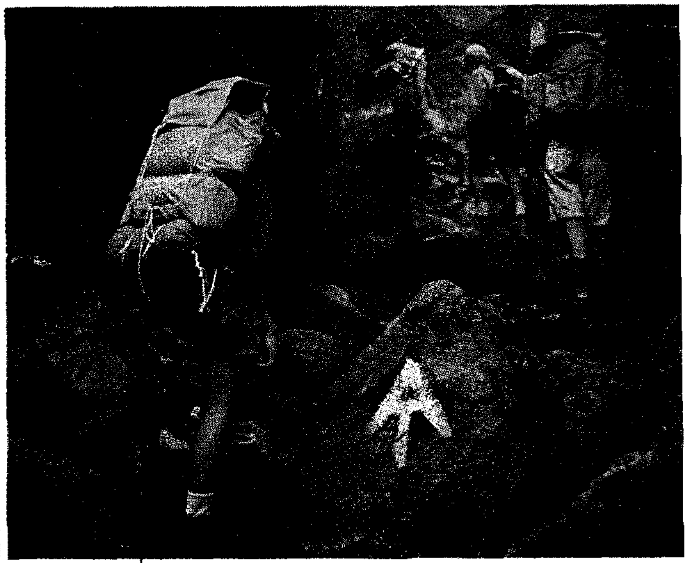

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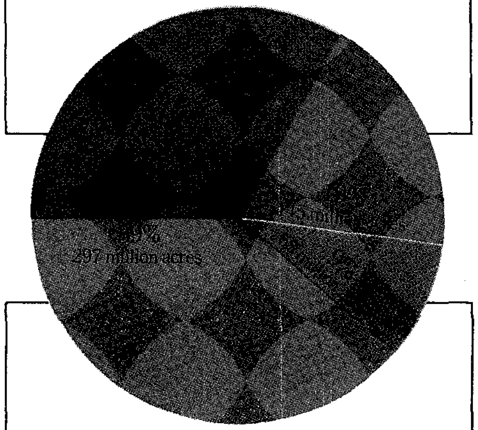

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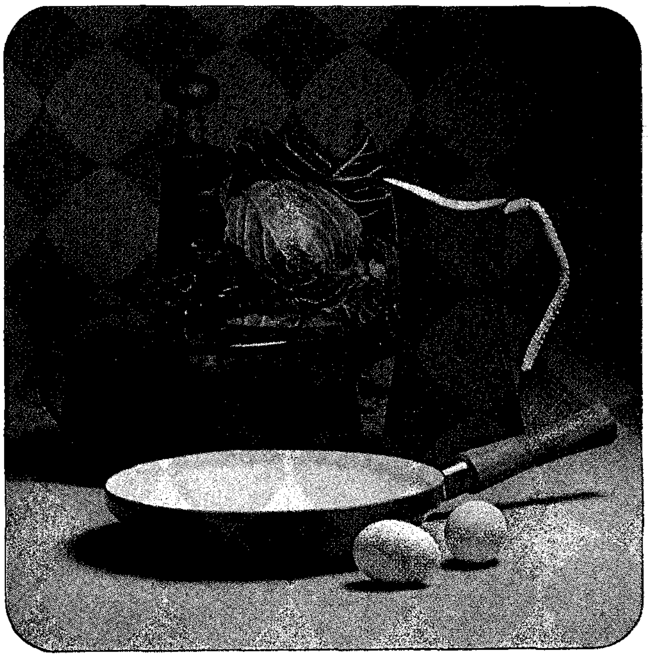

serving, the Rumanians went after young van Dillen again, firing bullet after bullet at him. With his fast racquet, he stood up equably under the fusillade. In fact, he finished off one exchange with a sharp cross-court volley and finished off two others with brilliantly angled smashes. Midway through the first set, Nastase, who had started out playing rather well, lost his touch, drastically and irredeemably. The Americans then rattled off eleven straight games. It was all over in sixty-eight minutes: 6–2, 6–0, 6–3. Smith had done some wonderful things, but I am tempted to say that van Dillen was the best man on the court. Ralston was ecstatic. "Erik always plays some streaks of great tennis," he said. "Today, he played great tennis throughout the whole match."

IT turned cold on Sunday, with the sun a small oyster-colored spot in a slate sky. In the first match of the day, it was Smith versus Tiriac. Smith's job was clear: it was up to him to win the third, and clinching, point, so that it wouldn't matter if Nastase suddenly regained his form against Gorman in the remaining singles match. Tiriac's job was no less clear: up against one of the three best players in the world, he had to beat him by whatever means he could devise. Looking back at their five-set battle—and what a battle it was!—I find myself torn between admiration for Tiriac's fighting spirit and disdain for his ruthless contempt for fair play. (Forget about sportsmanship!) Be that as it may, he played the match of his life. To begin with, he had an intelligent game plan, which he persevered with: he kept feeding Smith slow, deep, high-bouncing balls to rob him of his usual pace and upset his timing. Smith, after losing the first set, took the next two largely because he got his big, pulverizing serve working. (The correction he made was to toss the ball higher.) By the fourth set, just when it seemed as if Smith had worn down the last sinew of resistance in his weary, perspiring opponent, Tiriac somehow roused himself for one more effort. Setting up openings with his slow stuff and exploiting them with some devastating ground strokes, he regained control of the play. How that had the galleries roaring! (After each point that Tiriac won, Morea permitted the gallery to chant "Ti-ri-ac! Ti-ri-ac!" for ten or twelve seconds, or until the two players were almost ready to begin the next point. Then he would tap the leg of the umpire's chair, the signal for the umpire to call out

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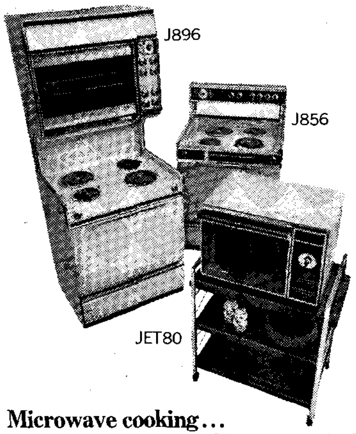

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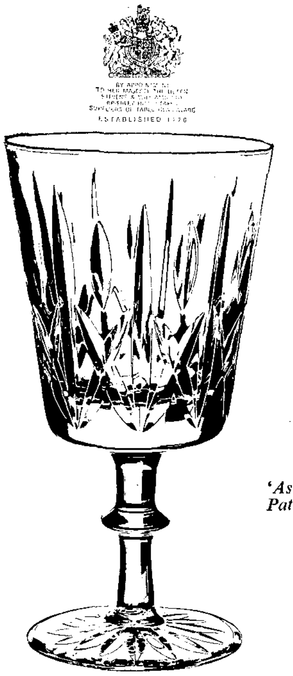
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"*Liniste va rog*," which means "Silence please.") Instantly, there would be silence.) Maintaining his momentum, Tiriac went on to win the fourth set from an obviously worried Smith.

And then there came another abrupt turnabout. Smith began the deciding set with an ace. From that point on, he forced himself to hit out on every stroke, and he pushed himself to move faster and keep moving. He played an almost perfect set and blew Tiriac off the court—an amazing achievement under the circumstances. The match had taken two hours and fifty minutes. The scores were 4–6, 6–2, 6–4, 2–6, 6–0. There is no point in describing in detail Tiriac's antics or the inexcusable performance by the corps of linesmen. Suffice it to say that Captain Ralston was successful in having a linesman removed after the man had made three flagrantly incorrect calls against Smith in the fifth game of the second set. This stabilized the situation a bit, but not completely. I am thinking specifically of a point on which Smith returned a serve by Tiriac for a winner, whereupon the official calling the service line spoke up and said that he had called the *serve* out. Tiriac then played a second service.

By the way, though it was now irrelevant, since Smith's victory had assured the United States' retention of the Cup, Nastase beat Gorman, in four sets. Gorman had made the mistake of watching the Smith-Tiriac duel on TV, and was emotionally overcharged before his own match had even begun.

BUCHAREST is a lovely city at night, and an evocative one. Across a broad square, the moon lights up an exquisite Byzantine church, and your thoughts go back to the era when Rumania was Dacia, an outpost of the Roman Empire. As you move down a narrow back street, an automobile skids maniacally close to you, and you are reminded of the Vienna of "The Third Man." (For the Rumanian élite, I would guess, the West begins at Vienna, and their capital city is, as it always has been, Paris.) As I walked around the city with friends the night after the final, there were many things to think about. Funny things. Like the way that Dwight F. Davis, Jr., the son of the donor of the Cup, perpetuated the grand old American tradition of the high-flying fluff by telling the spectators during the closing ceremony at Progresul that he was delighted to be in Budapest. And complicated things. Like the gracious speech delivered at

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the closing ceremony by Tiriac, that walking dichotomy, who spoke only of Nastase—with whom, it is said, he no longer gets along—and asked his countrymen not to forget, in their disappointment, that Rumania would never have reached the final except for the heroic feats of Nastase against Italy, Russia, and Australia. And thoughts about the future. The ethics of sport may not be the most important thing in the world, but the final at Progresul, for all its color and thrills, was a travesty of a kind that no game can afford. Some tennis people have suggested that, beginning as soon as possible, all Davis Cup matches, from the round of sixteen on, be held at *one* venue, with the conduct of the matches entirely in the hands of neutral officials. That seems right on the mark to me.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
AUGUST 28, 1972

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the enjoyable Profile of Giuseppe Cipriani, by Winthrop Sargeant, in *The New Yorker* of July 22nd, the author mentions the word "*forestieri*": "the quaint word, meaning 'people of the forest,' by which Italians designate foreigners." Actually, it is the other way around: the word "forest" is derived from the Latin "*foris*," which means "outside." The Italian word "*foresta*" ("forest") derives from the medieval Latin "*silva forestis*," which designated a wooded area outside the park limits—"*forestis*" meaning "pertaining to the outside," from which the word "*forestiero*."

The case of "*silva forestis*," in which the qualifying adjective survives as a noun in all the Romance languages, reminds one of the bizarre etymology of the word for "liver" in the Romance languages. The Latin word for "liver" was "*iecur*." The Romans were very fond of liver stuffed with figs—a dish called *iecur ficatum*. The adjective "*ficatum*" ("stuffed with figs") survived to become the word for liver in all Romance languages (Italian "*fegato*," Portuguese "*figado*," Spanish "*higado*," Rumanian "*ficat*," French "*foie*").

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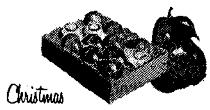
Christmas Royal Riviera® Pears

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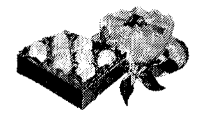
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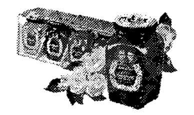
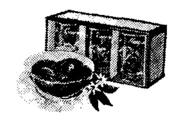
April – Pineapple


May – Preserves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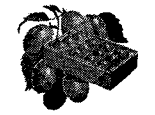
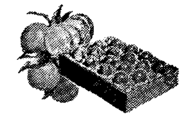
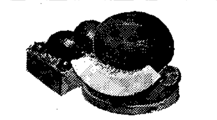

July – Kiwi Berries


August – Nectarines

September – Peaches

October – Grapes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FOOTBALL

A Match Made in Heaven

STADIUM PARKING

THERE is little to be said for the underwater ballets presented hereabouts on Saturday last, and less to be said for the synthetic turf upon which some of them were enacted. Up at Baker Field, Columbia went dolefully to its doom, 6–3, against Rutgers, on a field impartially compounded of one part grass and one part mud. In Philadelphia, Princeton and Pennsylvania slipped and slithered over a surface created not by God but by man, and Pennsylvania, using every quarterback it could think of this season, came out ahead, 15–10. (Princeton has but one quarterback with an unbruised throwing arm.) Up at Ithaca, upon another invented imitation of grass, a confident Yale slid and tumbled as it lost to a resolute Cornell, 24–13, using up Purrington at quarterback and finally calling on Doyle, who last year was just about the most impressive freshman signal-caller in the Ivy League. And up at West Point, where the day's rain was in its most bountiful mood, Army put on its first midafternoon night football game: so vast was the gloom (and not alone in the hearts of Army supporters) that floodlights were in service. (Mother Nature is, by the way, still grounds keeper at the Point.) The visitor was Miami, which, since it had played both Baylor and Texas in comparable downpours, could be considered a superior mudder, and this it turned out to be: Miami 28, Army 7. In the first quarter, Army had the ball for thirty-two plays; Miami had it for seven, and scored two touchdowns. Miami has lost as many times as Army has this fall (three), and beat Tulane only with the assistance of a fifth down. Miami has a running back, Foreman, who looks a certainty for professional work, and it is employing (on the varsity) a freshman offensive tackle, Thompson, whose age, so says a program, is twenty-four. Shall we move on to sunnier skies?

THE rain last Saturday descended with enthusiasm almost up to game time in Cambridge, where Harvard was entertaining Dartmouth, and on real grass, which tarpaulins had kept dry. The rain recommenced minutes after the match ended—evidence that divine intervention had exerted itself,

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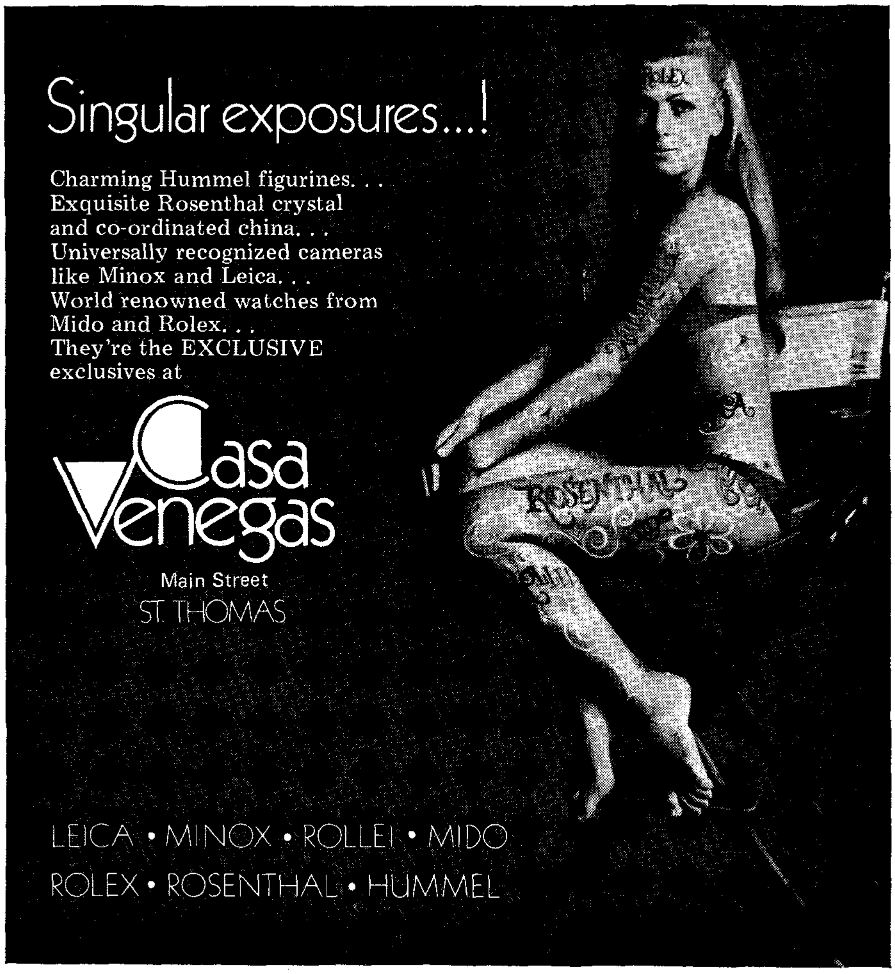

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and rightly: Dartmouth, recently come under the tutelage of Jake Crouthamel, and Harvard, recently come under the tutelage of Joe Restic, put forth kinds of football in which there is far more than meets the eye of spectator and opponent alike, and a dry turf is the one surface upon which truly sporting events like the Dartmouth and Harvard offenses should be displayed. Crouthamel inherited his magic when Bob Blackman decided to depart from Dartmouth for the Big Time, but he has kept it green; Restic's is of his own devising, and applying it to Harvard has taken time. It is in its most amusing state of euphoria when any number of runners are galloping in their separate directions; it is at its most dramatic when Crone, the current quarterback, drops into a pocket so deep that the opposing cornerbacks, awaiting the probable pass, may be fifty or sixty yards away. Anything from a tremendous gain to an inescapable interception can happen, and such a maneuver seems to carry on for four or five minutes before Crone finally lets go. Harvard remains demonic in the matter of bringing down penalties upon itself, especially when it puts on one of its enormously involved man-in-motion efforts, but Dartmouth reciprocated on Saturday by losing the ball at extremely inconvenient moments and presenting Harvard with a pair of touchdowns. Harvard 21, Dartmouth 21, at the end of the afternoon, was a fair-enough finish of what may have been the best Ivy League exhibition of the year. One needs twenty-twenty vision to see all the Dartmouth and Harvard trickery, and double vision to watch the Dartmouth freshmen, so numerous (ninety strong) that on some weekends they divide into Squads A and B to put on two matches simultaneously.

TARKENTON, of the Vikings, has a new playmate—Marinaro, ex-Cornell. A few nights ago, against the Chicago Bears, Marinaro took three passes in a row from Tarkenton, and did not drop one of them when he was tackled. This is not *comme il faut* in Minnesota. As for the Super-Senior Class, Sonny Jurgensen worked the Redskins into a lead of 3–0 in the first quarter of the deal with the Giants last Sunday (Redskins 23, Giants 16 was the outcome), then tore a tendon and was retired for the season, but Earl Morrall, sold by the Colts to the Dolphins for a hundred dollars, came back to Baltimore the same day and slowly, methodically put his old friends away by 23–0.

—J. W. L.

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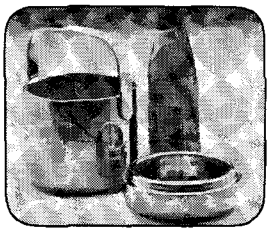
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Cumulative Flute

MANY long studies have been made of "The Magic Flute;" dozens of books have been written about it, and whenever the opera is in question, two ghosts still rise. One, Karl Gieseke's, claims part authorship of Schikaneder's libretto, and the other poses the problem of whether, or why, there was a change in the direction of the plot after work on the piece had begun. Despite strong scholarly exorcisms, neither ghost will be laid—and it is easy to discover why, for the sources of the libretto are manifold, and the accounts of its creation confused and contradictory. I have been spending some time with Lulu (who is a prince), the *strahlende Fee* Perifirime, and their magic flute; with Sethos and Daluca among the Pyramids; and with the actors, authors, and gossips who, rather too long after 1791, set down their fallible recollections of how the opera had come into being. One witness, Kaspar the Fagottist, I have not yet traced; he was the hero of "Die Zauberzither," a comedy by Joachim Perinet and Wenzel Müller, which was put on shortly before "Die Zauberflöte," and was so successful that—according to one account—Schikaneder and Mozart decided to change the plot of their piece, lest it be deemed a plagiarism. But even without Kaspar's testimony at first hand, I have come to a conclusion—a lifelike, untidy conclusion, probably unacceptable to the neat-minded scholars who try to label each contradictory account as either fact or fabrication. It is that *all* the memoirs are true at least in part, and that by superimposing them we achieve a most plausible account of a show which in its final form incorporated all sorts of suggestions from all sorts of people. Anyone who has been concerned with the making of a musical comedy will recognize the procedure. By this reckoning, Gieseke does not deserve the drubbings he has had from the Viennese theatre historians (it has even been doubted whether in 1791 he was a Mason, although his certificate attesting to the fact survives in Trinity College, Dublin). He may well have lent a hand in the shaping of the plot; what more likely, since he was a librettist in Schikaneder's troupe, besides playing a bit part (first slave) in the première? All we need assume is that the old boy exaggerated his contribution—after all, he had been living in Ireland—when chatting to his Viennese cronies about the past.

"Die Zauberflöte" opens much as does "Lulu, Oder die Zauberflöte," a tale in the "Dschinnistan" collection assembled by Wieland. A radiant supernatural being (Perifirime/the Queen of Night) sends a handsome young prince (Lulu/Tamino) on a rescue expedition against an evil sorcerer, arming him with a magic flute whose music can awaken or calm any passion, as desired. Otto Jahn provides a summary of the "Dschinnistan" tale in his Mozart biography; though not quite accurate, it is all that most later commentators seem to have read. But in any case the authors of "Die Zauberflöte" soon dropped "Dschinnistan" and headed instead for the Abbé Terrasson's "Sethos . . . Ouvrage dans lequel on trouve la description des Initiations aux Mystères Égyptiens," an allegory of Masonic ritual trials; their Tamino begins to take on the features of Prince Sethos, and their Queen of Night those of Queen Daluca. The two sources became confluent (Three Ladies are found in "Sethos," Three Boys in another "Dschinnistan" tale). On the Masonic level, Light finally conquers Darkness; on the romantic level, the boy, as in "Dschinnistan," wins his girl, while from the blending of popular fairy tale and lofty allegory there resulted an opera that has never ceased to fascinate, delight, and occasionally exasperate its listeners—an opera that has inspired almost as much speculation, and occasional nonsense, as the "Ring" itself.

That there was a change of plot, early on, seems to me quite clear—though this has often been denied. In no other way can it convincingly be explained why the noble Sarastro should employ the wicked Monostatos to guard Pamina. Besides, the authors left a loose end: in the second scene, Pamina refers to Sarastro as someone who will put Papageno to death with limitless tortures should he be caught; this is not the Sarastro she addresses in the finale of the act. On the other hand, it seems to me equally clear that Mozart and Schikaneder made a dramatic virtue of the change—or, as Ignaz von Seyfried put it, in one of the more controversial of the memoirs mentioned above, the reshaping proved



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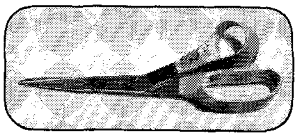

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to be "for the happiness and health of the whole work, since without it it would have been difficult for Mozart to bequeath to us, as his swan song, so marvellous a model of poesy and romanticism." In the third scene, after the change of plan, when Tamino discovers that nothing is quite what he and we have been told it is ("So everything is then a sham!"), the hero takes his first steps toward maturity, and the opera moves to sublimity. Tamino had been dazzled by the glittering apparatus of the Queen, her pyrotechnics of stage management and of vocal prowess. In his cry of "*O ew'ge Nacht! Wann wirst du schwinden?*" he seems now to echo the Queen's first utterance (there are several uses of leitmotiv in the score); in his C-major flute solo we can hear an attempt to dissipate the darkness.

Does any of this matter? It does when after a performance we try to decide why we have been stirred, or disappointed; when the lighting plot has failed to reflect the intensities of illumination, picturesque and symbolic at once, so clearly indicated by Mozart's music (and, for that matter, often enough specified in the stage directions); when we have been bored by a ponderously solemn presentation that ignored the playful aspects of the piece, or been left unsatisfied by a reading that sounded no depths; when a producer has attempted a controversial, particularized interpretation (as Michael Geliot did for the Welsh National Opera, setting the work in the South American jungle, with the Queen as a star-circled Madonna, her Three Ladies as three nuns, and Sarastro as the Inca); and above all when, by so sensitive and admirably balanced an account of the work as that offered by the Metropolitan Opera last week, we marvel afresh, as if for the first time, at Mozart's compound of gaiety, seriousness, and spiritual beauty.

Günther Rennert has produced "Die Zauberflöte" many times. His New York version, first done in 1967 (Bodo Igesz is currently listed as its stage director), still has the essential quality of the others by him that I have seen: directness, naturalness. There was no overemphasis on pomp at the expense of the pleasantries, or the other way round, but a supple response to all the diverse elements—a theatre man's understanding of the kind of piece it is coupled with a poet's feeling for its sense. Mozart brings out the best in Mr. Rennert. Peter Maag had not conducted the opera before in New York. Appreciation of his performance can

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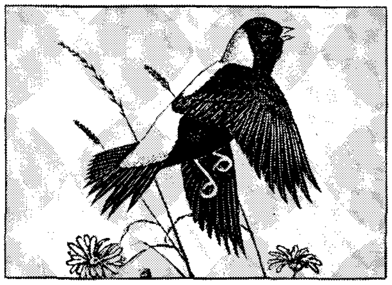

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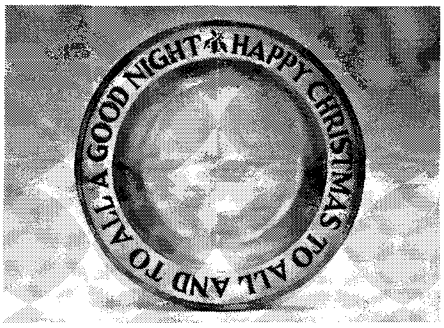

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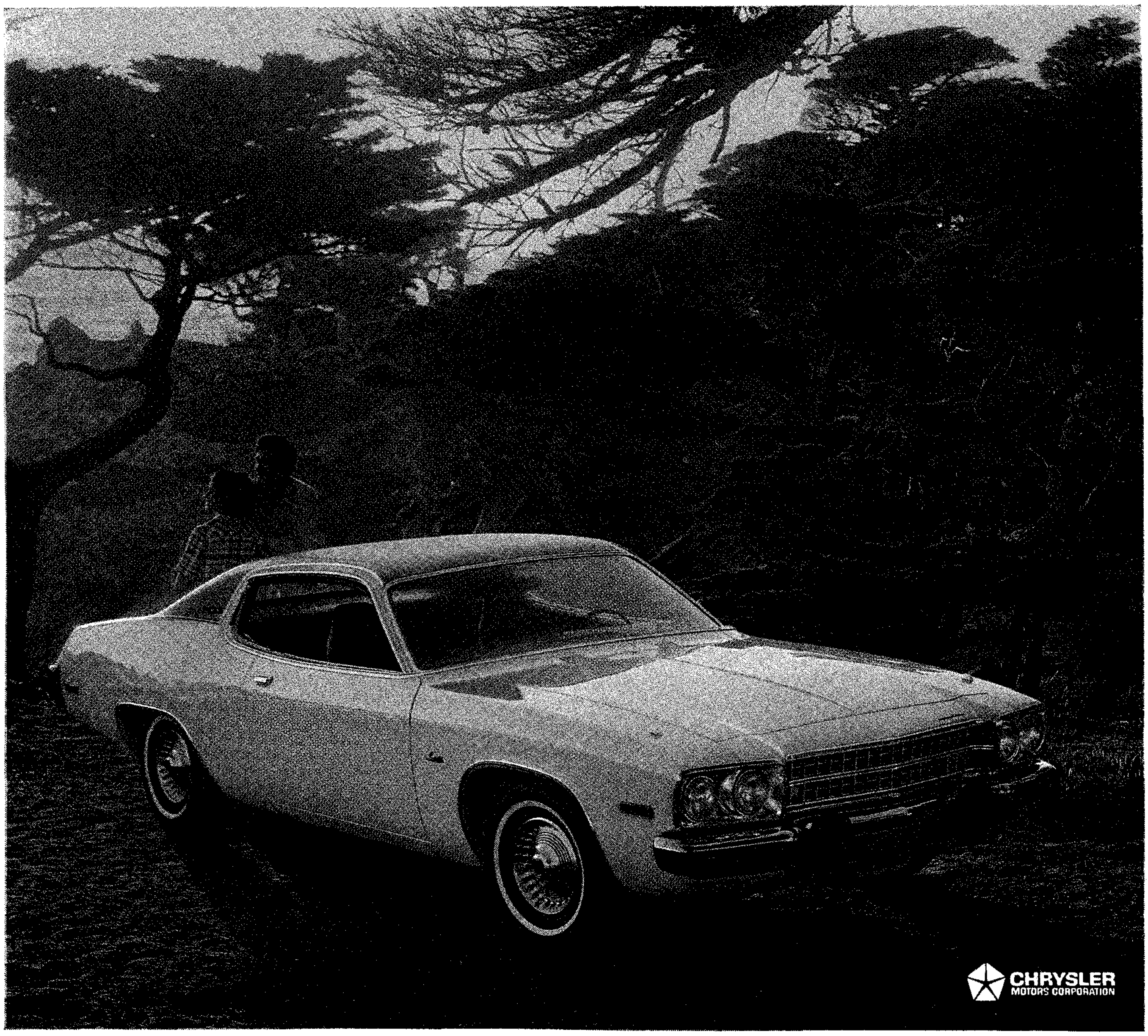

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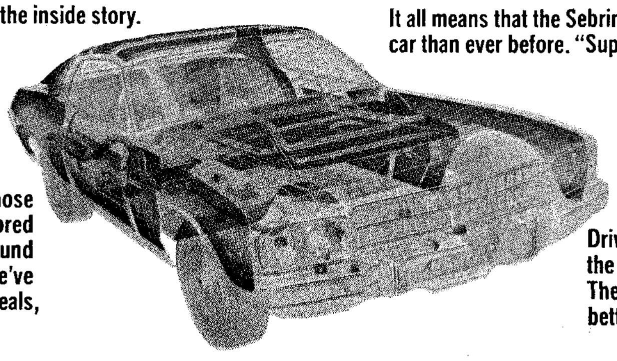

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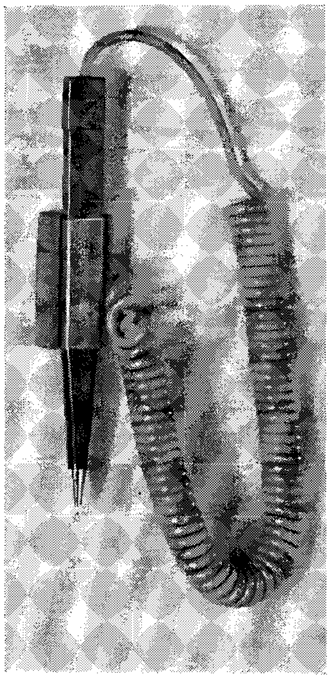
begin with that third scene already mentioned. The dialogue between Tamino and the Old Priest is marked by many changes of tempo. Mr. Maag observed them to perfection. In the declamation of the free recitative, his Tamino, Stuart Burrows, was ardent and impetuous, and his Priest, Donald Gramm, measured and grave. Their conversation flowed. It had character, and variety. As if through Tamino's ears the listener heard each calm statement, then followed Tamino's mind as it leapt in wild exclamation or surmise. Yet the piece was shaped as a single musical number. The sotto-voce offstage pronouncements later in the scene ("*Bald, bald, Jüngling, oder nie!*") gave further proof of careful, detailed preparation; the placing, the acoustics, the balance, and the pure intonation of the chords conspired to create an extraordinary atmosphere of mystery and awe. (The choral singing throughout the evening was excellent.) Many other points about Mr. Maag's interpretation deserve notice; a few must suffice. Of the Queen's second air he conducted the fiercest, most fiery account I have ever heard—and in Edda Moser he had a brilliant, powerful, fearless, and accurate Queen. In the last trial scene, his handling made me aware, for the first time, of a beautiful detail: the strings softly prolonging the chords on "*Nacht*" when the voices and other instruments have ceased. His shaping of the march through fire and through water was exquisite. Ensemble, it must be said, became once or twice less than precise, yet this seemed to happen not through any carelessness but, rather, because both singers and conductor were caring so much to give the phrases full expression. Once or twice, Mr. Maag set an unwontedly fleet, though never uncomfortable, tempo. Most delicately he shaped the close of each number. (But what is his justification for slackening speed at Papageno's entry in the trio of Act I?)

The singers were lyrical, and they sang exceptionally well in tune; during ensembles, the movement of their carefully molded lines was a delight to follow. Mr. Burrows' Tamino is polished yet unaffected, at once firm and graceful. The timbre of Adriana Maliponte's Pamina was often uncannily, almost disconcertingly, like that of a clarinet: pure, steady, and precisely focussed—a clarinet superlatively well played, with a complete command of line and phrase. As Sarastro, that fine young bass Hans Sotin made his Metropolitan début; his tone is so beautiful



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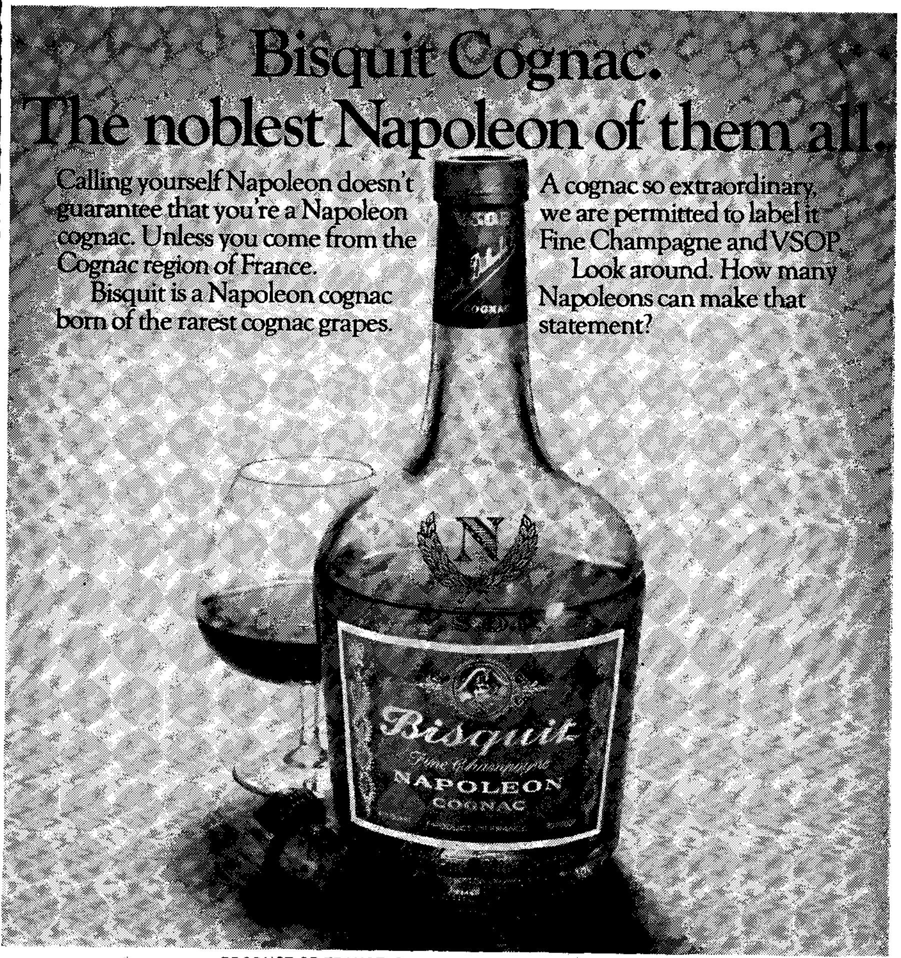

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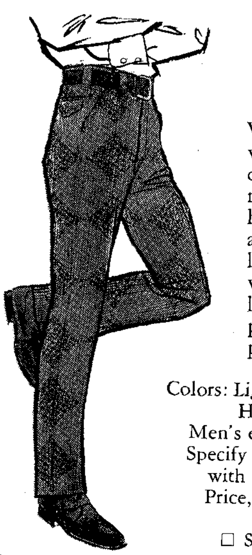

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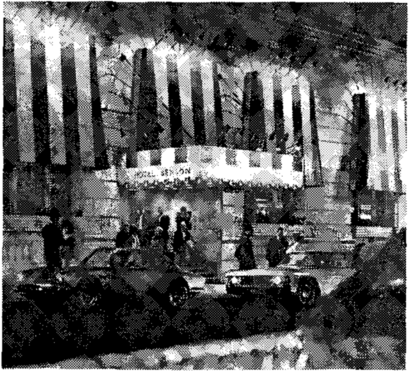
and his line so smooth that, the better to enjoy them, we could have accepted slower tempi for his airs. He has a noble presence. Theodor Uppman's bright young Papageno might by some be judged a shade overactive, but I found him captivating, both in the playing of the part and in the well-shaded, unroutined phrasing. Paul Franke, as Monostatos, and Betsy Norden, as Papagena, were good—but unexceptional in an otherwise outstanding cast. The Three Ladies were charmers. The Three Boys, taken by boys, sang truly, though their German sounded like a lesson learned, not a language understood.

Chagall's décor is pretty, as "Zauberflöte" décor should be, but also aptly solemn in the ritual scenes. There is fancy in it, and we sense a happy, enthusiastic response to Schikaneder's detailed specifications. The sets, however, may disturb anyone who puzzles over the significance of the painter's familiar, favorite images, recurrent in scrim and sky, instead of regarding them as so much shape and color.

When just about everything is right, a critic may venture a suggestion or two without being thought curmudgeonly. The dialogue between Tamino and the Old Priest would be more eloquent still if the appoggiatura convention were more stylishly observed. The trials by fire and water produce too little effect of physical danger (it might help to observe the stage direction that Tamino is skimpily clad, and barefoot). The light that bursts out at the C-major "Triumph" chorus, once the elements have been successfully braved, should be maintained until the final chord, even if this delays the scene change by a few seconds. For the rest, Beckmesser's slate is bare. The great opera was by all concerned uncommonly well performed.

THE NEW YORK CITY OPERA has put on a very decent repertory "Carmen." José Varona's sets are traditional, and agreeably so; they recall those of the original Opéra-Comique production. His costuming breaks unconvincingly with convention when Carmen dons breeches to go a-smuggling. Ann Howard, at her New York début, did not repeat her London success in the title role—she makes more of English words than of the French—but was more than acceptable. Julius Rudel conducted with vigor, though he was sometimes brisk to the point of discourtesy. Harry Theyard's Don José was remarkable. Mr. Theyard can act. He sings French as if he could speak the language; the words were vivid. His



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timbre, though it might be called tight, was forward and "typically French" in a way that suits the music and is seldom heard today. José's character and its development were consistently and cogently portrayed. The edition included both the discredited Guiraud recitatives and some of the "new" passages.

TWO other operatic events were more notable for enterprise in the choice of program than for much merit in the execution. It is hard to discern why Verdi thought he had done well in "Attila"—much of it recalls Donizetti below his best; there is a curious and rather taking soprano air with mock-Meyerbeer accompaniment—but it is a piece rare enough to be worth crossing a river to hear. A performance by the Opera Theater of New Jersey, in Newark's handsome Neo-Roman Symphony Hall, was sketchily sung, heedlessly acted, and enthusiastically received. The principal roles were taken by Leyla Gencer (who did at least make something of that air) and Jerome Hines.

Thomas Scherman celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Little Orchestra Society with a Richard Strauss evening in Philharmonic Hall—excerpts from four operas he had introduced (or in the case of "Die Aegyptische Helena," reintroduced after a long absence) to New York. The items were not snippets, but whole scenes—of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," the greater part of Act III. The singers had got their roles by heart, which was laudable, and allowed for some simple action on the platform. "Die Frau" came off best: William Lewis was a capable Emperor, and Doris Jung a reliable Dyer's Wife; Margaret Tynes had some touching moments as the Empress, and the solo cellist was eloquent. The offstage choir was secure. But the other soloists, and the orchestra under Mr. Scherman, were not up to the music. —ANDREW PORTER

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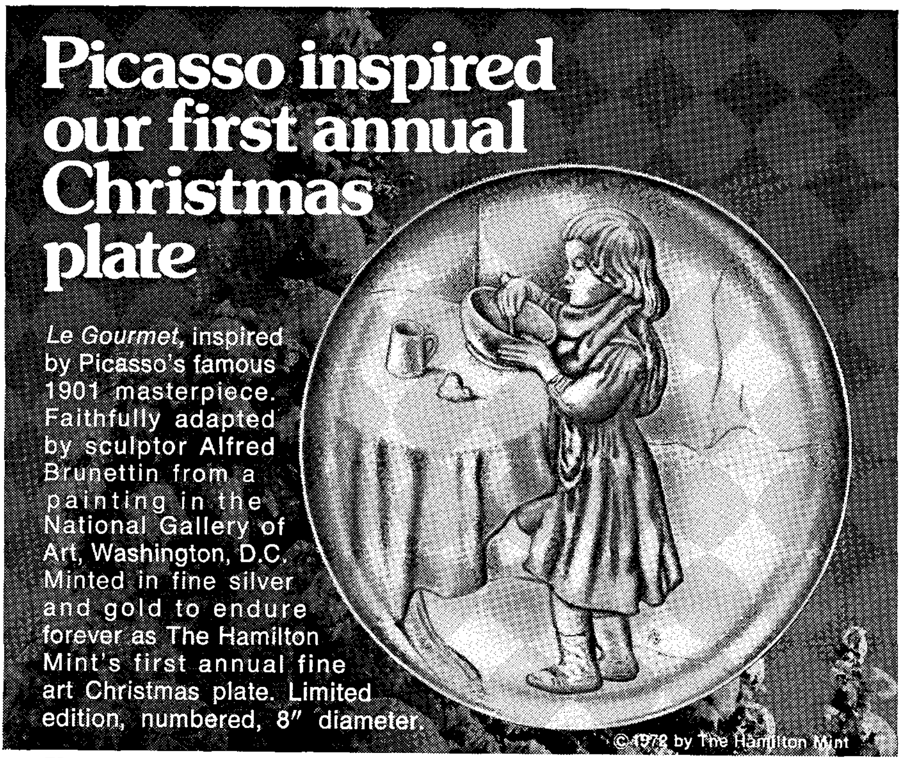

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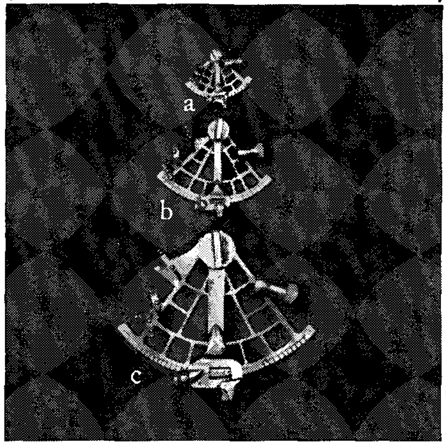

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THE RACE TRACK

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KEY TO THE MINT beat Riva Ridge in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, run in the murk and the mud at Aqueduct last Saturday, but Autobiography beat them both by fifteen lengths. It was far from the race of the year, shrivelling to not even the race of the week. Typecast, the big bay mare who had been giving the best of the boys what-for in California, developed a filling in a leg two days before the race and was withdrawn. Then, on Saturday morning, Canonero II went lame after an easy gallop. It was the right front ankle, which had given him so much trouble in the past. Shortly before post time, with rain turning the track into a sloppy mess, Summer Guest, the well-fancied stablemate of Key to the Mint, was scratched, and Freetex, who never has liked wet going, dropped out, too, leaving seven starters for the two-mile jaunt.

Horses never look their best on a rainy day. (Someday, trainers may try the stuff you see on television which does such wonderful things for women's hair.) I thought Key to the Mint seemed hard and fit; Riva Ridge looked light and on his toes; and Autobiography was very businesslike. Pancho Martin saddled three runners for Sigmund Sommer—Autobiography, Paraje (who was second to Shuvee in the Gold Cup last year), and Perry Mason, a newcomer from Argentina. Perry Mason led for the first couple of furlongs, with Riva Ridge closest, but coming to the half-mile ground Autobiography passed them—and the Cup was won right there. Lengths behind, Key to the Mint joined Riva Ridge and the two had a lively tussle for about six furlongs, then Key to the Mint began to draw away. On the turn for home, Baeza, who rode Key to the Mint, saw that there was no possible chance of catching the leader, and the race became a procession. Ogden Phipps, chairman of the Jockey Club, presented the Gold Cup to Mr. Sommer, and as he did so I fancy he remembered that Autobiography, who is by Sky High II out of King's Story, was bred by the Wheatley Stable of his mother, the late Mrs. H. C. Phipps. The colt, a sturdy chestnut, was sold on private terms just about a year ago, and he hasn't done

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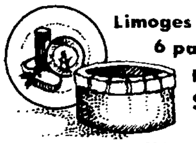

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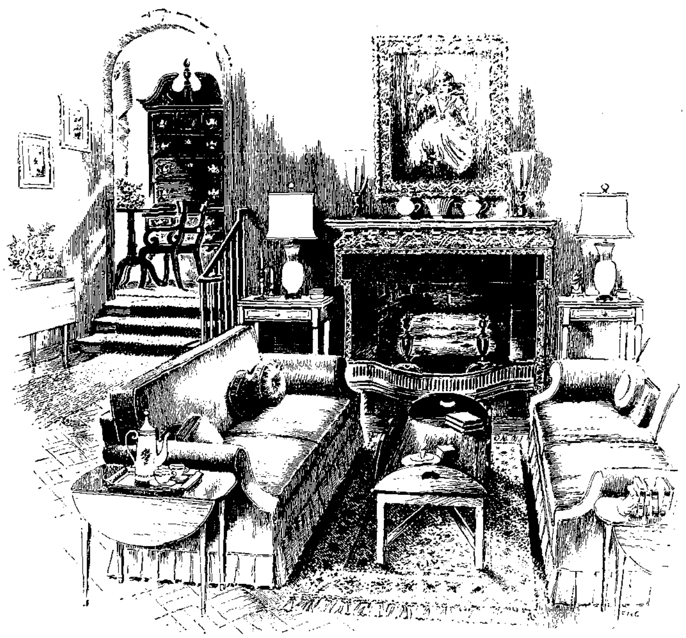
badly since; running in the best company, he has won five races this year, four of them stakes, and was second five times, in eighteen starts, earning $310,515 in prize money.

Despite the weather, there was a crowd of 35,435 in the stand—tops for the current meeting—and it was increased by the many Spanish-speaking horseplayers to whom Canonero II has been an idol. That they were disappointed goes without saying. No doubt there was some satisfaction in the fact that all the riders in the Gold Cup were Latins (Cordero rode the winner), but that wasn't the same. We won't see Canonero II under colors again. The ailing ankle would take too long to patch up, so the King Ranch has retired him to the stud. That should have been done, if I may say so, after his brilliant race at Belmont the month before in the Stymie Handicap, in which he beat Riva Ridge. *There* was a race to remember.

MY favorite observer in Maryland reports that La Prevoyante rolled home in the Selima Stakes by fourteen lengths at Laurel last weekend. That's eleven straight for Jean-Louis Levesque's lovely filly. If all goes well, Yonnie Starr, who trains her, will send her to Garden State Park for the Gardenia next Saturday and try to tie the record set by James R. Keene's Colin, who won twelve straight in 1907. Everyone bet on La Prevoyante in the Selima, including the Little Man with the Black Bag, who dumped I don't know how much into the tote on her to place. He collected five cents on the dollar. Half an hour later, the Meadow Stable's Secretariat splashed home by eight in the Laurel Futurity. Stop the Music was second and Angle Light third. Secretariat got away slowly, as usual, took the overland route, made a wide turn into the stretch, and ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:42⅘, a fifth of a second off the track record. He didn't, however, bump anything, as he did in the Champagne Stakes, and get his number taken down. Lucien Laurin, his trainer, plans to run him in the Garden State Stakes on November 18th before shipping him South for the winter.

THE Finger Lakes track, upstate, hopes to put on a race at four miles and seventy yards this weekend. (Why the seventy yards? They want to set a record; it's never been done before.) Colonel Martingale wonders where they're getting the horses.

—AUDAX MINOR



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

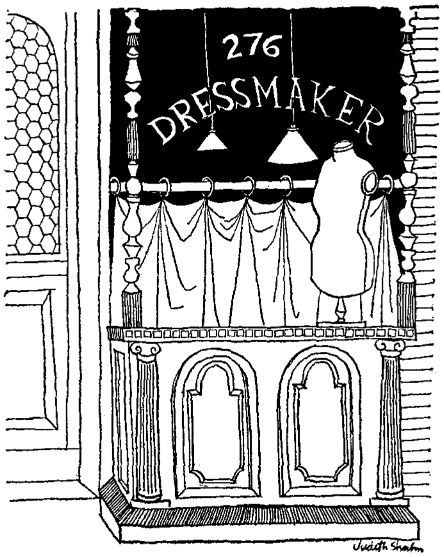
THE PATH TO PEACE

PARIS, OCTOBER 30

AFTER a fortnight of frenzied activity in Paris, Washington, Saigon, and Hanoi, it is apparent that a cease-fire in Indo-China is imminent, that it will be extremely difficult to implement, and that a political settlement in Vietnam—let alone Laos and Cambodia—is a long way off. In the immediate future, the whole Indo-China area still seems doomed to a vast amount of political friction, widespread terrorism, and sporadic fighting. On the basis of the nine-point draft cease-fire agreement that was prematurely made public by Hanoi on October 26th, and confirmed in most of its details by Henry Kissinger in Washington later that day, the future of South Vietnam will be chaotic and precarious, a condition that the Communists are bound to exploit. This likelihood has so disturbed South Vietnam's President Nguyen Van Thieu that his previously somewhat muted resistance to the terms has become much more vociferous now that they have been disclosed. Nevertheless, the amazing performance of the indefatigable Kissinger, as he has bounced back and forth between Washington, Paris, and Saigon, will, it now seems, result in extricating the United States from this unconscionable war.

Kissinger's adroit dealings with Hanoi's chief negotiator, Le Duc Tho, and his tough *Realpolitik* negotiations with Thieu may thus be said to serve American interests in the best way possible—although it may be that, as Senator McGovern keeps saying, they should have been so served sooner. But it must be noted that without the help of the Russians and, to a lesser degree, of the Chinese, both of whom President Nixon and Kissinger have so assiduously cultivated, the peace talks with Hanoi might not have become serious and successful. The Nixon-Kissinger approach forced Moscow and Peking, for their own separate reasons, to put pressure on Hanoi to negotiate. All this, however, and Nixon's own disclaimers do not obscure the fact that he was calculatingly determined to obtain at least the outlines of an agreement before the November 7th election. Hanoi took full advantage of this determination, Thieu was caught in the middle and crudely put on the spot, and Nixon himself came close to losing his gamble, because he had moved so far so fast that, as one Western diplomat acutely commented, "the whole thing almost peaked too soon." Hanoi, by jumping the gun on the announcement of the agreement—an act perhaps attributable as much to differences within the North Vietnamese Politburo over the degree of additional pressure to put on Nixon and Thieu as to annoyance over last-minute Washington objections to some of the draft details—elicited an almost overconciliatory reply from Kissinger. Then, in his best Prince Metternich fashion, Kissinger added what amounted to clever interpretive footnotes to Hanoi's version. This both threw the ball back to Hanoi and spread a sense of relief throughout the United States that the war was indeed about over, with the awful bombing soon to be halted and the remaining American troops and prisoners of war soon to come home.

All this led Thieu to declare the following day, as he had before, that South Vietnam must sign the final agreement along with the Americans and the North Vietnamese. He also threatened to demand an internationally supervised referendum to prove that his countrymen were solidly behind him and against the imposed deal with the Communists. Thieu's frantic maneuvers seemed designed to delay the final signing of the agreement, but knowledgeable people here feel that he is simply going through the motions of struggling against the inevitable. Hanoi, in fact, has quietly let it be known that it has no objections to Saigon's signing the final accords. What may happen is that the Washington-Hanoi pact will, for the time being, simply be initialled by both the major parties to it. Legally, this would have the effect of assuring that it could be neither destroyed nor replaced by a different agreement, though clarifications could still be made before the final signing took place, later on, by various Foreign Ministers, including Saigon's. Such a procedure would satisfy Hanoi's demand that there be no further delays, and, as of this writing, some such solution to the problem of who signs what when is fully expected to emerge in Paris this week or next.



Thieu, during his five days of talks with Kissinger in Saigon, reluctantly and bitterly accepted what he had frequently sworn he never would accept—a so-called "leopard-skin" cease-fire, which would leave the Communists in control of considerable portions of South Vietnam pending new elections, whose nature has not been made clear. In fact, the whole election procedure is so vaguely outlined in what has thus far been published of the draft agreement, and the political path ahead so labyrinthine, that most experts aren't setting even tentative dates for any kind of elections—local, legislative, or executive. In the meantime, though, if the cease-fire is carried out without undue hitches, the inevitable, and desirable, process of political accommodation could at least begin.

Ostensibly, in return for granting the Communists a formal role in Vietnam's political life short of the outright coalition they were previously demanding, Thieu has himself been "recognized" by Hanoi as the leader of the Saigon regime until some indefinite moment before new elections are held. There are many observers, both here in Paris and in Saigon, who feel that Thieu will withdraw from the scene long before that in favor of Senator Nguyen Van Huyen, the venerable president of the South Vietnamese Senate, who is acceptable to the Communists, or of someone else. For example, a few days ago Representative Tran Van Tuyen, a lawyer and a highly respected leader of Thieu's opposition, said in Saigon, "If President Thieu remains in place, we shall hurry toward disaster, because his government will be incapable of constructing the future."

Significantly, Hanoi did not once mention Thieu's name in its version of the nine-point draft agreement, and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (representing the Vietcong) is extremely unhappy about Hanoi's even temporary acknowledgment of Thieu's bona fides. Yet despite violent past denunciations of Thieu by both the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong and the reiterated insistence of both that they would never deal with him, the day was bound to come when, in return for major concessions—mainly an agreement by the United States to stop the bombing and mining, and leave—the North Vietnamese would change their minds. They have chosen to accept Thieu, almost contemptuously, at a propitious moment they correctly anticipated: when the Americans started pulling the rug out from under him by finally telling him that they had done everything they could for him—though he would still receive some military hardware and economic aid—and that, in effect, it was now up to him to prove that he by himself could keep South Vietnam from going Communist.

That Thieu, despite his boasts of public support, is deeply worried about his ability to do this is clearly revealed by a careful reading of his shrill two-hour radio and television speech of October 24th, whose emphasis was on his alarm over the manner in which the Communists would soon be swarming, like "hooligans," all over the country. Thieu made several references to what is perhaps the most startling aspect of the Hanoi-Washington agreement—the absence of any mention of withdrawal of any of the approximately hundred and forty thousand North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam and along the Cambodian border. Notwithstanding Kissinger's disavowal of "secret side agreements of any kind," there may, of course, be some tacit deal on this between him and Tho, but the bellicose statements of North Vietnamese and P.R.G. spokesmen in early and mid-October seem to belie any such possibility. These spokesmen have made it increasingly clear that, as their superiors in Hanoi have said all along, the North Vietnamese regard all of Vietnam as one nation, whose independence from every form of foreign interference is a legitimate cause to be fought for by "patriots," whether Northern or Southern. As late as October 18th, when the secret negotiations were solidly under way, Nguyen Thanh Le, the official Hanoi spokesman in Paris, blandly insisted, as he had so often before, that there were no North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam. A week earlier, Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the chief of the P.R.G. delegation, in response to a question about the North Vietnamese presence, told a group of correspondents that "locally recruited patriots" would remain in the South and would take part in the national reconstruction.

THERE are a number of things about the nine-point agreement, as it has been summarized, that make

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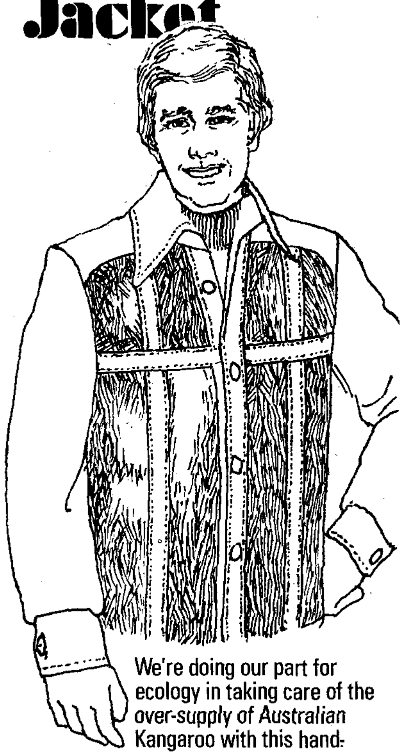

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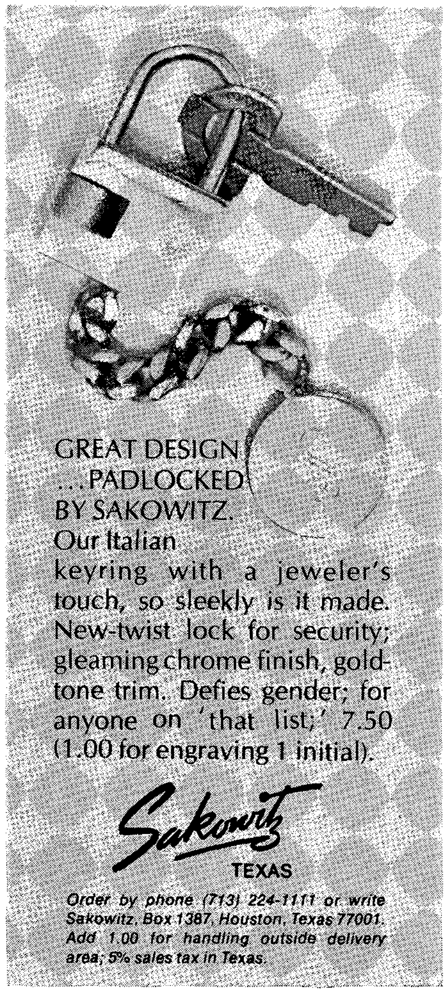

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one wonder whether Kissinger and Tho, each for his own purposes, did not deliberately set out to make it as politically loose—even obscure—as possible. It reads, in fact, not like a plan but like a puzzle for the Vietnamese to solve, with the help or hindrance of as yet unnamed foreign nations. The clearest parts of it have to do with the exit of the Americans, which Kissinger has always wanted to negotiate separately with Hanoi, leaving the Vietnamese to decide their own political fate. Once the cease-fire is signed, all American forces, including military advisers, are to be withdrawn from South Vietnam, and all American bombing in both North and South Vietnam is to stop, as is the mining of Vietnamese waters by the Americans. The agreement does not affect the maintenance of bases in Thailand and the continued presence of the United States Seventh Fleet in the area. Once the Americans and their allies (principally the Koreans, who will presumably speed up their plans for final withdrawal) are completely out of South Vietnam, the agreement precludes the further introduction of troops "from whatever country," as Kissinger put it—thereby presumably including Cambodia and Laos as well as North Vietnam. Military equipment within South Vietnam can be replaced by both sides on a "one-to-one" basis—that is, each weapon or truck, for example, that breaks down or wears out can be replaced by one of a similar type. The agreement says nothing about any additional help that the Russians or the Chinese or anyone else might want to send to North Vietnam. The status of an earlier American program for sending more planes to South Vietnam is still in doubt, but in the past few weeks the Americans, knowing that the peace talks were at a critical point, have sent the South Vietnamese a considerable number of new planes of all kinds, including some modern long-range jets and some additional transports and helicopters. It is unclear whether or not the replacement formula includes shot-down or disabled planes, but presumably it does. As for the size of the opposition armies in South Vietnam, they are to be reduced by agreement between the Vietnamese themselves—theoretically, within three months of the final signing. The aim, I have been told, is to cut back the military strength of each of the two Vietnamese sides by at least a half, and ultimately, if a true coalition is actually achieved, to merge the two forces. There seems, of course, to be very little chance that this will happen soon—if at all—given the

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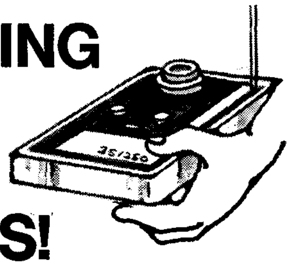

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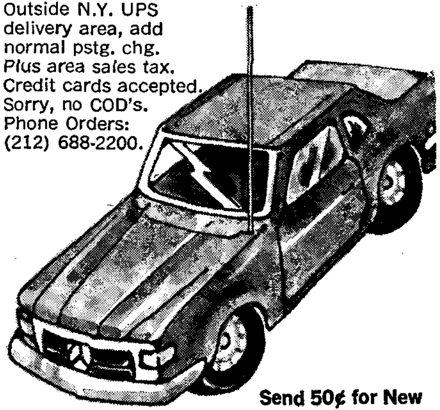

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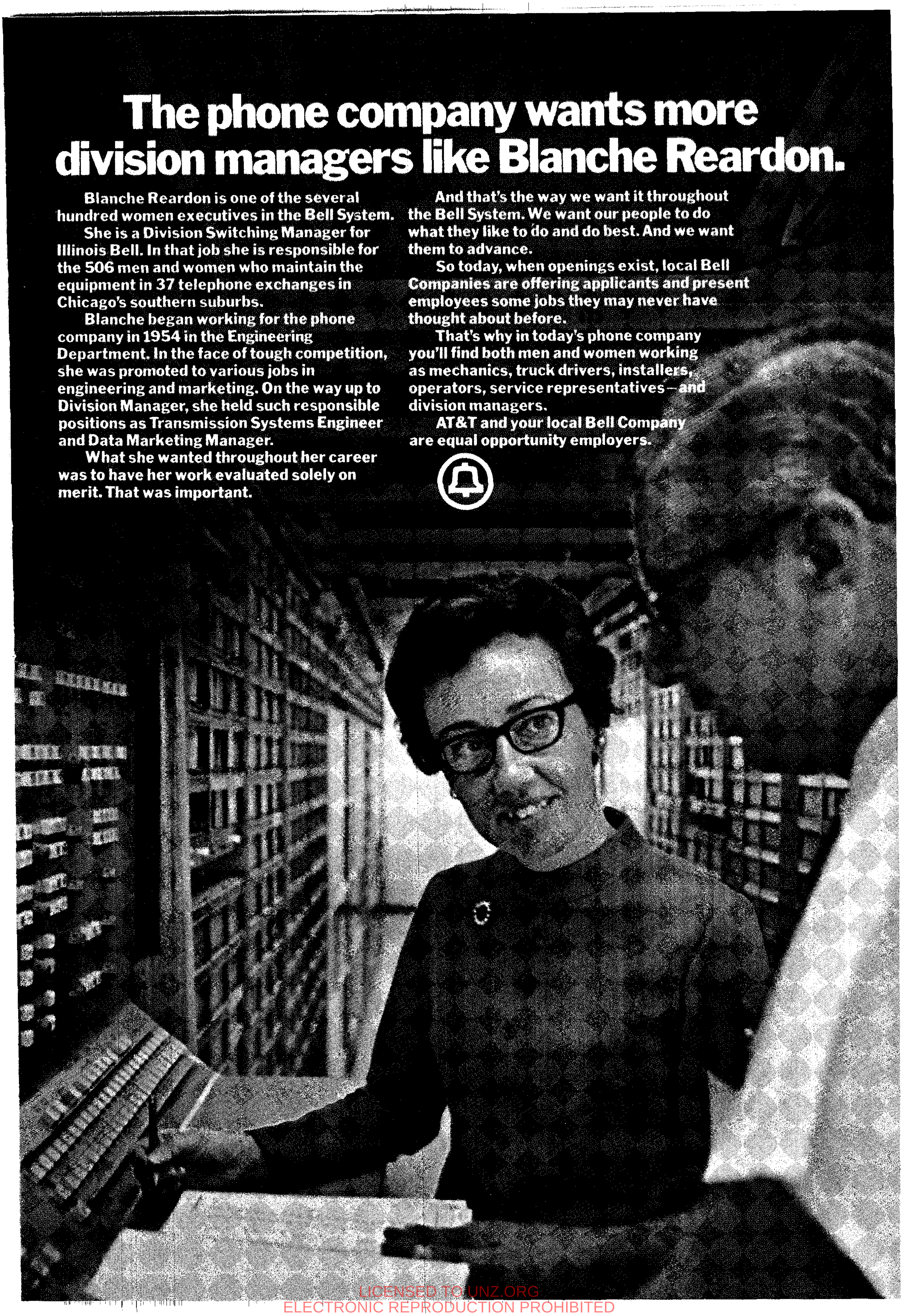

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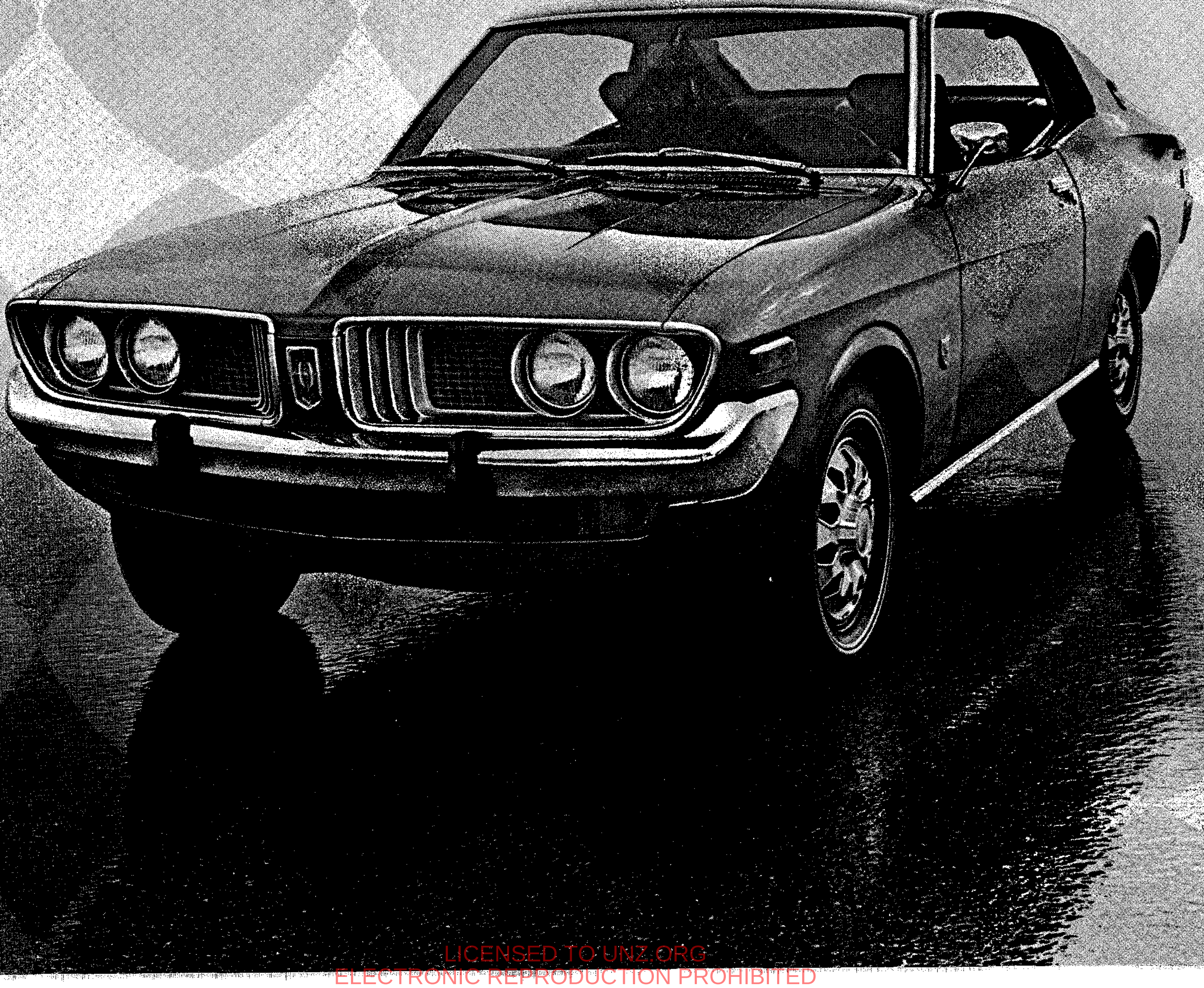
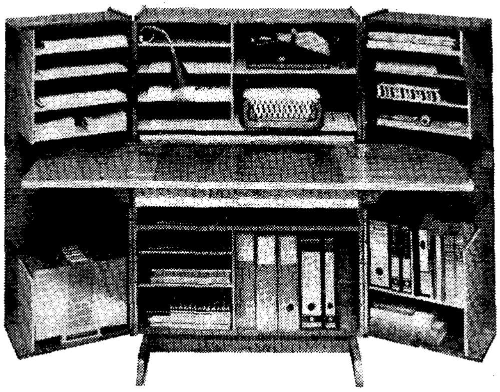


background of hostility, the countless political imponderables, and the likelihood that many guns will simply be hidden, as they were in 1954, at the end of the French Indo-China War.

Though the provisions concerning American prisoners are clear—they are all to be released within sixty days after the agreement is signed, as the American troops withdraw—the disposition of Vietnamese political prisoners is left to be determined by the Vietnamese. There are probably sixty thousand such prisoners in South Vietnam. Discussions about freeing the bulk of the imprisoned Vietcong—and enemies of the Thieu regime who are not Communists—are likely to be extremely difficult and contentious. (North Vietnam holds far fewer South Vietnamese prisoners.) In the period before the cease-fire comes into effect, efforts will undoubtedly be made by the Communists to free as many prisoners as possible by force—just as, during that period, and afterward too, both sides will try to grab as much territory as possible. In the past few days, the Communists have stepped up their attacks on some key localities to a level higher than had been reached at any time since the 1968 Tet offensive. They are known to be infiltrating large numbers of political cadres into towns and cities, including Saigon, and to be strengthening their hold on their own hamlets and trying to move large numbers of agents into contested ones. This is fully in accordance with what they have long declared to be their aim, and it also follows their announced policy of "fighting and talking at the same time." There is no reason to believe that this strategy will be altered by a cease-fire.

Kissinger declared that "we would like to avoid the dangers of loss of life, perhaps in some areas even of massacre," by establishing an international control and supervision commission prior to the cease-fire, so it could be put in place in South Vietnam, ready to move when the cease-fire was formally proclaimed. Significantly, the Communists in Paris say that the control commission is supposed to take over *after* the cease-fire is proclaimed. Not only does it seem virtually impossible to establish such a commission in a month and station its various members all around South Vietnam—and it would take several score, if not several hundred, such officials even to attempt to do an effective job—but the chances of restricting the movement of armed or unarmed soldiers and agents from one place to another appear slight even under the best of conditions. President



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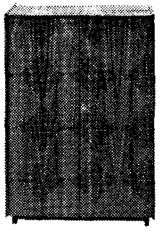

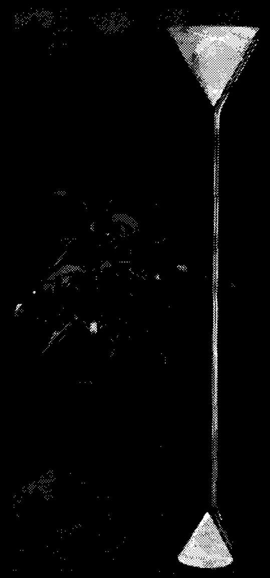

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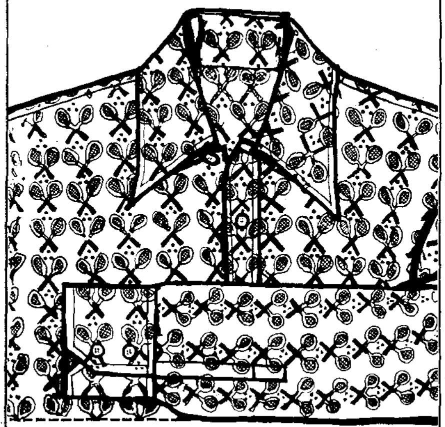

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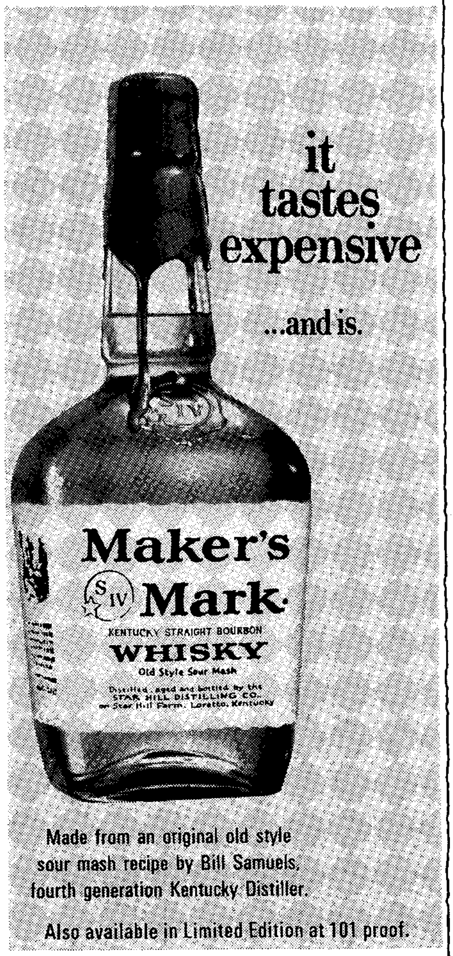

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Thieu, on October 24th, mentioned this and realistically predicted that the Communists will lose no opportunity, now or later, to build up their political infrastructure. As long as he stays in power, he will undoubtedly do all he can with his own police apparatus to prevent the spread of Communist influence, but once the major fighting stops, the accommodation process, which is already under way in many places, will weaken his countermeasures. He has predicted that the Communists *will kill* five million people after the cease-fire, and though this is a ridiculously high figure, there will almost certainly be countless assassinations—and, in my opinion, indiscriminate killing, along with continued guerrilla fighting, will go on indefinitely as the Communists move back and forth between what they regard as the twin arenas of political and military activity.

The agreement includes a long and as yet undisclosed section, which even Kissinger has admitted is confusing, concerning the establishment of both four-party and two-party "joint military commissions"—that is, groups composed in some cases of representatives of the United States, North Vietnam, and the two opposing sides in South Vietnam, and in other cases only of Vietcong and Saigon representatives. Exactly what the functions of these groups will be, and how they will be coördinated with the international control and supervision commission, is not at all clear yet, and even those in Paris who have read the full text of the agreement are not certain what this section means, though it is assumed that the groups in question will take charge of the regrouping of military forces in certain areas. Kissinger did say that the supervision commission would have the power to settle disputes among members of the military commissions while reserving the right to make "independent investigations." Having been in China in 1946, when Truce Teams, presumably similar to these, were established—they were composed of Communists, Kuomintang people, and American representatives—and having travelled widely around the countryside with them observing their fruitless efforts to bring about peace and stability, I have grave doubts about the success of these proposed commissions.

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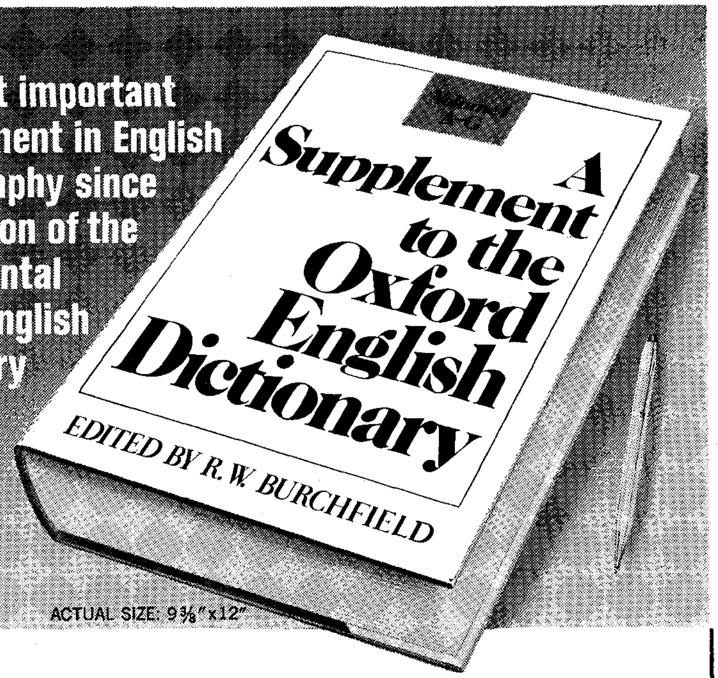
the signing of the agreement to develop guarantees and to establish the relationship of the various parties to each other in greater detail." Supposedly, this could develop into another Geneva-type conference, composed of a dozen nations, or perhaps fewer, which would try to devise some sort of *modus operandi* to help bring order out of what promises to be vast disorder. Conceivably, it could come up with a document that all the attending nations—very likely including the United States, Russia, France, and, perhaps, China—would sign for the purpose of helping to guarantee peace in both Vietnams and in Laos and Cambodia. This might lend some moral force to the enterprise—and the fact that both the Russians and the Chinese apparently urged Hanoi to come to terms with Washington is an encouraging factor—but it is quite possible that, as in 1954, South Vietnam would not go along with the decisions that the conference reached. Back in 1954, the United States itself did not sign the Geneva accords, though it "took official cognizance" of them. This time, Washington seems bound to approve the objectives of such a conference and will probably join the Russians in leading the dialogue and signing the documents. The Chinese have up to now shown a disinclination to take any direct part in overseeing an Indo-China solution, but there are some signs that they are getting ready to change their mind.

Finally, the most important body to be established under the agreements is a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, to be composed solely of South Vietnamese, with representatives from three different camps: the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the Saigon government, and third-force neutralists. According to Hanoi, its task, as an "administrative structure," is "to supervise and urge the P.R.G. and the Saigon government to carry out the signed agreements and organize general elections." The P.R.G. and Saigon, as the two main elements, are supposed to "discuss the formation of councils at lower levels" in the provinces, the districts, and the hamlets—with the aim, says Hanoi, of helping the people "decide for themselves the political future of South Vietnam through truly free and democratic general elections under international supervision." Kissinger said that the council would be an appointed one but didn't make clear who would appoint it, and he added that it "would operate on the basis of unanimity." It is akin, he said, to the electoral commission suggested in Nixon's eight-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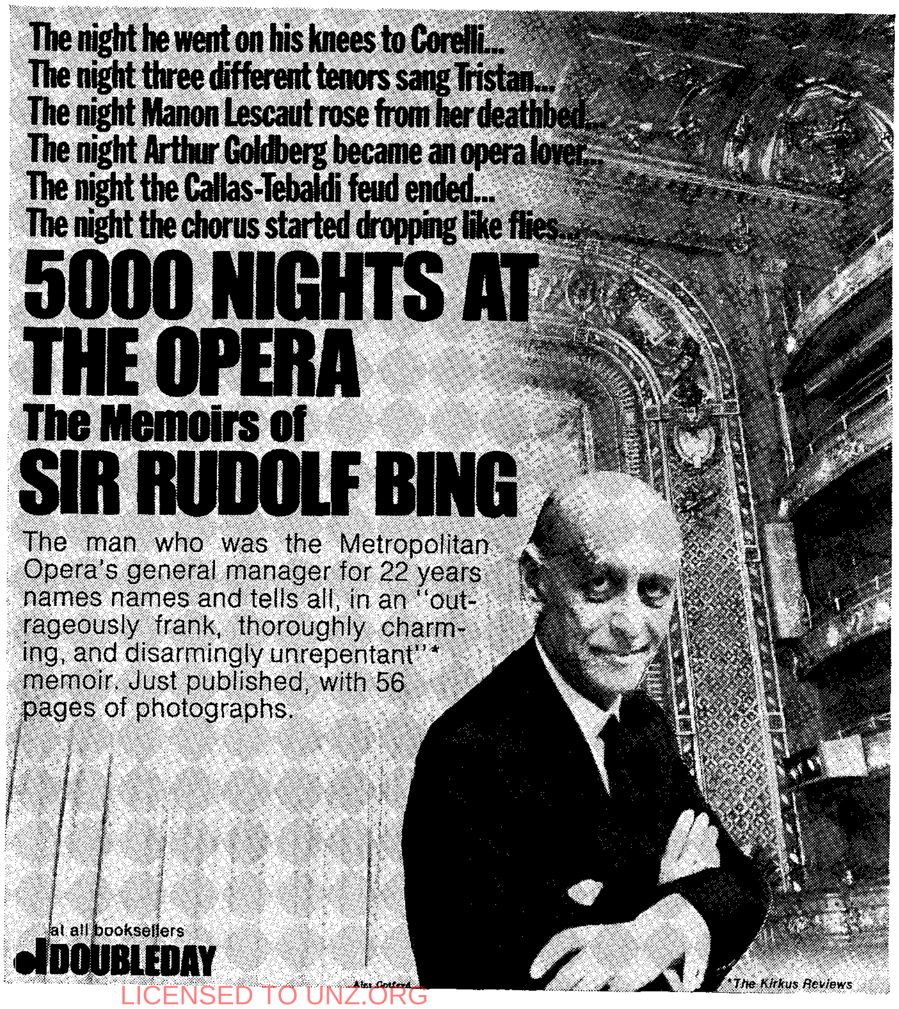

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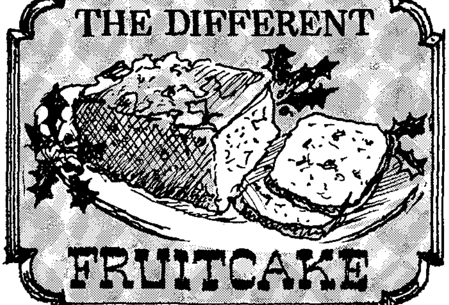
point peace plan made public last January.

It is difficult to imagine just how this key council and its subsidiary units can function effectively, especially if its decisions have to be unanimous, since the Vietnamese are scarcely known for their ability to agree with each other. Kissinger firmly denied that the council was a "coalition government" in itself, as Thieu has charged, but Hanoi, in its explanation of the agreement, said that the council's purpose was to form "a government of national concord"—something that Thieu regards as tantamount to coalition—and that its further broad aim was to "solve the South Vietnamese internal problems promptly within three months after the cease-fire is in effect." It seems totally impossible to organize elections within so short a time, given the complexities of establishing even a flimsy cease-fire-in-place and controlling the movement, or non-movement, of troops and civilians—including millions of homeless refugees. Moreover, political parties cannot organize themselves so quickly. Nor has anything been said so far about which kind of elections are to be held first. The P.R.G. and Saigon are supposed to decide this, with the help of the nebulous neutralist third element, which, as Tran Van Tuyen says, has "neither a head nor an organization," and, as I can attest from my own observations through the years, consists of motley, disputatious groups, associations, and individuals not only in Vietnam but in Paris and Washington.

The Communists may favor holding elections first at the local level, where their cadres can operate most effectively, and then holding elections for a constituent assembly to draft a new constitution. Since they would hope to sway most of the neutralists in such an assembly, they would expect to have a majority voice in the preparation of a constitution, and so to create a system that would enhance their chances of seizing full control—presumably one that would give more power to parliament and less to the executive than the present constitution does. Thieu, naturally, favors the present constitution—though he has finally, and grudgingly, admitted that its Article 4, which prohibits any dealings with Communists, will have to be revised. (Certainly, in this respect, at least, as Premier Pham Van Dong, of North Vietnam, said in a recent interview, "Thieu has been overtaken by events.") There is a strong argument to be made for having the P.R.G. and the Saigon government sit down together—perhaps with the



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help of some third-force lawyers, such as Tran Van Tuyen, and some international legal advisers—and draw up a constitution, without any advance constituent-assembly elections. This procedure has been suggested by, among others, Au Truong Thanh, a former Minister of Economics now living in Paris, who is probably the most impressive expatriate member of the third force. He and a small group of experts have prepared an excellent program for postwar Vietnamese reconstruction, and Washington, in the new accords, has pledged to underwrite such reconstruction in both the North and the South.

Once a constitution is agreed upon, elections could be held simultaneously for a new national assembly and for President, if a Presidential system is agreed upon, or else for just a national assembly, which would then choose a Prime Minister. Kissinger has always maintained, logically, that whatever approach is taken, these are matters that should be determined by the Vietnamese themselves, but, on the basis of what is known so far about the Hanoi-Washington agreement, the whole question seems to have been left up in the air.

AT this moment when the attention of the world is focussed on the final signing of the agreements and the establishment, at long last, of at least a tenuous peace—or, in any event, an end to the abysmal American role in Vietnam—reports from Saigon indicate that there the political pot has been boiling more furiously than usual. For one thing, Buddhist political leaders, whose ranks have been in disarray for two years, held a large meeting last week, attended by, among others, the retired general and former Chief of State Duong Van Minh, and this seems encouraging. Despite his failures of leadership following the 1963 coup against the late Ngo Dinh Diem, Minh may yet emerge as a temporary compromise leader, acceptable to all sides. The Catholics, who are better organized than the Buddhists, and who by no means fully support Thieu, though he is a Catholic convert, are also preparing to play a strong role in the new political spectrum. And, if true reconciliation and successful accommodation are to be achieved, the important Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, which have been badly fragmented for years, must be included, and the Montagnards, Vietnam's mountain tribal elements, have to be given a voice. There are, as well, some other old nationalist parties, mostly anti-Communist, and some

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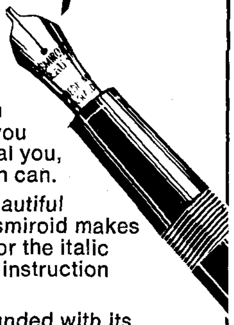

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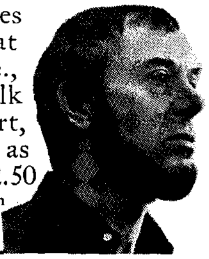

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newer middle-of-the-road or left-of-center ones, and these will have to rally themselves if they want to take part. Moreover, if there is to be any sort of cohesive approach to a new South Vietnamese order—and if the whole situation doesn't disintegrate into fresh bickering and renewed fighting—exiles living abroad, such as Au Truong Thanh, could eventually play a highly important role.

While cease-fires in Laos and Cambodia are not likely to take place simultaneously with the one in Vietnam, they should not be long delayed. Here, as in Vietnam, the Russians and, to some extent, the Chinese are playing useful roles, notwithstanding their own diametrically opposed viewpoints. In both Laos and Cambodia, the Americans are taking a more active part than heretofore as peacemakers. In Laos, talks between representatives of Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister, and his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, the head of the Communist-controlled Pathet Lao, are moving ahead under circumstances that are more promising than they have been in several years. In Cambodia, where the regime of President Lon Nol has all but broken down and various local Communist factions, either tied to Hanoi or playing their own game, are jockeying for power and attempting to make their own political deals, the role of the exiled ruler Prince Norodom Sihanouk has suddenly become important again. Last week, Sihanouk flew from Peking to Hanoi, where he was obviously briefed on the new accords. The chances of his returning to Cambodia in a middleman position, using his still powerful personality to bring together the various quarrelling groups, appear considerably greater now than they have been since the March, 1970, coup that displaced him.

Whatever the ultimate separate objectives of the Communists in Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi, it is for the moment in their common interest to halt hostilities throughout the Indo-China peninsula, and it is in the American interest, too. And whatever lies ahead in Vietnam cannot be considered apart from the future of Laos and Cambodia. Peace may not break out everywhere at once, and it may not endure, but it has surely come closer in the past two weeks than at any time since the second Indo-China war began. One can only hope that nothing will happen now to upset the arrangements that Kissinger and Le Duc Tho have brilliantly—if rather brutally—contrived.

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FICTION

LONG DIVISION, by Anne Roiphe (Simon & Schuster). In this well-written, sensitive, but finally unaffecting book about a thirty-five-year-old soon-to-be-divorced woman and her ten-year-old daughter on the road from New York to Juárez, the author attempts, as in her more successful earlier book "Up the Sandbox!," to round out the feminist picture a bit by exemplifying some of the ambiguities, limits, and dangers of freedom for women. Emily Brimberg Johnson, former Jewish mouse and martyred wife of a successful artist, is so eager for liberating experiences that she becomes a bad mother, a dangerous companion, and everybody's patsy. But the case for caution and against feminist cant is overstated; the marriage that Emily is leaving behind is clearly a terrible one, yet it doesn't seem half as bad as the horrors—described with much more precision and with almost gothic relish—of being alone and female in America. Ideologically, she leaves women nowhere to go.

TO SERVE THEM ALL MY DAYS, by R. F. Delderfield (Simon & Schuster). This English novel about a schoolmaster in a boys' boarding school begins in the last years of the First World War and ends during the first years of the Second World War. David Powlett-Jones, twenty-one years old, has spent three years in the trenches and is still recovering from shell shock when he gets a job teaching at Bamfylde, where, as it happens, he is to spend the rest of his life, and where he will one day be headmaster. Mr. Delderfield, a warm, humane, and very able craftsman, is writing in the panoramic manner that is natural to him, and as David's story unrolls, so does the story of the school, and, in a way, of all of England during those unsteady years.

GENERAL

THE MORNING DELUGE: MAO TSE-TUNG AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, VOLUME I, 1893-1954, by Han Suyin (Little, Brown). A combined, or fused, biography of Chairman Mao and the revolution he joined, shaped, and finally led to victory. Dr. Han's work has been fifteen years in the making, and is on

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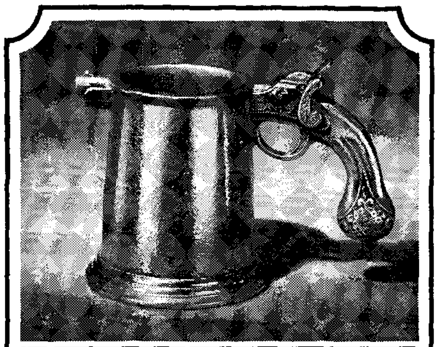

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an appropriately huge scale—this first volume ends with the termination of the Korean War, leaving nearly two decades of the story to go—and it is absorbing and very well written. The book is pro-Mao, because, the author says, no other kind could fairly have been written; it was Mao who gave the Chinese people "that liberation of mind which is true liberty." We must, then, accept this as a work of devotion by a passionately convinced and committed writer, but we should not dismiss it or ignore it on that count, for in doing so we would cheat ourselves of a very rewarding experience. Photographs, maps.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY, by Maxim Gorki, translated from the Russian by Moura Budberg (Praeger). A varied, luxuriously intelligent collection of vignettes and anecdotes about pre- and post-Revolutionary Russians by the writer whom Tolstoy once described, somewhat jealously, as a man who "watches everything . . . notices everybody, and reports to a god of his own." The title is misleading; little of Gorki's private life is conveyed here. But the bilious tramps, the mystical peasants, the pyromaniacs, and the erudite, obsessive cynics that fascinated him are here in force—all complaining as usual, worrying about God, and consoling themselves with tea, toast, and cherry jam. The translation is excellent.

A PEEP INTO THE PAST: AND OTHER PROSE PIECES, by Max Beerbohm (Stephen Greene). To commemorate Max Beerbohm's one-hundredth birthday, Rupert Hart-Davis has collected twenty-eight of Beerbohm's articles, all but one of them appearing for the first time in book form. In them Max glides from talking of opera hats to a discussion of color (or lack of it) in men's clothes to a plea that costume designers for the theatre design apparel for the man in the street. He tries to find his old rooms in Oxford. He meets Andrew Lang and visits Oscar Wilde. Though many of the essays are slight, most of them are fascinating, and all of them have the singular touch of Maxian magic.

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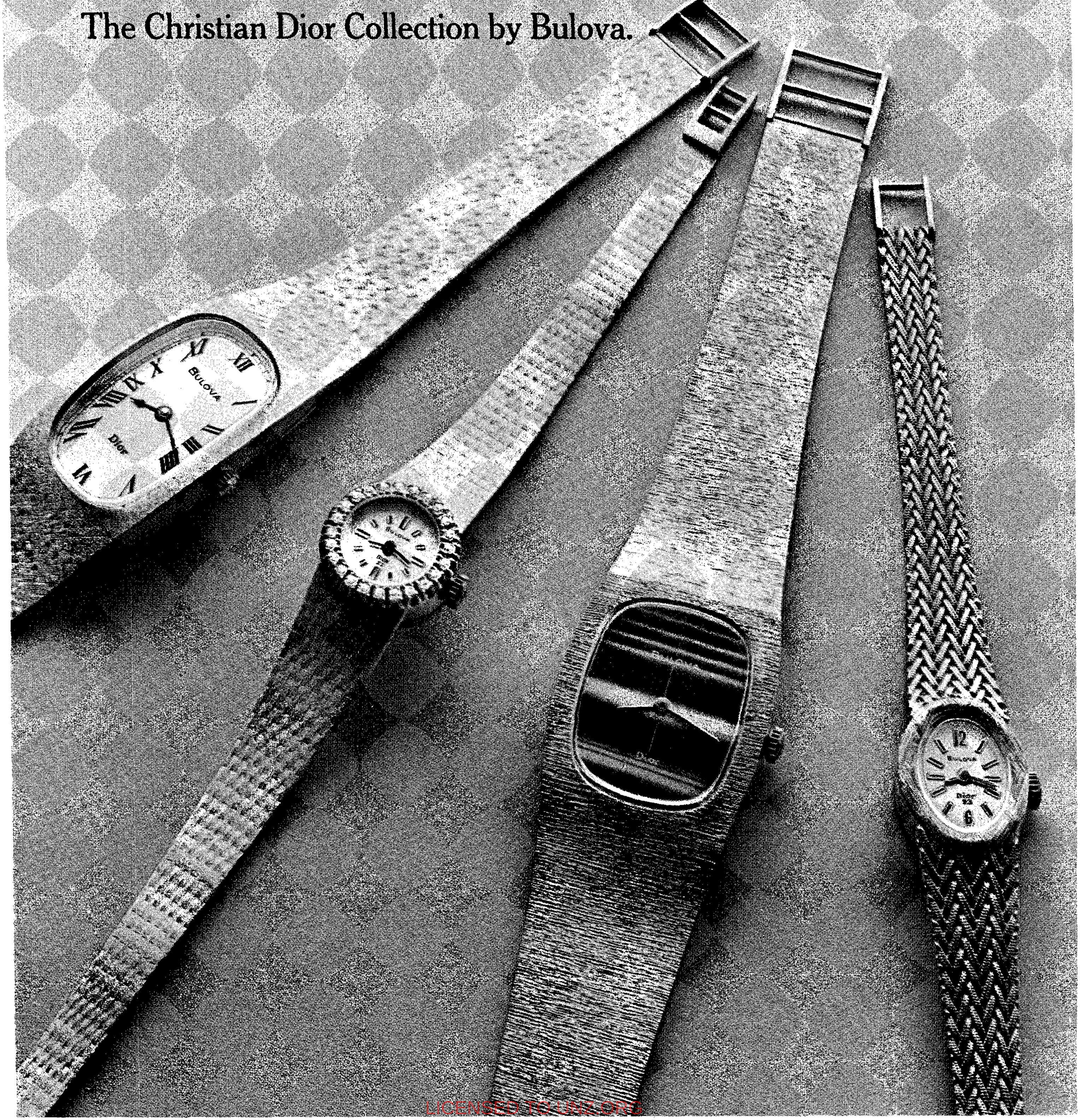

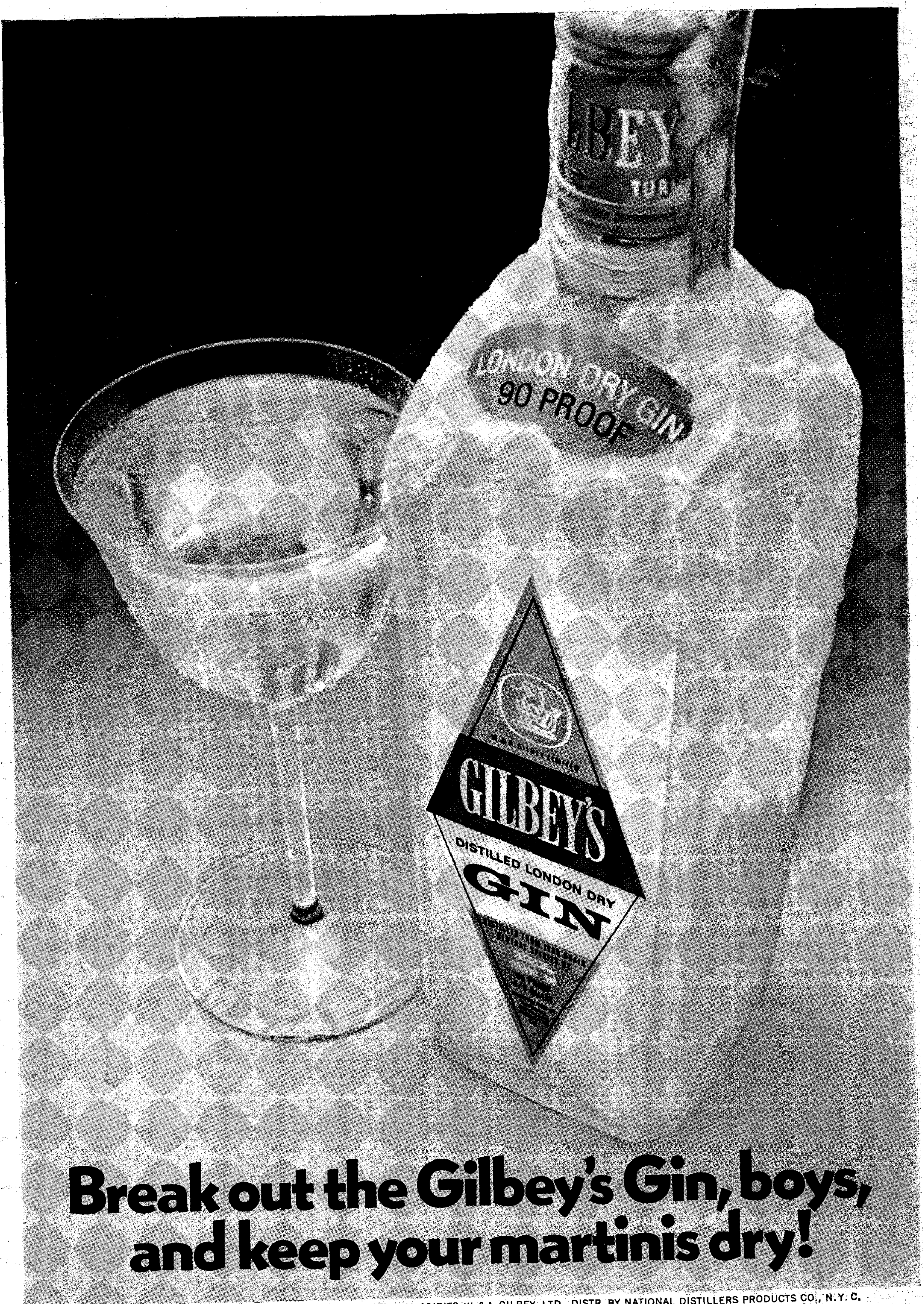
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